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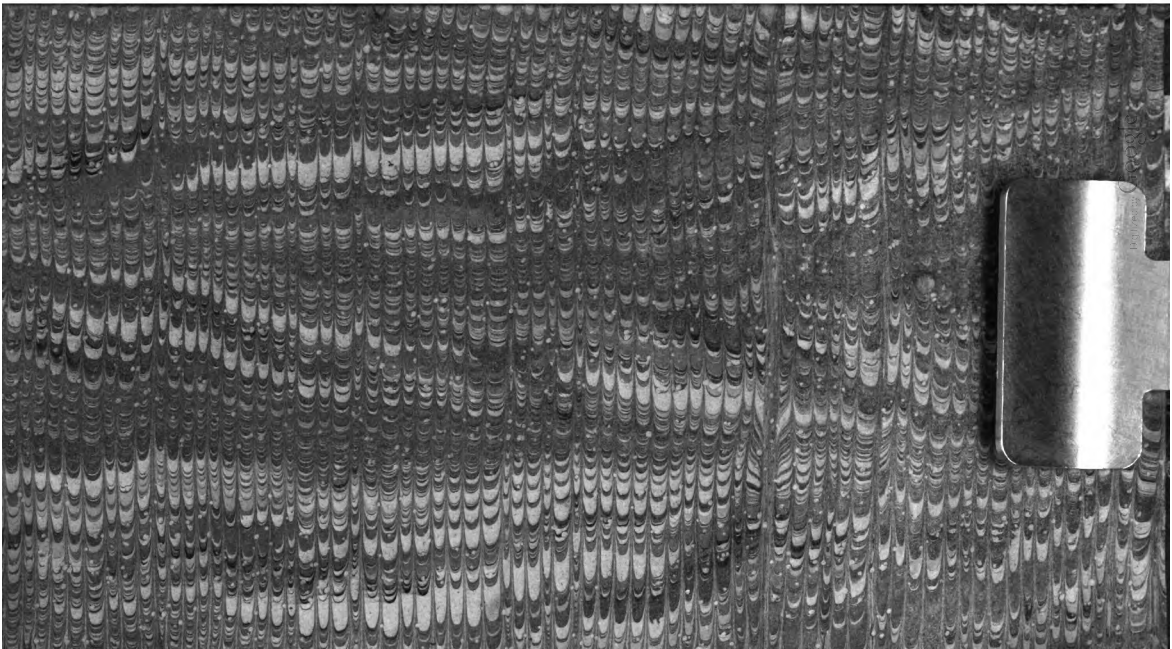

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AMPHITRYON:

OR, THE

TWO SOCIA'S.

A

COMEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Egregiam verò laudem, & ſpolia ampla refertis,
Una dolo Divûm ſi Fœmina victa duorum eſt. Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON in the *Strand.*

M DCC XXXV.

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To the Honourable

Sir *William Levison Gower*, Bart.

THere is one kind of Virtue which is inborn in the Nobility, and indeed in most of the antient Families of this Nation; they are not apt to insult on the Misfortunes of their Countrymen. But you, Sir, I may tell it you without Flattery, have grafted on this natural Commiseration, and rais'd it to a nobler Virtue: as you have been

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pleas'd to honour me, for a long Time, with ſome part of your Eſteem and your good Will; ſo in particular, ſince the late Revolution, you have increas'd the Proofs of your Kindneſs to me; and not ſuffer'd the Difference of Opinions, which produce ſuch Hatred and Enmity in the brutal Part of human Kind, to remove you from the ſettled Baſis of your good Nature and good Senſe. This Nobleneſs of yours, had it been exercis'd on an Enemy, had certainly been a point of Honour, and as ſuch I might have juſtly recommended it to the World: But that of Conſtancy to your former Choice, and the Purſuance of your firſt Favours, are Virtues not over-common amongſt *Engliſhmen*. All things of Honour have, at beſt, ſomewhat of Oſtentation in them, and Self-love; there is a Pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done. But

to

to proceed in the ſame Track of Goodneſs, Favour and Protection, is to ſhew that a Man is acted by a thorough Principle: It carries ſomewhat of Tenderneſs in it, which is Humanity in a heroical Degree; 'tis a kind of unmoveable good Nature; a Word which is commonly deſpis'd, becauſe it is ſo ſeldom practis'd. But after all, 'tis the moſt generous Virtue, oppos'd to the moſt degenerate Vice, which is that of Ruggedneſs and Harſhneſs to our Fellow-Creatures.

'Tis upon this Knowledge of you, Sir, that I have choſen you, with your Permiſſion, to be the Patron of this Poem. And, as ſince this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the beſt Pattern of Humanity, the Earl of *Leiceſter*, I ſhall continue to follow the ſame Method, in all to whom I ſhall addreſs; and endeavour to pitch on

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such only, as have been pleas'd to own me in this Ruin of my small Fortune; who, tho' they are of a contrary Opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost Cause; and judging for my self, what I cannot chuse but judge, so long as I am a patient Sufferer, and no Disturber of the Government. Which, if it be a severe Penance, as a great Wit has told the World, 'tis at least enjoin'd me by my self: And *Sancho Pança*, as much Fool as I, was observ'd to discipline his Body no farther than he found he could endure the Smart.

You see, Sir, I am not entertaining you like *Ovid*, with a lamentable Epistle from *Pontus*; I suffer no more than I can easily undergo; and so long as I enjoy my Liberty, which is the Birth-Right of an *English* Man, the rest shall never go near my Heart. The merry Philosopher is more to my Humour

mour than the melancholick; and I find no Diſpoſition in my ſelf to cry, while the mad World is daily ſupplying me with ſuch Occaſions of Laughter. The more reaſonable ſort of my Countrymen have ſhewn ſo much Favour to this Piece, that they give me no Doubt of their Protection for the future.

As you, Sir, have been pleas'd to follow the Example of their Goodneſs, in favouring me; ſo give me leave to ſay that I follow yours, in this Dedication to a Perſon of a different Perſuaſion. Tho' I muſt confeſs withal, that I have had a former Encouragement from you for this Addreſs; and the warm Remembrance of your noble Hoſpitality to me at *Trentham*, when ſome Years ago I viſited my Friends and Relations in your Country, has ever ſince given me a violent Temptation to this Boldneſs.

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'Tis true, were this Comedy wholly mine, I should call it a Trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your Patronage; but when the Names of *Plautus* and *Moliere* are join'd in it, that is, the two greatest Names of ancient and modern Comedy, I must not presume so far on their Reputation, to think their best and most unquestion'd Productions can be term'd little. I will not give you the Trouble of acquainting you what I have added, or alter'd in either of them, so much, it may be, for the worse; but only that the Difference of our Stage from the *Roman* and the *French* did so require it. But I am afraid, for my own Interest, the World will too easily discover, that more than half of it is mine; and that the rest is rather a lame Imitation of their Excellencies, than a just Translation. 'Tis enough, that the Reader know by

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by you, that I neither deſerve, nor deſire any Applauſe from it: If I have performed any thing, 'tis the Genius of my Authors that inſpir'd me; and if it has pleas'd in Repreſentation, let the Actors ſhare the Praiſe amongſt themſelves. As for *Plautus* and *Moliere*, they are dangerous People; and I am too weak a Gameſter to put my ſelf into their Form of Play. But what has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly ſupplied by the excellent Compoſition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whoſe Perſon we have at length found an *Engliſhman*, equal with the beſt abroad. At leaſt my Opinion of him has been ſuch, ſince his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera*; and the Experience I have had of him, in the ſetting my three Songs for this *Amphitryon:* To all which, and particularly to the Compoſition of

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the *Paſtoral Dialogue*, the numerous Choir of fair Ladies gave ſo juſt an Applauſe on the third Day. I am only ſorry, for my own ſake, that there was one Star wanting, as beautiful as any in our Hemiſphere; that young *Berenice*, who is miſimploying all her Charms on ſtupid Country Souls, that can never know the Value of them; and loſing the Triumphs, which are ready prepar'd for her in the Court and Town. And yet I know not whether I am ſo much a Loſer by her Abſence; for I have Reaſon to apprehend the Sharpneſs of her Judgment, if it were not allay'd with the Sweetneſs of her Nature; and after all, I fear ſhe may come time enough to diſcover a thouſand Imperfections in my Play, which might have paſs'd on vulgar Underſtandings. Be pleas'd to uſe the Authority of a Father

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Father over her, on my behalf: enjoin her to keep her own Thoughts of *Amphitryon* to her self; or at least not to compare him too strictly with *Moliere*'s. 'Tis true, I have an Interest in this Partiality of hers: but withal, I plead some sort of Merit for it, in being so particularly, as I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient,

Octob. 24. 1690.

Humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THE lab'ring Bee, when his ſharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone:
Such is a Satire, when you take away
That Rage, in which his noble Vigour lay.
What gain you, by not ſuffering him to teize ye?
He neither can offend you now, nor pleaſe ye.
The Honey-Bag, and Venom, lay ſo near,
That both, together, you reſolv'd to tear;
And loſt your Pleaſure to ſecure your Fear.
How can he ſhow his Manhood, if you bind him
To box, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind him?
This is plain levelling of Wit; in which
The Poor has all th' Advantage, not the Rich.
The Blockhead ſtands excus'd, for wanting Senſe;
And Wits turn Blockheads in their own Defence.
Yet, tho' the Stage's Traffick is undone,
Still Julian's *interloping Trade goes on:*
Tho' Satire on the Theatre you ſmother,
Yet in Lampoons you libel one another.
The firſt produces, ſtill, a ſecond Jig;
You whip 'em out, like School-Boys, till they gig:
And, with the ſame Succeſs, we Readers gueſs;
For ev'ry one ſtill dwindles to a leſs.
And much good Malice is ſo meanly dreſt,
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jeſt.

If

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PROLOGUE.

If no Advice your Rhyming Rage can ſtay,
Let not the Ladies ſuffer in the Fray.
Their tender Sex is privileg'd from War;
'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.
What Fame expect you from ſo mean a Prize?
We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our Eyes.
Our Sex, you know, was after yours deſign'd;
The laſt Perfection of the Maker's Mind:
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your Droſs behind.
Beauty, for Valour's beſt Reward, he choſe;
Peace, after War; and after Toil, Repoſe.
Hence ye Profane, excluded from our Sights;
And, charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain Delights,
Go, make your beſt of ſolitary Nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis Prudence to ſubmit;
Our Sex is ſtill your Over-match in Wit:
We never fail, with new, ſucceſsful Arts,
To make fine Fools of you, and all your Parts.

Dramatis

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

JUPITER,	Mr. *Betterton.*
MERCURY,	Mr. *Lee.*
PHOEBUS,	Mr. *Bowman.*
AMPHITRYON,	Mr. *Williams.*
SOSIA,	Mr. *Nokes.*
GRIPUS,	Mr. *Sandford.*
POLIDAS,	Mr. *Bright.*
TRANIO,	Mr. *Bowen.*

WOMEN.

ALCMENA,	Mrs. *Barry.*
PHÆDRA,	Mrs. *Mountford.*
BROMIA,	Mrs. *Corey.*
NIGHT,	Mrs. *Butler.*

SCENE, *THEBES.*

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AMPHITRYON,

OR THE

Two SOSIA'S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mercury *and* Phœbus *descend in several Machines.*

PHOEBUS.

KNOW you the Reason of this present Summons?
'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heaven;
What Business has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why we two of all the Herd of Gods
Are chosen out to meet him in Consult?
They call me God of Wisdom;
But *Mars* and *Vulcan*, the two Fools of Heav'n,
Whose Wit lies in their Anvil and their Sword,
Know full as much as I.

Merc.

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Merc. And *Venus* may know more than both of us, For 'tis some Petticoat Affair, I guess.

I have discharg'd my Duty; which was to summon you, *Phœbus*; we shall know more anon, when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father; for, to confess the Truth, we two are little better than Sons of Harlots: and if *Jupiter* had not been pleas'd to take a little Pains with our Mothers, instead of being Gods, we might have been a couple of Link-Boys.

Phœb. But know you nothing farther, *Hermes?* what News in Court?

Merc. There has been a devilish Quarrel, I can tell you, between *Jupiter* and *Juno:* she threaten'd to sue him in the Spiritual Court, for some Matrimonial Omissions; and he stood upon his Prerogative. Then she hit him in the Teeth of all his Bastards; and your Name and mine were us'd with less Reverence than became our Godships. They were both in their Cups; and at last the Matter grew so high, that they were ready to have thrown Stars at one another's Heads.

Phœb. 'Twas happy for me that I was at my Vocation, driving Day-light about the World; but I had rather stand my Father's Thunderbolts, than my Step-Mother's Railing.

Merc. When the Tongue-battle was over, and the Championess had harness'd her Peacocks, to go for *Samos*, and hear the Prayers that were made to her ——

Phœb. By the way, her Worshippers had a bad Time on't; she was in a damnable Humour for receiving Petitions ——

Merc. Jupiter immediately beckons me aside; and charges me, that as soon as ever you had set up your Horses, you and I shou'd meet him here at *Thebes:* now, putting the Premises together, as dark as it is, methinks I begin to see Day-light.

Phœb. As plain as one of my own Beams; she has made him uneasy at home, and he is going to seek his Diversion abroad: I see Heav'n it self is no privileg'd Place for Happiness, if a Man must carry his Wife along with him.

Merc.

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Merc. 'Tis neither better nor worſe, upon my Conſcience: he is weary of hunting in the ſpacious Foreſt of a Wife, and is following his Game *incognito*, in ſome little Purlieu here at *Thebes*; that's many an honeſt Man's caſe on Earth too, *Jove* help 'em, as indeed he does to make 'em Cuckolds.

Phœb. But if ſo, *Mercury*, then I, who am a Poet, muſt indite his Love-Letter; and you, who are by Trade a Porter, muſt convey it.

Merc. No more, he's coming down ſowſe upon us, and hears as far as he can ſee too; he's plaguy hot upon the Buſineſs, I know it by his hard Driving. [*Jup. deſcends.*

Jup. What, you are deſcanting upon my Actions?
Much good may do you with your Politicks:
All Subjects will be cenſuring their Kings.
Well, I confeſs I am in Love; what then?

Phœb. Some Mortal, we preſume, of *Cadmus'* Blood:
Some *Theban* Beauty; ſome new *Semele*,
Or ſome *Europa*.

Merc. I'll ſay that for my Father, he's conſtant to a handſome Family: he knows when they have a good Smack with 'em; and ſnuffs up Incenſe ſo ſavourily, when 'tis offer'd him by a fair Hand.

Jup. Well, my familiar Sons, this ſaucy Carriage
I have deſerv'd; for he who truſts a Secret,
Makes his own Man his Maſter.
I read your Thoughts;
Therefore you may as ſafely ſpeak as think.

Merc. Mine was a very homely Thought; I was conſidering into what Form your Almightyſhip would be pleas'd to transform your ſelf to Night; whether you wou'd fornicate in the Shape of a Bull, or a Ram, or an Eagle, or a Swan: what Bird or Beaſt you wou'd pleaſe to honour, by tranſgreſſing your own Laws, in his Likeneſs; or in ſhort, whether you wou'd recreate your ſelf in Feathers, or in Leather.

Phœb. Any Diſguiſe to hide the King of Gods.

Jup. I know your Malice. *Phœbus*, you wou'd ſay
That when a Monarch ſins, it ſhould be ſecret;
To keep exteriour Show of Sanctity;

Maintain

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Maintain Reſpect, and cover bad Example:
For Kings and Prieſts are in a manner bound
For Reverence ſake to be cloſe Hypocrites.

Phœb. But what neceſſitates you to this Love,
Which you confeſs a Crime, and yet commit?
For to be ſecret makes not Sin the leſs:
'Tis only hidden from the vulgar View:
Maintains, indeed, the Reverence due to Princes,
But not abſolves the Conſcience from the Crime.

Jup. I love, becauſe 'twas in the Fates I ſhou'd.

Phœb. With Reverence be it ſpoke, a bad Excuſe:
Thus every wicked Act in Heav'n or Earth,
May make the ſame Defence. But what is Fate?
Is it a blind Contingence of Events?
Or ſure Neceſſity of Cauſes link'd,
That muſt produce Effects? Or is't a Pow'r
That orders all things by ſuperior Will,
Foreſees his Work, and works in that Foreſight?

Jup. Fate is, what I
By virtue of Omnipotence have made it:
And Pow'r Omnipotent can do no Wrong:
Not to my ſelf, becauſe I will it ſo;
Nor yet to Men, for what they are is mine.
This Night I will enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife:
For, when I made her, I decreed her ſuch
As I ſhou'd pleaſe to love. I wrong not him
Whoſe Wife ſhe is; for I reſerv'd my Right,
To have her while ſhe pleas'd me; that once paſt,
She ſhall be his again.

Merc. Here's Omnipotence with a Vengeance, to make a Man a Cuckold, and yet not to do him Wrong Then I find, Father *Jupiter*, that when you made Fate, you had the Wit to contrive a Holyday for your ſelf now and then. For you Kings never enact a Law, but you have a kind of an Eye to your own Prerogative.

Phœb. If there be no ſuch thing as Right and Wrong
Of an Eternal Being, I have done ——
But if there be ——

Jup. Peace, thou diſputing Fool:
Learn this; if thou couldſt comprehend my Ways,

Then

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Then thou wert *Jove*, not I: yet, thus far know,
That, for the Good of human Kind, this Night
I shall beget a future *Hercules*;
Who shall redress the Wrongs of injur'd Mortals,
Shall conquer Monsters, and reform the World.

Merc. Ay, Brother *Phœbus*; and our Father made all those Monsters for *Hercules* to conquer, and contriv'd all those Vices on purpose for him to reform too, there's the Jest on't.

Phœb. Since Arbitrary Pow'r will hear no Reason, 'tis Wisdom to be silent.———

Merc. Why that's the Point; this same Arbitrary Power is a knock-down Argument; 'tis but a Word and a Blow: now methinks our Father speaks out like an honest bare-fac'd God, as he is; he lays the Stress in the right Place, upon absolute Dominion: I confess if he had been a Man, he might have been a Tyrant, if his Subjects durst have call'd him to Account. But you, Brother *Phœbus*, are but a mere Country Gentleman, that never comes to Court; that are abroad all Day on Horseback, making Visits about the World; are drinking all Night, and in your Cups are still railing at the Government. O these Patriots, these bumpkin Patriots, are a very silly Sort of Animal!

Jup. My present Purpose and Design you heard;
T'enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife, the fair *Alcmena*:
You two must be subservient to my Love.

Merc. [to *Phœbus*.] No more of your Grumbletonian Morals, Brother; there's Preferment coming, be advis'd, and pimp dutifully.

Jup. Amphitryon, the brave *Theban* General,
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight;
And in a single Duel slain their King:
His conquering Troops are eager on their March
Returning home; while their young General,
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Posts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by to Morrow Dawn, will reach this Town.

Merc. That's but short Warning, Father *Jupiter*: having made no former Advances of Courtship to her, you have

have need of your Omnipotence, and all your Godſhip, if you mean to be beforehand with him.

Phœb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening? Time's precious, and theſe Summer Nights are ſhort; I muſt be early up to light the World.

Jup. You ſhall not riſe; there ſhall be no to Morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an End, I find.

Phœb. Or elſe a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. A Day will be well loſt to buſy Man: Night ſhall continue Sleep, and Care ſhall ceaſe. So, many Men ſhall live, and live in Peace, Whom Sunſhine had betray'd to envious Sight, And Sight to ſudden Rage, and Rage to Death. Now, I will have a Night for Love and me; A long luxurious Night, fit for a God To quench and empty his immortal Heat.

Merc. I'll lay on the Woman's ſide for all that; that ſhe ſhall love longeſt to Night, in ſpite of your Omnipotence.

Phœb. I ſhall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades, That early riſe: but you muſt be obey'd.

Jup. No matter for the cheating Part of Man; They have a Day's Sin leſs to anſwer for.

Phœb. When wou'd you have me wake? [finiſh'd,

Jup. Why, when *Jove* goes to ſleep: when I have Your Brother *Mercury* ſhall bring you Word.

[*Exit* Phœbus *on his Chariot.*

[To *Merc.*] Now, *Hermes*, I muſt take *Amphitryon*'s T'enjoy his Wife: [Form,

Thou muſt be *Soſia*, this *Amphitryon*'s Slave; Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*, To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's Approach; And bring her joyful News of Victory.

Merc. But why muſt I be *Soſia?*

Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thy ſelf! Thou muſt be *Soſia*, to keep out *Soſia*: Who, by his Entrance, might diſcover *Jove*, Diſturb my Pleaſures, raiſe unruly Noiſe, And ſo diſtract *Alcmena*'s tender Soul, She wou'd not meet my Warmth, when I diſſolve Into her Lap, nor give down half her Love.

Merc.

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Merc. Let me alone; I'll cudgel him away:
But I abhor so villainous a Shape.

Jup. Take it; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it:
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.
I cannot bear a Moment's Loss of Joy.

Night *appears above in a Chariot.*

Look up, the *Night* is in her silent Chariot;
And rolling just o'er *Thebes*: bid her drive slowly;
Or make a double Turn about the World;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon*'s Dress,
To be the greater, while I seem the less. [*Ex.* Jup.

Merc. [to *Night.*] Madam *Night*, a good Even to you: fair and softly, I beseech you, Madam: I have a Word or two to you, from no less a God than *Jupiter*.

Night. O my nimble-finger'd God of Theft, what makes you here on Earth, at this unseasonable Hour? what Banker's Shop is to be broke open to Night? or what Clippers, and Coiners, and Conspirators, have been invoking your Deity for their Assistance?

Merc. Faith none of those Enormities; and yet I am still in my Vocation: for you know I am a Jack of all Trades: at a Word, *Jupiter* is indulging his Genius to Night, with a certain noble Sort of Recreation, call'd Wenching: The Truth on't is, Adultery is its proper Name.

Night. Jupiter wou'd do well to stick to his Wife *Juno*.

Merc. He has been marry'd to her above these Hundred Years: and that's long enough in Conscience to stick to one Woman.

Night. She's his Sister too, as well as his Wife; that's a double Tye of Affection to her.

Merc. Nay, if he made bold with his own Flesh and Blood, 'tis likely he will not spare his Neighbours.

Night. If I were his Wife, I would raise a Rebellion against him, for the Violation of my Bed.

Merc. Thou art mistaken, *Old Night*: his Wife cou'd raise no Faction: all the Deities in Heaven wou'd take the Part of the Cuckold-making God; for they are all given to the Flesh most damnably. Nay, the very Goddesses wou'd stickle in the Cause of Love, 'tis the way to be popular

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popular to whore and love. For what doſt thou think old *Saturn* was depos'd, but that he was cold and impotent; and made no Court to the fair Ladies? *Pallas* and *Juno* themſelves, as chaſte as they are, cry'd Shame on him. I ſay unto thee, *Old Night*, Woe be to the Monarch that has not the Women on his Side.

Night. Then by your Rule, *Mercury*, a King who wou'd live happily, muſt debauch his whole Nation of Women.

Merc. As far as his ready Money will go, I mean; for *Jupiter* himſelf can't pleaſe all of 'em. But this is beſide my preſent Commiſſion; he has ſent me to will and require you to make a ſwinging long Night for him: for he hates to be ſtinted in his Pleaſures.

Night. Tell him plainly, I'll rather lay down my Commiſſion: what, wou'd he make a Bawd of me?

Merc. Poor Ignorant! why he meant thee for a Bawd when he firſt made thee. What are thou good for, but to be a Bawd? Is not Daylight better for Mankind, I means as to any other Uſe, but only for Love and Fornication? Thou haſt been a Bawd too, a reverend, primitive, original Bawd, from the firſt Hour of thy Creation! and all the laudable Actions of Love have been committed under thy Mantle. Pr'ythee for what doſt thou think that thou art worſhipp'd?

Night. Why, for my Stars and Moonſhine.

Merc. That is, for holding a Candle to Iniquity: but if they were put out, thou wou'dſt be doubly worſhipt, by the willing baſhful Virgins.

Night. Then for my Quiet, and the Sweetneſs of my Sleep.

Merc. No, for thy ſweet Waking all the Night: for Sleep comes not upon Lovers till thou art vaniſh'd.

Night. But it will be againſt Nature, to make a long Winter's Night at Midſummer.

Merc. Trouble not your ſelf for that: *Phœbus* is order'd to make a ſhort Summer's Day to Morrow: ſo in four and twenty Hours all will be at Rights again.

Night. Well, I am edified by your Diſcourſe; and my Comfort is, that whatever Work is made, I ſee nothing.

Merc.

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Merc. About your Business then: put a Spoke into your Chariot-wheels, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put my self into the Habit of a Serving-man; and dress up a false *Sosia*, to wait upon a false *Amphitryon*. Good Night, *Night*.

Night. My Service to *Jupiter*. Farewel *Mercury*.

[Night goes backward. [Exit Merc.

SCENE II. Amphitryon's *Palace*.

Enter Alcmena *alone*,

Alc. Why was I marry'd to the Man I love!
For, had he been indifferent to my Choice,
Or had been hated, Absence had been Pleasure:
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon*'s Life:
At home, in private, and secure from War,
I am amidst an Host of armed Foes:
Sustaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds,
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am in *Amphitryon* slain! wou'd I were there,
And he were here; so might we change our Fates;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him!

Enter Phædra, *running*.

Phæd. Good News, good News, Madam, O such admirable News, that if I kept it in a Moment, I shou'd burst with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon*?

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Answer me, I charge thee, if thy good News be any thing relating to my Lord: if it be, assure thy self of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you say something to the Matter: you know the Business of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon Earth, is to be scraping up something against a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage; every one in our own Vocation: but what Matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemy, if I get nothing of their Spoils?

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Alc. Say, Is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why, he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the same Token, that you shou'd give me ten Pieces of Gold, if I brought you News of it.

Alc. They are thine; supposing he be safe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new Bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*, that then you should give me ten Pieces more: but I do undertake for my Lord's Safety; if you will please to discharge his Godship *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in Safety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phæd. And I am sure I articled with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you News, that my Lord was upon Return, you should grant me one small Favour more, that will cost you nothing.

Alc. Make Haste, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon Return?

Phæd. Promise me that I shall be your Bedfellow to Night, as I have been ever since my Lord's Absence,—unless I shall be pleas'd to release you of your Word.

Alc. That's a small Request, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But swear by *Jupiter*.

Alc. But why by *Jupiter?*

Phæd. Because he's the greatest: I hate to deal with one of your little baffling Gods that can do nothing, but by Permission: but *Jupiter* can swindge you off, if you swear by him, and are forsworn.

Alc. I swear by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Then I believe he is victorious, and I know he is safe: for I look'd through the Key-hole, and saw him knocking at the Gate; and I had the Conscience to let him cool his Heels there.

Alc. And wou'dst thou not open to him? Oh thou Traitress!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiser: I left *Sosia*'s Wife to let him in: for I was resolv'd to bring the News, and make my Pennyworths out of him, as Time shall show.

Enter

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Enter Jupiter, *in the Shape of* Amphitryon, *with* Sosia's *Wife*, Bromia. *He kisses and embraces* Alcmena.

Jup. O let me live for ever on those Lips!——
The Nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.
I swear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n, to be *Amphitryon*.

Alc. Then not to swear beneath *Amphitryon*'s Oath,
(Forgive me, *Juno*, if I am profane)
I swear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good my Lord, what's become of my poor Bedfellow, your Man *Sosia?* you keep such a Billing and Colling here, to set one's Mouth a watring: what, I say, tho' I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as well as my Lady; and shou'd be as glad as she, of a little honest Recreation.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend, and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripus?* has he brought me home a cramm'd Purse that swells with Bribes? if he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable Magistrate: but if he has not had the Wit to sell Justice, he judges no Causes in my Court, I warrant him.

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battel?
Is *Thebes* victorious, are our Foes destroy'd?
For now I find you safe, I shou'd be glad
To hear you were in Danger.

Jup. [*Aside.*] A Man had need be a God, to stand the Fury of three talking Women! I think in my Conscience I made their Tongues of Thunder.

Brom. [*Pulling him on one Side.*] I ask'd the first Question: answer me, my Lord.

Phæd. [*Pulling him on t'other Side.*] Peace, mine's a Lover, and yours but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the Title shall take Place, and I will be answer'd.

Jup. Sosia is safe: *Gripus* is rich: both coming:
I rode before 'em, with a Lover's Haste—— [*Aside.*
Was e'er poor God so worry'd? but for my Love,
I wish I were in Heav'n again with *Juno*.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded?

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Jup. Not so, my Love; but these obstreperous Tongues
Have snatch'd their Answers first: they will be heard;
And surely *Jove* wou'd never answer Pray'r
That Woman made, but only to be freed
From their eternal Noise: make haste to Bed:
There let me tell my Story, in thy Arms;
There, in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Betwixt our Dyings, ere we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battel, and Success:
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer things,
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonsense shall be eloquent, in Love.

Brom. [to *Phædra.*] My Lord is very hot upon't: this Absence is a great Friend to us poor neglected Wives; it makes us new again.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me
The Fondness of a Bride, without the Fear.
My whole Desires and Wishes are in you.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] My Lady's Eyes are pinking to Bed-ward too; now is she to look very sleepy, counterfeiting Yawning, but she shall ask me Leave first.

Alc. Great *Juno*, thou whose holy Care presides
Over the Nuptial Bed, pour all thy Blessings
On this auspicious Night.

Jup. *Juno* may grudge; for she may fear a Rival
In those bright Eyes: but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bless this Night.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] But *Jupiter* thou'd ask my Leave first, were he here in Person.

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Bed:
The tedious Journey has dispos'd my Lord
To seek his needful Rest. [*Exit* Bromia.

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman must needs be weary: and therefore, 'twas not ill contriv'd that he must lie alone to Night, to recruit himself with Sleep, and lay in enough for to Morrow Night, when you may keep him waking. *Alc.*

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Alc. [*To Jupiter.*] I must confess I made a kind of Promise.——

Phæd. [*Almost crying.*] A Kind of Promise, do you call it? I see you wou'd fain be coming off: I am sure you sweare to me, by *Jupiter*, that I shou'd be your Bedfellow, and I'll accuse you to him too, the first Prayers I make: and I'll pray a Purpose too, that I will, tho' I have not pray'd to him this seven Years.

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did swear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forswear thy self; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more Shame for him if he does: there wou'd be a fine God indeed for us Women to worship, if he laughs when our Sweet-hearts cheat us of our Maidenheads; no, no, *Jupiter* is an honester Gentleman than you make of him.

Jup. I'm all on Fire; and wou'd not lose this Night,
To be the Master of the Universe.

Phæd. Ay, my Lord, I see you are on Fire: but the Devil a Bucket shall be brought to quench it, without my Leave: you may go to Bed, Madam; but you shall see how Heav'n will bless your Night's Work, if you forswear your self: —— Some Fool, some mere Elder-Brother, or some blockheadly Heroe, *Jove*, I beseech thee, send her.

Jup. [*Aside.*] How I con'd call my Thunder to revenge
But that were to confess my self a God, [me,
And then I lost my Love! ——*Alcmena*, come,
By Heav'n I have a Bridegroom's Fervour for thee,
As I had ne'er enjoy'd.

Alc. [*Sighing.*] She has my Oath;
And sure she may release it if she pleases——

Phæd. Why truly Madam, I am not cruel in my Nature to poor distressed Lovers; for it may be my own Case another Day: And therefore, if my Lord pleases to consider me——

Jup. Any thing, any thing, but name thy Wish, and have it.——

Phæd. Ay, now you say, any thing, any thing; but

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you wou'd tell me another Story to morrow Morning. Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive; you know the Meaning of it: I am for nothing but the Ready——

Jup. Thou shalt have all the Treasury of Heav'n.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter*, to dispose of it.

Jup. [*Aside.*] I had forgot, and shew'd my self a God: This Love can make a Fool of *Jupiter*.

Phæd. You have forgot some Part of the Enemies Spoil I warrant you; I see a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jup. [*Taking a Ring off his Finger, and giving it.*] Here take it;
This is a very Woman;
Her Sex is Avarice, and she, in one,
Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no Matter what you say of us. What wou'd you have your Money out of the Treasury, without paying the Officers their Fees? Go, get you together, you naughty Couple, till you are both weary of worrying one another, and then to Morrow Morning I shall have another Fee for parting you.

[Phædra *goes out before* Alcmena *with a Light.*

Jup. Why now I am, indeed, the Lord of all; [*Solus.*
For what's to be a God, but to enjoy?
Let Human Kind their Sovereign's Leisure wait;
Love is, this Night, my great Affair of State:
Let this one Night of Providence be void:
All *Jove*, for once, is on himself employ'd.
Let unregarded Altars smoke in vain;
And let my Subjects praise me, or complain.
Yet, if betwixt my Intervals of Bliss,
Some am'rous Youth his Oraisons address,
His Pray'r is in a happy Hour preferr'd:
And when *Jove* loves, a Lover shall be heard.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

A Night-Scene of a Palace.

Sosia *with a Dark-Lanthorn:* Mercury *in* Sosia's *Shape, with a Dark-Lanthorn also.*

Sos. WAS not the Devil in my Master, to send me out this dreadful dark Night, to bring the News of his Victory to my Lady? and was not I possess'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the Safeguard of my Person? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with Fear! I am diminish'd of my natural Weight, above two Stone: I shall not bring half my self home again, to my poor Wife and Family: I have been in an Ague-Fit, ever since shut of Evening; what with the Fright of Trees by the Highway, which look'd maliciously like Thieves, by Moonshine; and what with Bulrushes by the River-side, that shak'd like Spears, and Lances at me. Well! the greatest Plague of a Serving-Man, is to be hir'd to some great Lord! They care not what Drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their Ease a-bed, and stretch their lazy Limbs, in Expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them.

Merc. [*Aside.*] He is but a poor Mortal, that suffers this! but I, who am a God, am degraded to a Foot-Pimp: a Waiter without Doors; a very civil Employment, for a Deity!

Sos. The better Sort of 'em will say, Upon my Honour, at every Word: yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Privilege of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Privilege of the Law upon them. These are a very hopeful Sort of Patriots, to stand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: There's Conscience for you!

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Merc. [*Aside.*] This Fellow has something of the Republican Spirit in him.

Sos. [*Looking about him.*] Stay; this methinks should be our House: And I should thank the Gods now for bringing me safe home: But I think I had no good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the Reward for my good News, and then thank 'em once for all; For, if I praise 'em before I am safe within Doors, some damn'd Mastiff Dog may come out, and worry me; and then my Thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before-hand: Therefore thou get'st not into the House this Night; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sos. Now am I to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory; 'tis good to exercise my Pace beforehand, and file my Tongue into eloquent Expressions, to tickle her Ladyship's Imagination.

Merc. [*Aside.*] Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Sos. [*Setting down his Lanthorn.*] This Lanthorn for once, shall be my Lady; because she is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. [*Aside.*] No, Rogue, 'tis thy Lord is the Lanthorn by this Time, or *Jupiter* is turn'd Fumbler.

Sos. Then thus I make my Address to her: [*Bows.*] Madam, my Lord has chosen me out, as the most faithful, tho' the most unworthy of his Followers, to bring your Ladyship this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then she, ——— O my poor Sos, [*In a fearful Tone.*] how am I over-joy'd to see thee! She can say no less: ——— Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this Glory: ——— Well answer'd on my Side. ——— And how does my Lord *Amphitryon?* ——— Madam, he always does like a man of Courage when he is call'd by Honour. ——— There I think I nick'd it. ——— But when will he return? ——— As soon as possibly he can: But not so soon as his impatient Heart can'd wish him with your Ladyship.

Merc.

Mem. [*Aside.*] When *Thebes* is an Univerſity, thou deſerveſt to be their Orator.

Sof. But what does he do, and what does he ſay? Pr'ythee tell me ſomething more of him.——He always ſays leſs than he does, Madam: And his Enemies have found it to their coſt — Where the Devil did I learn theſe Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the natural Endowments of a Fop; and only wants the Education!

Sof. [*Staring up to the Sky.*] What, is the Devil in the Night! She's as long as two Nights: The ſeven Stars are juſt where they were ſeven Hours ago! high Day—high Night, I mean, by my Favour. What, has *Phœbus* been playing the Good-fellow, and over-ſlept himſelf, that he forgets his Duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Raſcal treats us Gods! but I ſhall make him alter his Tone immediately.

[Mercury *comes nearer, and ſtands juſt before him.*

Sof. [*Seeing him, and ſtarting back, aſide.*] How now? what do my Eyes dazzle, or is my dark Lanthorn falſe to me! is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghoſt of ſome Body ſlain in the late Battel? If he be, 'tis unconſcionably done, to fright an honeſt Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all my Life——Whatever Wight he be, I am deviliſhly afraid, that's certain; but, 'tis Diſcretion to keep my own Counſel: I'll ſing, that I may ſeem valiant.

[Soſia *ſings; and as* Mercury *ſpeaks, by little and little drops his Voice.*

Merc. What Saucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarſe Voice? what Midnight Ballad-ſinger have we here? I ſhall teach the Villain to leave off Catterwawling.

Sof. I would I had Courage, for his Sake; that I might teach him to call my Singing Catterwawling; an illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muſes and to Muſick.

Merc. There is an ill Savour that offends my Noſtrils, and it wafteth this way.

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Sof. He has ſmelt me out: My Fear has betray'd me into this Savour —— I am a dead Man: The bloody Villain is at his foe, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there?

Sof. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend?

Sof. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defy Peace and all its Works; my Arms are out of Exerciſe, they have maul'd no Body theſe three Days: I long for an honourable Occaſion to pound a Man, and lay him aſleep at the firſt Buffet.

Sof. [*Aſide.*] That would almoſt do me a Kindneſs; for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of Sleep, theſe three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Sof. Why, I am a Man, Fellow — Courage *Sofia*—

Merc. What kind of Man?

Sof. Why a two-legg'd Man, what Man ſhould I be? — [*Aſide.*] — I muſt bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milkſop as my ſelf.

Merc. Thou art a Coward I warrant thee, do not I hear thy Teeth chatter in thy Head?

Sof. Ay, ay, that's only a Sign they would be ſnapping at thy Noſe — [*Aſide.*] — Bleſs me what an Arm and Fiſt he has, with great Thumbs too; And Golls and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you; anſwer me directly, upon pain of Aſſaſſination.

Sof. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go: That's directly home — Tho' this is ſomewhat an uncivil manner of Proceeding, at the firſt Sight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me firſt make you a ſmall Preſent of this Box o'th' Ear —— [*Strikes him.*

Sof. If I were as cholerick a Fool as you are now, here would be fine Work betwixt us two; but I am a little better bred, than to diſturb the ſleeping Neighbourhood, and ſo good Night, Friend —— [*Is going.*

Merc.

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Merc. [*Stopping him.*] Hold, Sir; you and I must not part so easily; once more, whither are you going?

Sos. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches: Let me but only knock at that Door there.

Merc. What Business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sos. This is our House; and when I am got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Saucineſs, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sos. 'Tis mine, in the first Place; and next, my Masters; for I lie in the Garret, and he lies under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names, Sirrah?

Sos. His Name is *Amphitryon*, hear that and tremble.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sos. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is——

Sos. Lord, Friend, you are so very troubleſome —— what should my Name be but *Sosia*.

Merc. How, *Sosia*, say you? how long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sos. Here's a fine Question: Why I never took it up Friend, it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born *Sosia*? take this Remembrance for that Lye. [*Beats him.*

Sos. Hold, Friend, you are so very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What Offence has my Name done you, that you should beat me for it? *S. O. S. I. A.* they are as civil, honeſt, harmleſs Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sos. What am not I *Sosia*, say you?

Merc. No.

Sos. I should think you are somewhat merrily disposed, if you had not beaten me in such sober Sadneſs. You would perſuade me out of my Heathen Name, would you?

Merc. Say you are *Sosia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sos.

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Sof. I dare say nothing, but Thought is free; but whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon's* Man, and the first Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sof. Lord, Lord, Friend, one of us two is horribly given to Lying—but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say my Name is *Sosia*, and yours is not.

Sof. I would you could make good your Words, for then I should not be beaten, and you should.

Merc. I find you would be *Sosia*, if you durst—but if I catch you thinking so——

Sof. I hope I may think I was *Sosia*; and I can find no difference between my former Self, and my present Self; but that I was plain *Sosia* before, and now I am lac'd *Sosia*.

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so. [*Beats him.*

Sof. [*Kneeling.*] Truce a little, I beseech thee! I would be a Stock or a Stone now by my good Will, and would not think at all, for Self-preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter fairly with you? And promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove my self to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in Safety; I promise you I will not beat you.

Sof. In the first place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sof. And is not this House *Amphitryon's*?

Merc. Who denies it?

Sof. I thought you would have deny'd that too; for all hang upon a String. Remember then, that these two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the aforesaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelus*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body, that for Sake-sake shall be nameless, to bring a Present to his Wife, with News of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return to Morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle; but who is that certain Servant, there's all the Question?

Sof.

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Sof. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Sof. I dare not wholly trust that abominable Cudgel; but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine, that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it; but if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon Force and Brutality, but somewhat also upon Reason, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that same certain Man; and in order to it, answer me to certain Questions.

Merc. I say I am *Sosia*, *Amphitryon*'s Man; what Reason have you to urge against it?

Sof. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. Davus; who was an honest Husbandman, whose Sister's Name was *Harpage*, that was marry'd, and dy'd in a Foreign Country.

Sof. So far you are right, I must confess; and your Wife's Name is ——

Merc. Bromia, a devilish Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixen of her Hands, that leads me a miserable Life; keeps me to hard Duty a-Bed; and beats me every Morning when I have risen from her Side, without having first ——

Sof. I understand you; by many a sorrowful Token. This must be I ——

Merc. I was once taken upon Suspicion of Burglary, and was whipt thro' *Thebes*, and branded for my Pains.

Sof. Right Me again; but if you are I, as I begin to suspect, that Whipping and Branding might have been past over in Silence, for both our Credits: — And yet now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All these Circumstances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon some private Passages. —— What was the Present that *Amphitryon* sent by you or me, no matter which of us, to his Wife *Alcmena*?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large Stones.

Sof. And where are they now?

Merc. In a Case, seal'd with my Master's Coat of Arms.

Sof. This is prodigious, I confess; but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for some false Brother may have revealed

veal'd it to him. [*Aside.*] But I have another Queſtion to ask you, of ſomewhat that paſs'd only betwixt my ſelf and me; if you are *Soſia*, what were you doing in the Heat of Battel?

Merc. What a wiſe Man ſhould, that has a Reſpect for his own Perſon. I ran into our Tent, and hid my ſelf amongſt the Baggage.

Sof. [*Aside.*] Such another cutting Anſwer, and I muſt provide my ſelf of another Name. [*To him.*] And how did you paſs your Time in that ſame Tent? You need not anſwer to every Circumſtance ſo exactly now; you muſt lye a little, that I may think you the more Me.

Merc. That Canning ſhall not ſerve your Turn, to circumvent me out of my Name: I am for plain naked Truth — There ſtood a Hogſhead of old Wine, which my Lord reſerv'd for his own Drinking ———

Sof. [*Aside.*] O the Devil! as ſure as Death, he muſt have hid himſelf in that Hogſhead, or he could never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hogſhead, upon the Ground, there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good Drinking ——

Sof. Nay, now I have caught you; there was neither Inviter, nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A luſty Gammon of ———

Sof. [*Sighing.*] Bacon — that Word has quite made an end of me — Let me ſee — this muſt be I, in ſpite of me —— but let me view him nearer.

[*Walks about* Mercury *with his dark Lanthorn.*

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Sof. No harm, Friend, I am only ſurveying a Parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for: — He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the Patch upon my Noſe, with a Pox to him ——. *Item*, A very fooliſh Face with a long Chin at the end on't: *Item*, One Pair of ſhambling Legs, with two ſplay Feet belonging to them. And — *ſumma totalis*, from Head to Foot all my Bodily Apparel — [*To* Mercury.] Well, you are *Soſia*; there's no denying it: but what am I then? for my Mind gives me, I am ſome Body ſtill, if I knew but who I were.

Merc.

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Merc. When I have a mind to be *Sosia* no more, then thou mayst be *Sosia* again.

Sos. I have but one Request more to thee, that, tho' not as *Sosia*, yet as a Stranger, I may go into that House, and carry a civil Message to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah; not being *Sosia*, you have no Message to deliver, nor Lady in this House.

Sos. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lie in the Streets all Night, after such a Journey, and such a Beating——and therefore I am resolv'd to knock at the Door in my own Defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recal my Word, and break off the Truce——and then expect——

[*Holds up his Cudgel.*

Sos. No, the Devil take me if I do expect; I have felt too well what sour Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*, to see if he will acknowledge me for *Sosia*: if he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a sore Drubbing: if he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sosia* again; so far 'tis tolerably well: but then I shall have a second Drubbing for an unfortunate Ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable. [*Exit* Sosia.

Mercury *alone.*

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his Credentials. I think too I have given *Jupiter* sufficient Time for his Consummation. Oh, he has taken his Cue; and here he comes as leisurely, and as lank, as if he had empty'd himself of the best Part of his Almightyship.

SCENE II.

Enter Jupiter *leading* Alcmena, *follow'd by* Phædra. *Pages with Torches before them.*

Jup. Those Torches are offensive; Stand aloof: [*To the Pages.*

For, tho' they bless me with thy heav'nly Sight. [*To her.*

They may disclose the Secret I would hide:

The

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The *Thebans* must not know I have been here;
Detracting Crouds would blame me that I robb'd
These happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To consecrate to thy desir'd Embrace:
And I could wish no Witness but thy self;
For thou thy self art all I wish to please.

Alcm. So long an Absence, and so short a Stay!
What, but one Night! One Night of Joy and Love,
Could only pay one Night of Care and Fears;
And all the rest are an uncancell'd Sum!
Curse on this Honour and this publick Fame;
Would you had less of both, and more of Love.

Jup. Alcmena, I must go.

Alcm. Not yet, my Lord.

Jup. Indeed I must.

Alcm. Indeed you shall not go.

Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o'er yonder Hills,
Those are the Blushes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this nether World.

Alcm. No matter for the Day, it was but made
To number out the Hours of busy Men:
Let 'em be busy still, and still be watched;
And take their fill of anxious drudging Day:
But you and I will draw our Curtains close,
Extinguish Day-light, and put out the Sun:
Come back, my Lord, in faith you shall retire.
You have not yet lay long enough in Bed,
To warm your widow'd Side.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] I find my Lord is an excellent School-master, my Lady is so willing to repeat her Lesson.

Merc. [*Aside.*] That's a plaguy little Devil; what a roguish Eye she has! I begin to like her strangely; she's the Perquisite of my Place too; for my Lady's Waiting-woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's chief Gentleman. I have the Privilege of a God too; I can view her naked thro' all her Clothes—Let me see—Let me see: I have discover'd something that pleases me already.

Jup. Let me not live but thou art all Enjoyment!
So charming and so sweet,
That not a Night, but whole Eternity
Were well employ'd.

To

To love thy each Perfection as it ought. [a while.
Alcm. [*Kissing him.*] I'll bribe you with this Kiss to stay
Jup. [*Kissing her.*] A Bribe indeed that soon will bring
But, to be just, I must restore your Bribe. [me back.
How I could dwell for ever on these Lips!
O I could kiss 'em pale with Eagerness!
So soft, by Heav'n, and such a juicy Sweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour.
Alcm. Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:
You fill 'em with Diseases, Wants and Woes,
And only dash 'em with a little Love;
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand:
Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,
They would but make a Day of ev'ry Year:
Take back your sev'nty Years, (the Curse of Life)
Or else be kind, and cram the Quintessence
Of sev'nty Years, into sweet sev'nty Days:
For all the rest is flat, insipid Being.
Jup. But yet one Scruple pains me at my Parting:
I love so nicely, that I cannot bear
To owe the Sweets of Love which I have tasted,
To the submissive Duty of a Wife:
Tell me: and sooth my Passion ere I go,
That in the kindest Moments of the Night,
When you gave up yourself to Love and me,
You thought not of a Husband, but a Lover.
Alcm. But tell me first, why you would raise a Blush
Upon my Cheeks, by asking such a Question?
Jup. I would owe nothing to a Name so dull
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.
Alcm. You should have ask'd me then, when Love,
And Privacy, and Favour'd your Demand. [and Night,
Jup. I ask it now, because my Tenderness
Surpasses that of Husbands for their Wives.
O that you lov'd like me! then you would find
A thousand, thousand Niceties in Love;
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:
But Love refin'd will fancy to it self
Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets;
The being happy is not half the Joy;

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The Manner of their Happineſs is all!
In me (my charming Miſtreſs) you behold
A Lover that diſdains a lawful Title;
Such as of Monarchs to ſucceſſive Thrones;
The generous Lover holds by force of Arms;
And claims his Crown by Conqueſt.

Alcm. Methinks you ſhou'd be pleas'd, I give you all
A virtuous and modeſt Wife can give.

Jup. No, no, that very Name of Wife and Marriage
Is Poiſon to the deareſt Sweets of Love:
To pleaſe my Niceneſs you muſt ſeparate
The Lover from his mortal Foe, the Husband.
Give to the yawning Husband your cold Virtue;
But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
Your amorous Murmurs, be your Lover's Part.

Alcm. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord;
But only love me ſtill, and love me thus,
And think me ſuch as beſt may pleaſe your Thought.

Jup. There's Myſtery of Love in all I ſay:
Farewel; and when you ſee your Husband next,
Think of your Lover then.

[*Exeunt* Jup. *and* Alcm. *ſeverally*: Phæd. *follows her.*

Merc. [*Alone.*] Now I ſhould follow him; but Love has laid a Lime-twig for me, and made a lame God of me. Yet why ſhould I love this *Phædra?* She's Intereſted, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thouſand Years hence, there will be a whole Nation of ſuch Women, in a certain Country that will be call'd *France*; and there's a Neighbour Iſland too, where the Men of that Country will be all Intereſt. Oh what a precious Generation will that be, which the Men of the Iſland ſhall propagate out of the Women of the Continent!

Phædra *Re-enters.*

And ſo much for Prophecy; for ſhe's here again, and I muſt love her in ſpite of me, And ſince I muſt, I have this Comfort, that the greateſt Wits are commonly the greateſt Cullies; becauſe neither of the Sexes can be wiſer than ſome certain Parts about 'em will give 'em leave.

Phæd. Well *Sofia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is victorious.

Phæd.

Phæd. And my Servant Judge *Gripus?*

Merc. A voluptuous Gormand.

Phæd. But has he gotten wherewithal to be voluptuous, is he wealthy?

Merc. He ſells Juſtice as he uſes, fleeces the rich Rebels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phæd. Then while he has Money he may make Love to me. Has he ſent me no Token?

Merc. Yes, a Kiſs; and by the ſame Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Servingman preſume to kiſs me?

Merc. Suppoſe I were a God, and ſhou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I wou'd firſt be ſatisfy'd. whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppoſe I were *Mercury*, the God of Merchandiſe?

Phæd. What the God of ſmall Wares, and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. [*Aſide.*] How the Gipſy deſpiſes me!

Phæd. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making Love: Doſt thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Miſtreſſes by their good Faces? no 'tis the Gold and the Preſents they can make; there's the Prerogative they have over their Fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithſtanding, I muſt tell you, pretty *Phædra*, I am deſperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I muſt tell thee, ugly *Soſia*, thou haſt not wherewithal to be in Love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in Love, I hope.

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in Love, but he can never make Love: Alas *Soſia*, thou haſt neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to pleaſe me, nor Gold to bribe me: And beſides all this thou haſt a Wife, poor miſerable *Soſia!* What ho *Bromia!*

Merc. O thou mercileſs Creature, why doſt thou conjure up that Spright of a Wife?

Phæd.

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Phæd. To rid my ſelf of that Devil of a poor Lover? Since you are ſo lovingly diſpoſ'd, I'll put you together, to exerciſe your Fury upon your own Wedlock: What *Bromia*, I ſay, make haſte; here's a Veſſel of yours, full freighted, that's going off without paying Duties.

Merc. Since thou wilt not let me ſteal Cuſtom, ſhe ſhall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars; but thou might'ſt have lent me a little Creek to ſmuggle in.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman-Soldier, beſides a Legion of —— [*knaps her Fingers.*

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the Plundering of a Tent.

Phæd. That's to ſay, a Houſe of Canvas, with Moveables of Straw: make haſte, *Bromia* ——

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durſt not fight I'm certain; and therefore came laſt in, when the rich Plunder was gone before hand. —— Will you come, *Bromia?*

Merc. Pr'ythee do not call ſo loud: —— A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was that Goblet made? anſwer quickly, for I am juſt calling very loud —— *Bro* ——

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud, if thou doſt not like the Metal.

Phæd. Bromia. [*Very ſoftly.*

Merc. That ſtruts in this Faſhion, with his Arms a kimbo, like a City Magiſtrate; and a great bouncing Belly, like a Hoſteſs with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what ſay you to that Preſent, *Phædra?*

Phæd. Why I am conſidering ——

Merc. What, I pr'ythee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Buſineſs equally: to take the Gift, and refuſe the Giver, thou art ſo damnably ugly and ſo old.

Merc. [*Aſide.*] Now the Devil take *Jupiter*, for conſining me to this ungodly Shape to Day!
But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too.

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a Perſon of Quality, and my Lady's Uncle; and if he marries me, I ſhall take Place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife! ſhe has ſent her Tongue before

fore her. I hear the Thunderclap already; there's a Storm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I shou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a Word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for —— you know what, *Sofia*.

Merc. You give me Hope then ——

Phæd. Not absolutely Hope neither; but Gold is a great Cordial in Love Matters; and the more you apply of it, the better. —— [*Aside.*] I am honest, that's certain; but when I weigh my Honesty against the Goblet, I am not quite resolv'd on which Side the Scale will turn. [*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. [*Aloud.*] Farewell *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her ——

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her what? Traytor! that you are going away without seeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Master.

Brom. Umph.—so brisk too! your Master did his Duty to my Lady before he parted: He cou'd leave his Army in the Lurch, and come galloping home at Midnight, to have a lick at the Honey-Pot; and steal to Bed as quietly as any Mouse, I warrant you: My Master knew what belong'd to a marry'd Life; but you, Birrah —You Trencher-carrying Rascal, you worse than Dunghill-Cock; that stood clapping your Wings and crowing without Doors, when you should have been at Roost, you Villain.—

Merc. Hold your Peace, Dame *Partlet*, and leave your Cackling: My Master charg'd me to stand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Master! I dare swear thou bely'st him; my Master's more a Gentleman than to lay such an unreasonable Command upon a poor distressed marry'd Couple, and after such an Absence too. No, there's no Comparison between my Master and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia*. You and I have had our time in a civil way, Spouse;

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Spouſe, and much good Love has been betwixt us; but we have been marry'd fifteen Years, I take it; and that hoighty toighty Buſineſs ought, in Conſcience, to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my ſaucy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that ſaid to me.

Merc. But will you hear Reaſon, *Bromia?* My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom; they are in Honey Moon ſtill: do but think in Decency what a Jeſt it wou'd be to the Family, to ſee two venerable old married People, lying ſnug in a Bed together, and ſighing out fine tender Things to one another!

Brom. How now, Traitor, dar'ſt thou maintain that I am paſt the Age of having fine Things ſaid to me?

Merc. Not ſo, my Dear; but certainly I am paſt the Age of ſaying 'em.

Brom. Thou deſerv'ſt not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou perjur'd Villain.

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my Sorrow; many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for leſs Honour in his Wife, and more Quiet. Pr'ythee be but honeſt and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worſt with every Thing elſe about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'dſt have a Woman of the Town, wou'dſt thou! to be always ſpeaking my Husband fair, to make him digeſt his Cuckoldom more eaſily: Wou'dſt thou be a Wittal, with a Vengeance to thee? I am reſolv'd I'll ſcour thy Hide for that Word.

[*Holds up her Ladle at him.*

Merc. Thou wilt not ſtrike thy Lord and Husband, wilt thou?

Brom. Since thou wilt none of the Meat, 'tis but Juſtice to give thee the Baſtings of the Ladle.

[*She courſes him about.*

Mercury *running about.* [*Aſide.*] Was ever poor Deity ſo Henpeck'd as I am! nay, then 'tis time to charm her aſleep with my enchanted Rod——before I am diſgrac'd or raviſh'd——

[*Plucks out his Caduceus, and ſtrikes her upon the Shoulder with it.*

Brom.

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Brom. What, art thou rebelling againſt thy anointed Wife? I'll make thee —— how now —— What, has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and ſtupid on the ſudden —— I can neither ſtir Hand nor Foot —— I am juſt like him; I have loſt the Uſe of all my—Members —— [*Yawning.*] ——I can't ſo much as wag my Tongue—neither, and that's the laſt live—ing Part about a —— Woman —— [*Falls down.*

Mercury *alone.*

Lord, what have I ſuffer'd, for being but a counterfeit marry'd Man one Day! If ever I come to this Houſe, as a Husband again —— then——and yet that then was a Lye too —— For while I am in Love with this young Gipſy, *Phædra*, I muſt return —— But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*; thou that want'ſt nothing of her Tongue, but the Immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee ſet Foot in Heaven, *Juno* will have a rattling Second of thee; and there will never be a fair Day in Heaven or Earth after it.

For two ſuch Tongues will break the Poles aſunder;
And, hourly ſcolding, make perpetual Thunder.

[*Exit* Mercury.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *before* Amphitryon's *Palace.*

Amphitryon *and* Sofia.

Amph. NOW Sirrah, follow me into the Houſe, thou ſhalt be convinc'd at thy own Coſt, Villain! What horrible Lyes haſt thou told me! ſuch Improbabilities, ſuch Stuff, ſuch Nonſenſe! —— that the Monſter with two long Horns, that frighted the great King, and the Devil at the Stone-cutter's, are Truths to theſe.

Sof. I am but a Slave, and you are Maſter; and a poor Man is always to lye, when a rich Man is pleas'd to contradict

tradict him: but as sure as this is our House ——

Amph. So sure 'tis thy Place of Execution. Thou art not made for Lying neither.

Sos. That's certain; for all my Neighbours say I have an honest Face; or else they would never call me Cuckold, as they do.

Amph. I mean thou hast not Wit enough to make a Lye that will hang together: thou hast set up a Trade, that thou hast not Stock enough to manage: O that I had but a Crab-tree Cudgel for thy sake!

Sos. How a Cudgel, said you! the Devil take *Jupiter* for inventing that hard-hearted, merciless, knobby Wood.

Amph. The Bitterness is yet to come: thou hast had but a half Dose of it.

Sos. I was never good at swallowing Physick; and my Stomach wambles at the very Thought of it: But, if I must have a second Beating, in Conscience let me strip first, that I may shew you the black and blue Streaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am sure I suffer'd them in your Service.

Amph. To what Purpose wou'dst thou shew them?

Sos. Why to the Purpose that you may not strike me upon the sore Places; and that as he beat me the last Night cross-ways, so you wou'd please to beat me long-ways, to make clean Work on't, that at least my Skin may look like Checquer-work.

Amph. This Request is too reasonable to be refus'd; but, that all Things may be done in Order, tell me over again the same Story, with all the Circumstances of thy Commission: that a Blow may follow in due Form for every Lye. To Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sos. No, it shall be all a Lye if you please, and I'll eat my Words to save my Shoulders.

Amph. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be disprov'd: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sos. With all my Heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel: but wou'd you be pleas'd to answer me one civil Question? Am I to use Complaisance to you, as to a great Person, that will have all Things fall your own Way;

Way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther Beating?

Amph. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth; so help thee Cudgel ———

Sos. That's a damn'd Conclusion of a Sentence: but since it must be so —— Back and Sides, at your own Peril —— I set out from the Port in an unlucky Hour; the dusky Canopy of Night inveloping the Hemisphere —

Amph. [*Strikes him.*] *Imprimis,* For Fustian: —— now proceed.

Sos. I stand corrected: In plain Prose then, I went darkling, and whistling, to keep my self from being afraid; mumbling Curses betwixt my Teeth, for being sent at such an unnatural Time of Night.

Amph. How, Sirrah, cursing and swearing against your Lord and Master! take ——— [*Going to strike.*

Sos. Hold, Sir —— pray consider, if this be not unreasonable, to strike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old Dog-trot of Lying again, if this must come of plain Dealing.

Amph. To avoid Impertinences, make an End of your Journey; and come to the House: what found you there a God's Name?

Sos. I came thither in no God's Name at all, but in the Devil's Name; I found before the Door a twinging Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features, and accoutred also in my Habit.

Amph. Who was that Fellow?

Sos. Who shou'd it be, but another *Sosia!* a certain Kind of other Me: who knew all my unfortunate Commission, precisely, to a Word, as well as I *Sosia*; as being sent by your self from the Port, upon the same Errand to *Alcmena.*

Amph. What gross Absurdities are these?

Sos. O Lord, O Lord, what Absurdities! as plain as any Packstaff. That other Me, had posted himself there before me, me. You won't give a Man Leave to speak poetically now; or else I wou'd say, that I was arriv'd at the Door, just before I came thither.

Amph This must either be a Dream, or Drankenness,

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or Madneſs in thee. Leave your Buffooning and Lying: I am not in Humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Soſ. I wou'd you ſhou'd know I ſcorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but juſt Fighting. I tell you once again in plain Sincerity, and Simplicity of Heart, that before laſt Night I never took my ſelf but for one ſingle individual *Soſia*; but, coming to our Door, I found my ſelf I know not how divided, and as it were, ſplit into two *Soſias*.

Amph. Leave Buffooning: I ſee you wou'd make me laugh, but you play the Fool ſcurvily.

Soſ. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this Company.

Amph. How now, Impudence! I ſhall ———

Soſ. Be not in Wrath, Sir: I meant not you: I cannot poſſibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I muſt certainly be two Fools; becauſe, as I told you, I am double.

Amph. That one ſhou'd be two, is very probable!

Soſ. Have you not ſeen a Sixpence ſplit into two Halves, by ſome ingenious School-boy; which bore on either Side the Impreſſion of the Monarch's Face? Now, as thoſe Moieties were two Three-pences, and yet in Effect but one Six-pence. ———

Amph. No more of your villainous Tropes and Figures.

Soſ. Nay, if an Orator muſt be diſarm'd of his Similitudes ———

Amph. A Man had need of Patience, to endure this Gibberiſh; be brief, and come to a Concluſion.

Soſ. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me; for that there was two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This *I*, that am here, was weary: the t'other *I* was freſh: this *I* was peaceable, and t'other *I* was a hectoring Bully *I*.

Amph. And thou expect'ſt I ſhou'd believe thee?

Soſ. No, I am not ſo unreaſonable: for I cou'd never have believ'd it my ſelf, if I had not been well beaten into it: But a Cudgel, you know, is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fiſt: What ſhall I ſay, but that I

was

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was compell'd at last to acknowledge my self! I found that he was very I, without Fraud, Cozen, or Deceit. Besides, I view'd my self, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot: He was handsome, of a noble Presence, a charming Air, loose and free in all his Motions. And saw he was so much I, that I shou'd have Reason to be better satisfied with my own Person, if his Hands had not been a little of the heaviest.

Amph. Once again to a Conclusion: Say you pass'd by him, and entred into the House.

Sos. I am a Friend to Truth, and say no such Thing: He defended the Door, and I could not enter.

Amph. How, not enter?

Sos. Why, how shou'd I enter? unless I were a Spright to glide by him, and shoot my self through Locks, and Bolts, and two Inch Boards?

Amph. O Coward! Didst thou not attempt to pass?

Sos. Yes, and was repuls'd and beaten for my Pains.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Sos. I beat Me.

Amph. Didst thou beat thy self?

Sos. I don't mean *I*, here: but the absent *Me* beat me here present.

Amph. There's no End of this intricate Piece of Nonsense.

Sos. 'Tis only Nonsense, because I speak it who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Sense, and substantial Sense, if a Great Man said it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Amph. No more: but let us enter: Hold; my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! how strangely will she be surpriz'd to see me here, so unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena *and* Phædra.

Alcm. [*To Phæd.*] Make haste after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Success, which *Amphitryon* has had against the Rebels. O Heaven! [*Seeing him.*

Amph. Those Heav'ns, and all the blest Inhabitants, [*Saluting her.*

Grant, that the sweet Rewarder of my Pains

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May ſtill be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alcm. So ſoon return'd!

Amph. So ſoon return'd! Is this my Welcome home? [*Stepping back.*

So ſoon return'd, ſays I am come unwiſh'd.
This is no Language of deſiring Love:
Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years:
And every little Abſence is an Age.

Alcm. What ſays my Lord?

Amph. No, my *Alcmena*, no:
True Love by its Impatience meaſures Time,
And the dear Object never comes too ſoon.

Alcm. Nor ever came you ſo, nor ever ſhall:
But you your ſelf are chang'd from what you were,
Pall'd in Deſires, and ſurfeited of Bliſs;
Not ſo I met you at your laſt Return;
When yeſternight I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace.

Amph. How's this?

Alcm. Did not my Soul ev'n ſparkle at my Eyes,
And ſhoot it ſelf into your much lov'd Boſom?
Did I not tremble with Exceſs of Joy?
Nay agonize with Pleaſure at your ſight,
With ſuch inimitable Proofs of Paſſion,
As no falſe Love could feign!

Amph. What's this you tell me?

Alcm. Far ſhort of Truth, by Heav'n!
And you return'd thoſe Proofs with Uſury;
And left me, with a Sigh, at Break of Day.
Have you forgot?

Amph. Or have you dreamt, *Alcmena?*
Perhaps ſome kind, revealing Deity,
Has whiſper'd, in your Sleep, the pleaſing News
Of my Return; and you believ'd it real!
Perhaps too, in your Dream, you us'd me kindly;
And my preventing Image reap'd the Joys
You meant awake to me.

Alcm. Some melancholy Vapour, ſure, has ſeiz'd
Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and diſturb'd your Senſe:
Or yeſternight is not ſo long a time,

But

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But you might yet remember; and not force
An honeſt Bluſh into my glowing Cheeks,
For that which lawful Marriage makes no Crime.

Amph. I thank you for my melancholy Vapour.

Alcm. 'Tis but a juſt Requital for my Dream.

Phæd. I find my Maſter took too much of the Creature laſt Night, [*Aſide.*] and now is angling for a Quarrel, that no more may be expected from him to Night, when he has no Aſſets. [*In the mean time* Amph. *and* Alc. *walk by themſelves, and frown at each other as they meet.*

Amph. You dare not juſtify it to my Face.

Alcm. Not what?

Amph. That I return'd before this Hour.

Alcm. You dare not, ſure, deny you came laſt Night,
And ſtaid till Break of Day.

Amph. O Impudence! — Why *Soſia!*

Soſ. Nay, I ſay nothing; for all Things here may go by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alcm. Speak, *Phædra*, Was he here?

Phæd. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-maid; and by my Place, I am to forget all that was done over Night in Love-Matters, — unleſs my Maſter pleaſe to rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amph. Now in the Name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*,
A little recollect your ſcatter'd Thoughts,
And weigh what you have ſaid.

Alcm. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, ere I ſpoke:
And ſhe, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves and Servants,
Can witneſs they beheld you, when you came.
If other Proof were wanting, tell me how
I came to know your Fight, your Victory,
The Death of *Pterelas* in ſingle Combat?
And farther, from whoſe Hands I had a Jewel,
The Spoils of him you ſlew?

Amph. This is amazing!
Have I already given you thoſe Diamonds,
The Preſent I reſerv'd?

Alcm. 'Tis an odd Queſtion:
You ſee I wear 'em; look.

Amph. Now anſwer, *Soſia.*

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Sof. Yes, now I can anſwer with a ſafe Conſcience, as to that Point; all the reſt may be Art Magick, but, as for the Diamonds, here they are, under ſafe Cuſtody.

Alcm. Then what are theſe upon my Arm? [*To* Sofia.

Sof. Flints, or Pebbles, or ſome ſuch Trumpery of enchanted Stones.

Phæd. They ſay, the Proof of a true Diamond is to glitter in the Dark: I think my Maſter had beſt take my Lady into ſome By-corner, and try whoſe Diamond will ſparkle beſt.

Sof. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine preſent 'em to you?

Alcm. What Friend?

Sof. Why another *Sofia*, one that made himſelf *Sofia* in my deſpite, and alſo Unſofiated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauſeous Nonſenſe; break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Sof. More Words than one to a Bargain, Sir; I thank you: That's no part of Prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals: Do you look firſt upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conſcience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm. [*Looking.*

Sof. Then take the Signature into your own Cuſtody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper Peril. [*Giving him the Casket.*

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing but an empty Space, the Neſt where they were laid. [*Breaking open the Seal.*

Sof. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine; here has been fine conjuring Work; or elſe the Jewel, knowing to whom it ſhou'd be given, took Occaſion to ſteal out, by a natural Inſtinct, and ty'd it ſelf to that pretty Arm.

Amph. Can this be poſſible!

Sof. Yes, very poſſible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*, as well as I *Sofia* have brought forth another Me *Sofia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated theſe Diamonds, and ſo we are all three double.

Phæd. If this be true, I hope my Goblet has gigg'd another

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another golden Goblet; and then they may carry double upon all four. [*Aside.*

Alcm. My Lord, I have ſtood ſilent, out of Wonder What you cou'd wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealouſy, [*Aside.* Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs. I fear, and yet I muſt be ſatisfy'd: And to be ſatisfy'd, I muſt diſſemble.

Alcm. Why muſe you ſo, and murmur to your ſelf? If you repent your Bounty, take it back.

Amph. Not ſo; but, if you pleaſe, relate what paſt At our laſt Interview.

Alcm. That Queſtion wou'd infer you were not here.

Amph. I ſay not ſo; I only wou'd refreſh my Memory, And have my Reaſons to deſire the Story.

Phæd. So, this is as good Sport for me, as an Examination of a great Belly before a Magiſtrate.

Alcm. The Story is not long: you know I met you, Kiſs'd you, and preſs'd you cloſe within my Arms, With all the tenderneſs of Wifely Love.

Amph. I cou'd have ſpar'd that Kindneſs. [*Aside.* And what did I? [*To her.*

Alcm. You ſtrain'd me with a Maſculine Embrace; As you wou'd ſqueeze my Soul out.

Amph. Did I ſo?

Alcm. You did.

Amph. Confound thoſe Arms that were ſo kind— [*Aside.* Proceed, proceed ——— [*To her.*

Alcm. You wou'd not ſtay to ſup; but much complaining of your Drouſineſs, and want of natural Reſt—

Amph. Made haſte to Bed: Ha, was't not ſo? Go on— [*Aside.*] And ſtab me with each Syllable thou ſpeak'ſt.

Phæd. So, now 'tis coming, now 'tis coming.

Alcm. I have no more to ſay.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alcm. Why not? Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife To go to Bed, my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

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Alcm. Ungrateful Man!
Amph. She juſtifies it too!
Alcm. I need not juſtify: Of what am I accus'd
Amph. Of that Prodigality of Kindneſs
Giv'n to another, and uſurp'd from me.
So bleſs me Heav'n, if ſince my firſt Departure,
I ever ſet my Foot upon this Threſhold.
So am I innocent of all thoſe Joys,
And dry of thoſe Embraces.
Alcm. Then I, it ſeems, am falſe!
Amph. As ſurely falſe, as what thou ſay'ſt is true.
Alcm. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love?
And am a foul Adultreſs?
Amph. What thou art,
Thou ſtand'ſt condemn'd to be, by thy Relation.
Alcm. Go, thou unworthy Man; for ever go:
No more my Husband: go thou baſe Impoſtor;
Who tak'ſt a vile Pretence to taint my Fame;
And, not content to leave, wouldſt ruin me.
Enjoy thy wiſh'd Divorce: I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime;
I need not; ſpit thy Venom; do thy worſt:
But know, the more thou wou'dſt expoſe my Virtue,
Like pureſt Linen laid in open Air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the View.
Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation:
But, ſince thou haſt, with Impudence, affirm'd
My falſe Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth ſhall, in the Face of *Thebes*, be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Sea-men ſhall be brought,
Who were embark'd, and came with me to Land,
Nor parted, till I reach'd this curſed Door:
So ſhall this Viſion of my late Return
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to thoſe
Who thus betray'd my Honour.
Soſ. Sir, ſhall I wait on you?

Amph.

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Amph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here.
[*Exit* Amphitryon.

Phæd. Pleaſe you —— that I —— [*To* Alcmena.

Alcm. Oh! Nothing now can pleaſe me:
Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever —— [*Exit* Alcmena.

Soſ. What if I ſhou'd lye now, and ſay we have been here before? I never ſaw any Good that came of telling Truth. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a little to ſuſpect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but Copper. [*Aſide.*

Soſ. Yes, 'tis reſolv'd, I will lye abominably, againſt the Light of my own Conſcience. For ſuppoſe the other *Soſia* has been here: perhaps that ſtrong Dog has not only beaten me, but alſo has been predominant upon my Wife, and moſt carnally miſus'd her! Now, by aſking certain Queſtions of her, with a Side-Wind, I may come to underſtand how Squares go; and whether my Nuptial Bed be violated. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. Moſt certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his Maſter, and will deny his being here; but that ſhall not ſerve his Turn, to cheat me of my Preſent! — [*Aſide.* Why *Soſia!* What in a brown Study?

Soſ. A little *cogitabund*, or ſo; concerning this diſmal Revolution in our Family.

Phæd. But that ſhou'd not make you neglect your Duty to me, your Miſtreſs.

Soſ. Pretty Soul: I wou'd thou wert; upon Condition that old *Bromia* were ſix Foot under Ground.

Phæd. What! is all your hot Courtſhip to me dwindl'd into a poor unprofitable Wiſh? You may remember, I did not bid you abſolutely deſpair.

Soſ. No, for all Things yet may be accommodated, in an amicable Manner, betwixt my Maſter and my Lady.

Phæd. I mean, to the Buſineſs, betwixt you and me —

Soſ. Why, I hope we two never quarrell'd?

Phæd. Muſt I remember you of a certain Promiſe that you made me at our laſt Parting?

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Sof. Oh, when I went to the Army: that I ſhou'd ſtill be praiſing thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the Buſineſs betwixt you and me this Morning — that you promis'd me ——

Sof. That I promis'd thee —— I find it now: That ſtrong Dog, my Brother *Sofia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. You are conſidering, whether or no you ſhould keep your Promiſe ——

Sof. That I ſhou'd keep my Promiſe.—The Truth on't is, ſhe's another gheſs Morſel than old *Bromia*. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. And I had rather you ſhou'd break it, in a Manner, and as it were, and in ſome Senſe ——

Sof. In a Manner, and as it were, and in ſome Senſe, thou ſay'ſt?—I find, the ſtrong Dog has only tickl'd up her Imagination, and not enjoy'd her: ſo that with my own Limbs, I may perform the Sweetneſs of his Function with her. [*Aſide.*

No, ſweet Creature, the Promiſe ſhall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man of Honour. [*To her.*

Phæd. Then you remember the Preliminaries of the Preſent ——

Sof. Yes, yes, in groſs I do remember ſomething; but this Diſturbance of the Family has ſomewhat ſtupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque choſe*, I warrant thee; ſome acceptable Toy, of ſmall Value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: But I put a greater Value upon your Preſents.

Sof. A Gold Goblet, ſay'ſt thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity after Conſummation.

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make ſure of one Bribe before-hand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Sof. Yes, now I remember, it was, in ſome Senſe, a Gold Goblet, by way of Earneſt; and it contain'd——

Phæd. One large ——

Sof. How, one large ——

Phæd. Gallon.

Sof.

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Sof. No; that was ſomewhat too large, in Conſcience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reaſonably ſpeaking, one large — Thimble-full: But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are ſo like, that in ſpeaking, I might eaſily miſtake them.

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out Traitor!

Sof. I had been a Traitor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the ſwallowing of a Gallon: but a Thimble-full of Cordial-water is eaſily ſipt off: and then, this ſame Goblet is ſo very light too, that it will be no Burden, to carry it about with thee in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apoſtate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain!

Enter Bromia.

What are you here, *Bromia!* I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You ſee I can be a Friend, upon Occaſion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindneſs: but, for this Fugitive — this Rebel — this Miſcreant —

Sof. A kind Welcome, to an abſent Lover, as I have een.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me ſo barbarouſly this Morning.

Sof. The t'other *Sofia* has been with her too; and has us'd her barbarouſly: barbarouſly, that is to ſay, uncivilly: and uncivilly, I am afraid that means too civilly.

[*Aſide.*

Phæd. You had beſt deny you were here this Morning! And by the ſame Token —

Sof. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's Sake, dear *Phædra.*

Now muſt I ponder with my ſelf a little, whether it be better for me to have been here, or not to have been here this Morning. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Phædra, my Lord's without; and will not enter till he has firſt ſpoken with you. [*Exit Servant.*

Phæd. [*To him in private.*] Oh, that I cou'd ſtay to help worry thee for this Abuſe; but the beſt on't is, I leave thee in good Hands —

— Fare,

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——Farewel Thimble,——To him, *Bromia*.
[*Exit* Phædra.

Brom. No; you did not beat me, and put me into a Swoon, and deprive me of the natural Use of my Tongue for a long half Hour: you did not beat me down with your little Wand: But I shall teach you to use your Rod another Time —— I shall.

Sos. Put her into a Swoon, with my little Wand, and so forth: That's more than ever I could do. These are terrible Circumstances, that some *Sosia* or other has been here; Now, if he has litterally beaten her, Grammercy, Brother *Sosia*; he has but done, what I wou'd have done, if I had durst: But I am afraid it was only a damn'd Love-figure; and that the Wand that laid her asleep, might signify the Peace-maker. [*Aside.*

Brom. Now you are snuffling up on a cold Scent, for some pitiful Excuse: I know you: Twenty to one, but you will plead a Drunkenness: You are us'd to be Pot-valiant.

Sos. I was pumping, and I thank her, she has invented for me — Yes, *Bromia*, I must confess I was exalted; and, possibly, I might scour upon thee, or perhaps be a little more familiar with thy Person, by the way of Kindness, than if I had been sober: but, pr'ythee, inform me what I did; that I may consider what Satisfaction I am to make thee.

Brom. Are you there at your Dog-tricks? You wou'd be forgetting wou'd you? like a drunken Bully, that affronts over Night, and, when he is call'd to Account the next Morning, remembers nothing of the Quarrel; and asks Pardon, to avoid Fighting.

Sos. By *Bacchus*, I was overtaken; but I shou'd be loth that I committed any Folly with thee.

Brom. I am sure, I kept my self awake all Night, that I did, in Expectation of your Coming. [*Crying.*

Sos. But what Amends did I make thee, when I came?

Brom. You know well enough, to my Sorrow; but that you play the Hypocrite.

Sos. I warrant, I was monstrous kind to thee.——

Brom.

Brom. Yes, monſtrous kind indeed: You never ſaid a truer Word: for, when I came to kiſs you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sof. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: He juſtifies! ——

Sof. Yes, I do juſtify, that I turn'd my Cheek, like a prudent Perſon, that my Breath might not offend thee: for, now I remember, I had eaten Garlick.

Brom. Ay, you remember, and forget, juſt as it makes for you, or againſt you: but, to mend the Matter, you never ſpoke one civil Word to me; but ſtood like a Stock, without Senſe or Motion.

Sof. Yet better. [*Aside.*

Brom. After which, I lovingly invited you to take your Place in your Nuptial Bed, as the Laws of Matrimony oblige you: and you inhumanly refus'd me.

Sof. Ay, there's the main Point of the Buſineſs! Art thou morally certain, that I refus'd thee? Look me now in the Face, and ſay I did not commit Matrimony with thee!

Brom. I wonder how thou canſt look me in the Face, after that Refuſal!

Sof. Say it once again, that I did not feloniouſly come to Bed to thee!

Brom. No, thou cold Traitor, thou know'ſt thou didſt not.

Sof. Beſt of all; 'twas diſcreetly done of me to abſtain.

Brom. What, do you inſult upon me too?

Sof. No, I do not inſult upon you; ——, but——

Brom. But what? How was it diſcreetly done then? Ha!

Sof. Becauſe it is the receiv'd Opinion of Phyſicians, that nothing but puling Chitts, and Booby-Fools are procreated in Drunkenneſs.

Brom. A receiv'd Opinion, Snivel-guts! I'll be judg'd by all the Marry'd Women of this Town, if any one of 'em has receiv'd it: The Devil take the Phyſicians, for meddling in our Matters: If a Huſband will be rul'd by them,

them, there are five Weeks of Abſtinence in Dog-days too; for fear a Child that was got in *Auguſt*, ſhou'd be born juſt nine Months after, and be blear'd-ey'd, like a *May* Kitten.

Soſ. Let the Phyſicians alone; they are honeſt Men, whatever the World ſays of 'em. But, for a certain Reaſon, that I beſt know, I am glad that Matter ended ſo fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes, 'twas very fair and peaceably; to ſtrike a Woman down, and beat her moſt outrageouſly.

Soſ. Is it poſſible that I drubb'd thee?

Brom. I find your Drift: You wou'd fain be provoking me to a new Trial now: But, i'faith, you ſhall bring me to no more Handy-blows: I ſhall make bold to truſt to my Tongue hereafter: You never durſt have offer'd to hold up a Finger againſt me, till you went a Trooping.

Soſ. Then I am a Couqueror: And I laud my own Courage: This Renown I have atchiev'd by Soldierſhip and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouſe, henceforward, to your ſupream Commander. [*Strutting.*

Enter Jupiter *and* Phædra, *attended by Muſicians and Dancers.*

Phæd. Indeed I wondred at your quick Return.

Jup. Ev'n ſo Almighty Love will have it, *Phædra*;
And the ſtern Goddeſs of ſweet-bitter Cares,
Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke.
I wou'd have mann'd my Heart, and held it out;
But, when I thought of what I had poſſeſt;
Thoſe Joys, that never end, but to begin,
O, I am all on fire to make my Peace:
And die, *Jove* knows, as much as I can die,
Till I am reconcil'd.

Phæd. I fear 'twill be in vain.

Jup. 'Tis difficult:
But nothing is impoſſible to Love;
To Love like mine: for I have prov'd his Force,
And my *Alcmena* too has felt his Dart.
If I ſubmit, there's Hope.

Phæd. 'Tis poſſible I may ſollicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promiſe me to do thy beſt?

Phæd.

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Phæd. Nay, I promiſe nothing — unleſs you begin
To promiſe firſt —— [*Curt'ſying.*

Jup. I wo'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to the Window: You ſhall have a fair Shoot at her: If you can bring her down, you are a good Mark's-Man.

Jup. That's all I aſk:
And I will ſo reward thee, gentle *Phædra* ——

Phæd. What, with Cats-guts and Roſin! This *Sol-la* is but a lamentable, empty Sound.

Jup. Then there's a Sound will pleaſe thee better.
[*Throwing her a Purſe.*

Phæd. Ay, there's ſomething of Melody in this Sound. I could dance all Day, to the Muſick of *Chink, Chink.*
[*To* Phæd.

Jup. Go *Soſia* round our *Thebes*
To *Polidas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War; invite 'em all
To join their Pray'rs to ſmooth *Alcmena*'s Brow;
And, with a ſolemn Feaſt, to crown the Day.

Soſ. [*Taking* Jupiter *about the Knees.*] Let me embrace you, Sir — [Jupiter *puſhes him away.*] Nay, you muſt give me leave to expreſs my Gratitude; I have not eaten, to ſay eating, nor drunk, to ſay drinking, never ſince our villainous Encamping ſo near the Enemy: 'Tis true, I ſcap'd the Bloody-Flux, becauſe I had ſo little in my Bowels to come out; and I durſt let nothing go, in Conſcience, becauſe I had nothing to ſwallow in the Room on't.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, ſee that all Things be prepar'd,
With that Magnificence, as if ſome God
Were Gueſt, or Maſter here.

Soſ. Or rather, as much as if twenty Gods were to be Gueſts, or Maſters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to Day, and to Morrow.

Soſ. Or, rather again, for to Day and Yeſterday; and as many Months backward, as I am indebted to my own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you.
[*Exeunt* Soſia *and* Bromia *ſeverally.*
Jup.

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Jup. Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Sosia*,
(Who tho' thou art not present, hear'st my Voice)
Be ready to attend me at my Call,
And to supply his Place.

Enter Mercury *to* Jupiter, Alcmena *and* Phædra *appear above.*

Jup. See, she appears: [*Seeing* Alcmena.
This is my Bribe to *Phædra*; when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Jupiter *signs to the Musicians. Song and Dance: After which,* Alcmena *withdraws, frowning.*

SONG.

CELIA, *that I once was blest*
Is now the Torment of my Breast:
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possest:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
First to love, and then to leave me!

II.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant;
Then I had never known the Want:
But possessing once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaint:
Once possessing is but tasting;
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

III.

Celia *now is mine no more;*
But I am hers, and must adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No Unkindness can dissever;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

Jup. O stay:
Merc. She's gone; and seem'd to frown at parting.
Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appeas'd:

Her

For I, who made her, know her inward State:
No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty, to ſubdue the Strong;
(A mighty Empire, but it laſts not long.)
I gave 'em Pride, to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave.
Th' offending Lover, when he loweſt lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to riſe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Jupiter *following* Alcmena; Mercury, *and* Phædra.

Jup. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me ſpeak.
Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee, to the Ridge of Earth,
And leap the Precipice, to ſcape thy Sight.
Jup. For Pity——
Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man.
Jup. I cannot leave you: No, but like a Ghoſt,
Whom your Unkindneſs murder'd, will I haunt you.
Alcm. Once more, be gone, I'm odious to my ſelf,
For having lov'd thee once.
Jup. Hate not the beſt and faireſt of your Kind:
Nor can you hate your Lover, tho' you wou'd:
Your Tears, that fall ſo gently, are but Grief:
There may be Anger; but there muſt be Love.
The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyneſs, to be courted.
Alcm. Courtſhip from thee, and after ſuch Affronts!
Jup. Is this that everlaſting Love you vow'd,
Laſt Night, when I was circled in your Arms?
Remember what you ſwore —— [too much?
Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd ſwear
Think what thou art, and that unſwears it all.
Jup. Can you forſake me, for ſo ſmall a Fault?
'Twas but a Jeſt, perhaps too far purſu'd;
'Twas but, at moſt, a Trial of your Faith,

How

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How you could bear Unkindneſs:
'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiſs,
A wanton Stratagem of Love.
Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare:
A Jeſt, and then a Trial, and a Bait;
All Stuff, and Daubing!
Jup. Think me Jealous, then.
Alcm. O that I could; for that's a noble Crime;
And which a Lover can, with eaſe, forgive:
'Tis the high Pulſe of Paſſion, in a Fever;
A ſickly Draught but ſhews a burning Thirſt;
Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealouſy:
And in that Loathing of thy full-gorg'd Love,
Thou ſaw'd the nauſeous Object, with Diſdain.
Jup. O think not that: For you are ever new:
Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes, where ſome are in the Bud,
Some green, and ripening ſome, while others fall.
Alcm. Ay, now you tell me this,
When rous'd Deſires, and freſh Recruits of Force,
Enable languiſh'd Love to take the Field.
But never hope to be receiv'd again:
You would again deny you were receiv'd,
And brand my ſpotleſs Fame.
Jup. I will not dare to juſtify my Crime,
But only point you where to lay the Blame:
Impute it to the Huſband, not the Lover.
Alcm. How vainly wou'd the Sophiſter divide,
And make the Huſband, and the Lover, two.
Jup. Yes, 'tis the Huſband is the guilty Wreth
His Inſolence forgot the Sweets of Love,
And, deeming them his Due, deſpis'd the Feaſt.
Not ſo the famiſh'd Lover cou'd forget:
He knew he had been there, and had been bleſt
With all that Hope cou'd wiſh, or Senſe can bear.
Alcm. Huſband and Lover, both alike I hate.
Jup. And I confeſs I have deſerv'd that Hate:
Too charming Fair, I kneel for your Forgiveneſs:
I beg by thoſe fair Eyes, [*Kneeling.*

Which

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Which gave me Wounds, that Time can never cure;
Receive my Sorrows, and reſtore my Joys.

Alcm. Unkind, and cruel! I can ſpeak no more.

Jup. O give it vent, *Alcmena*, give it vent;
I merit your Reproach, I wou'd be curs'd:
Let your Tongue curſe me, while your Heart forgives.

Alcm. Can I forget ſuch Uſage?

Jup. Can you hate me?

Alcm. I'll do my beſt: for ſure I ought to hate you.

Jup. That Word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue,
It came not from your Heart. But try again,
And if, once more, you can but ſay, I hate you,
My Sword ſhall do you Juſtice.

Alcm. Then, I hate you——

Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death?

Alcm. I hate you much; but yet I love you more.

Jup. To prove that Love, then ſay, that you forgive me:
For there remains but this Alternative;
Reſolve to pardon, or to puniſh me.

Alcm. Alas, what I reſolve, appears too plain:
In ſaying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal?
Permit me, in this Tranſport of my Joy——
[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Alcm Forbear; I am offended with my ſelf,
[*Putting him gently away with her Hand.*
That I have ſhewn this Weakneſs——Let me go,
Where I may bluſh, alone——
[*Going and looking back on him.*
But come not you;
Leſt I ſhould ſpoil you, with exceſs of Fondneſs,
And let you love again—— [*Exit* Alcmena.

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, ſhe invites me: [*Aſide.*
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex:
I gave 'em but one Tongue, to ſay us Nay;
And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be ſure that none
[*To* Merc.
Approach, to interrupt our Privacy.
[*Exit* Jupiter *after* Alcmena.

Mercury

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Mercury *and* Phædra *remain.*

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra.*

Phæd. No Example at all, *Sosia*: for my Lady had the Diamonds before-hand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet shall be forth-coming, if thou will give me Weight for Weight.

Phæd. Yes, and Measure for Measure too, *Sosia*: that is, for a Thimble-full of Gold, a Thimble-full of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra?* Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you.

[*Pulling out the Goblet in a Case from under his Cloak.*

Phæd. Now *Jupiter* of his Mercy, let me kiss thee, O thou dear Metal! [*Taking it in both Hands.*

Merc. And *Venus*, of her Mercy, let me kiss thee, dear dear *Phædra.*

Phæd. Not so fast, *Sosia!* there's a damn'd Proverb in your way: *Many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip*, you know.

Merc. Why, thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phæd. Yes; as sure as you would cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am yet but just even with you, for the last Trick you play'd me. And, besides, this is but a bare retaining Fee; you must give me another before the Cause is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-side to Night?

Phæd. No, nor to Morrow-Night neither: but this shall be my Sweet-heart in your Place: 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer in cold Weather.

[*Exit* Phædra.

Mercury *alone.*

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I stole from *Gripus*; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common Fate of ill-gotten Goods, that, as they came in by Covetousness, they go out by Whoring.——

Enter

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Enter Amphitryon.

Oh, here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll manage him above in the Balcony. [*Exit* Merc.

Amph. Not one of thoſe I look'd for, to be found! As ſome Enchantment hid 'em from my Sight! Perhaps, as *Soſia* ſays, 'tis Witchcraft all: Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be ſtoln; But how I came, in Perſon, yeſterday, And gave that Preſent to *Alcmena*'s Hands, That which I never gave, nor ever came, O there's the Rock, on which my Reaſon ſplits. Won'd that were all! I fear my Honour, too! I'll try her once again: She may be mad: A wretched Remedy; but all I have, To keep me from Deſpair.

Merc. [*From the Balcony, aſide.*] This is no very charitable Action of a God, to uſe him ill, who has never offended me: but my Planet diſpoſes me to Malice; and when we great Perſons do but a little Miſchief, the World has a good Bargain of us.

Amph. How now! what means the locking up of my Doors, at this Time of Day? [*Knocks.*

Merc. Softly, Friend, ſoftly: You knock as loud, and as ſaucily, as a Lord's Footman, that was ſent before him, to warn the Family of his Honour's Viſit. Sure you think the Doors have no Feeling! What the Devil are you, that rap with ſuch Authority?

Amph. Look out, and ſee: 'tis I.

Merc. You? what you?

Amph. No more, I ſay, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom firſt.

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had beſt command them, and try whether they will obey you.

Amph. Doſt thou not know me?

Merc. Pr'ythee, how ſhou'd I know thee? doſt thou take me for a Conjurer?

Amph. What's this, Midſummer-Moon? Is all the World gone a Madding? why *Soſia!*

Merc.

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Merc. That's my Name indeed: didſt thou think I had forgot it?

Amph. Doſt thou ſee me?

Merc. Why, doſt thou pretend to go inviſible? If thou haſt any Buſineſs here, diſpatch it quickly; I have no Leiſure to throw away upon ſuch prattling Companions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave? How dar'ſt thou uſe this inſolent Language to thy Maſter?

Merc. How! Thou my Maſter? By what Title? I never had any other Maſter, but *Amphitryon*.

Amph. Well: and for whom doſt thou take me?

Merc. For ſome Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Doſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave?

Merc. How ſhou'd I know thee, when I ſee thou doſt not know thy ſelf? Thou *Amphitryon*? In what Tavern haſt thou been? and how many Bottles did thy Buſineſs, to metamorphoſe thee into my Lord?

Amph. I will ſo drub thee for this Inſolence!

Merc. How now, Impudence! are you threatning your Betters! I ſhou'd bring you to condign Puniſhment, but that I have a great Reſpect for the good Wine, tho' I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What, none to let me in? why *Phædra! Bromia!*

Merc. Peace, Fellow; if my Wife hears thee, we are both undone. At a word, *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very buſy; one in making a Caudle for my Lady, and the other in heating Napkins, to rub down my Lord, when he riſes from Bed.

Amph. Amazement ſeizes me.

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Maſter and my Lady had a falling out, and are retir'd, without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddleſome Fool, thou wouldſt not be thruſting thy Noſe into other Peoples Matters. Get thee about thy Buſineſs, if thou haſt any; for I'll hear no more of thee.

[*Exit* Mercury *from above.*

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, diſhonour'd by my Wife, To what a deſp'rate Plunge am I reduc'd,

If

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If this be true the Villain says? But why
That feeble If! It must be true; she owns it.
Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th' Affront?
One way, I spread my Infamy abroad;
And, t'other, hide a burning Coal within,
That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix
On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Sosia, Polidas, Gripus, *and* Tranio.

Grip. Yonder he is; walking hastily to and fro, before his Door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a frosty Morning; 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Sos. I begin to be afraid, that he has more Stomach to my Sides and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he shakes his Head! and stamps, and what Strides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again; I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair-spoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sos. Why this is as it should be: I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent Humour: yes, we will have a Crash at the Bottle, when your Lordship pleases: I have summon'd 'em, you see: and they are notable Topers, especially Judge *Gripus*.

Grip. Yes, faith; I never refuse my Glass, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. [*To* Sos.] Why, thou insolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to use his Master thus.

Sos. Here's a fine Business towards! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my Legs could carry me, to call 'em: nay you may trust my Diligence, in all Affairs belonging to the Belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commission, I'll bear him witness.

Amph. How can you be Witness where you were not present? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Sos. Why, to my best Remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph.

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Amph. What Nonſenſe doſt thou plead for an Excuſe of thy foul Language, and thy baſe Replies!

Soſ. You fright a Man out of his Senſes, firſt; and blame him afterwards, for talking Nonſenſe: — but 'tis better for me to talk Nonſenſe, than for ſome to do Nonſenſe: I will ſay that, whate'er comes on't. Pray, Sir, let all Things be done decently: what, I hope, when a Man is to be hang'd, he is not truſs'd upon the Gallows, like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your Pardon, Gentlemen; I have no longer Patience to forbear him.

Soſ. Juſtice, Juſtice: my Lord *Gripus*; as you are a true Magiſtrate, protect me. Here's a Proceſs of Beating going forward, without Sentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this muſt not be: Let me firſt underſtand the Demerits of the Criminal.

Soſ. Hold you to that Point, I beſeech your Honour, as you commiſerate the Caſe of a poor, innocent Malefactor.

Amph. To ſhut the Door againſt me, in my very Face, to deny me Entrance, to brave me from the Balcony, to laugh at me, to threaten me: what Proofs of Innocence call you theſe? but if I puniſh not this Inſolence —

[*Is going to beat him, and is held by* Polidas *and* Tranio.

I beg you let me go —

Soſ. I charge you in the King's Name, hold him faſt; for you ſee he's bloodily diſpos'd.

Grip. Now, what haſt thou to ſay for thy ſelf, *Soſia*?

Soſ. I ſay, in the firſt Place, be ſure you hold him, Gentlemen; for I ſhall never plead worth one Farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Pol. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Soſ. Then if I may ſpeak boldly, under my Lord's Favour, I do not ſay he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordſhip fibbs moſt abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you let me go?

Soſ. No Impudence at all, my Lord: for how cou'd I, naturally ſpeaking, be in the Balcony and affronting you; when at the ſame time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting theſe Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip.

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Grip. Hold a little: how long ſince was it that he ſpoke to you, from the ſaid Balcony?

Amph. Juſt now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Soſ. Now ſpeak my Witneſſes.

Grip. I can anſwer for him, for this laſt half hour.

Pol. And I.

Tran. And I.

Soſ. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred Perſon, to tell my Lord he fibbs only?

Amph. Who gave you that Order, to invite 'em?

Soſ. He that beſt might; your ſelf: by the ſame token, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a Brace, or a Leaſh; no, now I think on't, it was for ten Couple of Gods, to make ſure of Plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commiſſion?

Soſ. Why you gave me this pretended Commiſſion, when you were juſt ready to give my Lady the Fiddles and a Dance; in order, as I ſuppoſe, to your ſecond Bedding.

Amph. Where, in what Place, did I give this Order?

Soſ. Here, in this Place, in the preſence of this very Door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd ſpeak, they wou'd both juſtify it.

Amph. O Heaven! theſe Accidents are ſo ſurprizing, the more I think of 'em, the more I am loſt in my Imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us ſome Paſſages, as he came along, that ſeem to ſurpaſs the Power of Nature.

Soſ. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Soſia?* 'tis a ſly Youth: pray Heaven you have not juſt ſuch another Relation, within Doors, call'd *Amphitryon.* It may be it was he, that put upon me, in your Likeneſs: and perhaps he may have put ſomething upon your Lordſhip too, that may weigh heavy upon the Forehead.

Amph. [*To thoſe who hold him.*] Let me go—— *Soſia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him: —— Open the Door, I'll reſolve my Doubts immediately.

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Sof. The Door is peremptory that it will not be open'd without Keys: and my Brother, on the inſide, is in Poſſeſſion; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifeſt that I am affronted; break open the Door there.

Grip. Stir not a Man of you, to his Aſſiſtance.

Amph. Doſt thou take part with my Adultreſs too, becauſe ſhe is thy Niece?

Grip. I take Part with nothing, but the Law; and to break the Doors open, is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command 'em then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph. [*Aſide.*] The Devil take all Juſtice-brokers:—I curſe him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to be my Witneſs!—— But I'll bring Soldiers to force open the Doors, by my own Commiſſion. [*Exit* Amphitryon.

Sof. Pox o' theſe Forms of Law, to defeat a Man of a Dinner, when he's ſharp ſet: 'tis againſt the Privilege of a Free-born Stomach; and is no leſs than Subverſion of Fundamentals. [Jupiter *above in the Balcony.*

Jup. Oh, my Friends, I am ſorry I have made you wait ſo long: you are welcome; and the Door ſhall be open'd to you, immediately. [*Exit* Jupiter.

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon?*

Sof. Why, who ſhou'd it be elſe?

Grip. In all Appearance it was he: but how got he thither?

Pol. In ſuch a Trice too!

Trau. And after he had juſt left us!

Grip. And ſo much alter'd, for the better, in his Humour?

Sof. Here's ſuch a Company of fooliſh Queſtions, when a Man's a hungry: You had beſt ſtay Dinner till he has prov'd himſelf to be *Amphitryon* in form of Law: But I'll make ſhort Work of that Buſineſs: for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I ſhould be glad it were.

Sof.

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Sof. How glad it were? with your damn'd Interrogatories, when you ought to be thankful, that so it is.

Grip. [*Aside.*] That I may see my Mistress *Phædra*, and present her with my great gold Goblet.

Sof. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wish I may be kept without Doors, fasting and biting my own Fingers, for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*: I am sure 'tis he that is my lawfully begotten Lord: and if you had an Ounce of true Justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impostor, and a Vagabond. [*The Door is open'd:* Mercury *from within.*

Merc. Enter quickly, Masters: The Passage on the Right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you———For I am call'd another way.

[Gripus, Tranio, *and* Polidas *go into the House.*

Sof. I should know that Voice, by a secret Instinct: 'Tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Sosia*: It must be so; for it carries a cudgelling Kind of Sound in it——But put the worst: Let me weigh this matter wisely: Here's a Beating, and a Belly-full, against no Beating, and no Belly-full. The Beating is bad; but the Dinner is good: Now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but, not to fill my Belly, is positively bad — Upon the whole matter, my final Resolution is, to take the Good and the Bad as they come together. [*Is entring:* Mercury *meets him at the Door.*

Merc. Whither now, you Kitchin-scum? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without Permission?

Sof. Most Illustrious Sir: My Ticket is my Hunger: Shew the full Bowels of your Compassion, to the empty Bowels of my Famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll cut you into Quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sof. You'll get but little Credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but mere Carrion! Brave *Sosia*, compassionate coward *Sosia*: And beat not thy self, in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that Privilege, Sirrah, to assume

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my Name? have you not been sufficiently warn'd of it? and receiv'd part of Punishment already?

Sos. May it please you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us; and we may use it in common, like a Strumpet: Witness Heav'n, that I would have obey'd you, and quitted my Title to the Name; but, where-ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Sosia*, in spite of me: I am sensible there are two *Amphitryons*; and why may not there be two *Sosia's?* Let those two cut one another's Throats at their own Pleasure: But you and I will be wiser, by my Consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sosia's* would but make two Fools.

Sos. Then let me be the Fool; and be you the prudent Person; And chuse for your self some wiser Name: Or you shall be the eldest Brother; and I'll be content to be the younger; tho' I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Sos. Ah! Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore; I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, thou shalt not disgrace my Father: For there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sos. Ah! Poor *Sosia!* What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper Name?

Sos. I did not mean my self: I was thinking of another *Sosia*, a poor Fellow, that was once of my Acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of Doors, when Dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. Sosia, you and I must—Bless me! what have we here, a Couple of you, or do I see double?

Sos. I would fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreasonable, and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he would be content to be but one and a half, 'twould never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal: I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose: For still he's obstinate to stick to me: And I can never beat him out of my Resemblance.

Phæd.

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Phæd. Which of you two is *Sosia?* for t'other must be the Devil.

Sos. You had best ask him that has play'd the Devil with my Back and Sides.

Merc. You had best ask him who gave you the Gold Goblet?

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sosia*, that will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been interloping, Sirrah.

Sos. No, indeed, Sir; I only promis'd her a Gold Thimble: which was as much as comes to my Proportion of being *Sosia*.

Phæd. This is no *Sosia* for my Money: beat him away, t'other *Sosia:* he grows insufferable.

Sos. [*Aside.*] Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the Dinner, for a pragmatical Son of a Whore, as he is———

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sos. I am sure I meant you no Offence; for, if I am not *Sosia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know; and, if you are *Sosia*, you may be the Son of a Whore, for ought you know.

Merc. Whatever I am, I will be *Sosia*, as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the Civility of the Cudgel.

Sos. If you will promise to beat me into the House, you may begin when you please with me: but to be beaten out of the House, at Dinner-time, Flesh and Blood can never bear it.

[Mercury *beats him about, and* Sosia *is still making towards the Door: but* Mercury *gets betwixt; and at length drives him off the Stage.*

Phæd. In the Name of Wonder, what are you that are *Sosia*, and are not *Sosia?*

Merc. If thou wouldst know more of me, my Person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again; for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my Use.

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Merc. I can be ugly or handſome, as I pleaſe: go to Bed old, and riſe young. I have ſo many Suits of Perſons by me, I can ſhift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worſt Clothes, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: aſk no more Queſtions; I am for thy Turn; for I know thy Heart, and ſee all thou haſt about thee.

Phæd. Then you can ſee my Backſide too; there's a Bargain for you.———

Merc. In thy right Pocket: ——let me ſee:——three Love-Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the Bottom, on three Sides; full of Fuſtian Paſſion, and hearty Nonſenſe: as alſo in the ſame Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; conſiſting of nine Lines and a half: ſcrawl'd and falſe ſpell'd, to ſhow thou art a Woman; and full of Fraudulence, and Equivocations, and Shoeing-horns of Love to him; to promiſe much, and mean nothing; to ſhow, over and above, that thou art a mere Woman.

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to ſee all this? Now, for Heaven's Sake, do not look in t'other Pocket——

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a little godly Prayer-Book, and——a bawdy Lampoon, and——

Phæd. [*Giving a great Friſk.*] Look no farther, I beſeech you——

Merc. And a Silver Spoon ——

Phæd. [*Shrieking.*] ——Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd laſt Night from *Bromia*.

Phæd. Keep my Counſel; or I am undone for ever. [*Holding up her Hands to him.*

Merc. No: I'll mortify thee, now I have an Handle to thy Iniquity, if thou wilt not love me———

Phæd. Well, if you'll promiſe me to be ſecret, I will love you: becauſe indeed I dare do no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl; I will be ſecret; and further, I will be aſſiſting to thee in thy Filching: for thou and I were born under the ſame Planet.

Phæd. And we ſhall come to the ſame End too, I'm afraid.

Merc.

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Merc. No, no; since thou hast Wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou needst never fear Hanging,

Phæd. And will you make yourself a younger Man; and be handsome too; and rich? for you that know Hearts, must needs know, that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Sosia*.

Merc. Thou shalt know more of that another Time: In the mean while, here's a Cast of my Office for thee.

[*He stamps upon the Ground: some Dancers come from under-ground: and others from the sides of the Stage: A Song, and a Fantastick Dance.*

Mercury's *SONG to* Phædra.

I.

FAir Iris, *I love, and hourly I die,*
But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
For I am as false, and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
We mean not the taking for Better for Worse.
When present, we love; when absent, agree:
I think not of Iris, *nor* Iris *of me:*
The Legend of Love no Couple can find,
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phæd. This Power of yours makes me suspect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more Certainty, tell me what I am just now thinking.

Merc. Why, thou art thinking, let me see; for thou art a Woman, and your Minds are so variable, that it's

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very hard even for a God to know them. But, to satisfy thee, thou art wishing, now, for the same Power I have exercis'd; that thou mightest stamp, like me; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Phæd. Gad, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do stamp in somebody's Name, but I know not whose; [*stamps.*] Come up, Gentle-folks, from below; and sing me a Pastoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man; as we always have in Love-Matters.

[*New Singers come up, and sing a Song.*

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt *Thyrsis* and *Iris*.

I.

Thyrsis. *FAir* Iris *and her Swain*
Were in a shady Bow'r;
Where Thyrsis *long in vain*
Had sought the Shepherd's Hour:
At length his Hand advancing upon her snowy
He said, O kiss me longer, [*Breast;*
And longer yet, and longer,
If you will make me blest.

II.

Iris. *An easy yielding Maid,*
By Trusting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your Sufferings to redress;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

III.

Thyrsis. *The little Care you show*
Of all my Sorrows past,
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last. *Fair*

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Fair Iris *kiss me kindly, in Pity of my Fate;*
And kindly still, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV.

Iris. *You fondly court your Bliss,*
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly, and I will not rebel;
And kindly still, and kindly,
But kiss me not and tell.

V.

A RONDEAU.

Chorus. *Thus at the Height we love and live,*
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
'Till we can give no more.
But what to-Day will take away,
To Morrow will restore:
Thus at the Height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

Phæd. Adieu, I leave you to pay the Musick: Hope well, Mr. Planet; there's a better Heav'n in store for you: I say no more, but you can guess.

Merc. [*alone.*] Such Bargain-Loves, as I with *Phædra* Are all the Leagues and Friendships of the Great [treat, All seek their Ends, and each wou'd other cheat. They only seem to hate, and seem to love; But Int'rest is the Point on which they move. Their Friends are Foes; and Foes are Friends again; And, in their Turns, are Knaves, and honest Men. Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold: 'Tis who bids most: for all Men wou'd be sold. [*Exit.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Gripus *and* Phædra. Gripus *has the Goblet in his Hand.*

Phæd. YOU will not be so base to take it from me?

Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: And I'll seize my own, in whatever Hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only show'd it you to provoke your Generosity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Present.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: and I'll indite you for a Receiver of stoln Goods.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Mistress!

Phæd. Thou most mercenary Magistrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thy self!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People: thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'st to Priviledge; and when it changes for the Sovereign, veer'st to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Present?

Phæd. No: but I'll send thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will soon decide the Difference. [*Exit* Phædra.

Enter Mercury, *with two Swords.*

Merc. [*Bowing.*] Save your Good Lordship.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb: I am out of Humour, and am in haste: Leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my Duty to attend on your Lordship, and to ease you of that undecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden, to one of my Profession.

Merc. By your Lordship's Permission, *Phædra* has sent me to take it from you.

Grip.

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Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. [*ſtill Bowing.*] No; but by your Honour's Permiſſion, I am to reſtore it to her, and perſuade your Lordſhip to renounce your Pretenſions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare paſs my Word for your free Conſent to both. ——— Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your Choice of one of theſe?

Grip. Why theſe are Swords: what have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your Choice of one of them; which your Lordſhip pleaſes; and leave the other to your moſt Obedient Servant.

Grip. What one of theſe ungodly Weapons? take Notice I'll lay you by the Heels, Sirrah: This has the Appearance of an unlawful bloody Challenge.

Merc. You Magiſtrates are pleaſed to call it ſo, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one anothers Throats.

Grip. Be anſwer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law ſhall decide our Controverſy.

Merc. By your Permiſſion, my Lord, it muſt be diſpatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee any ſuch Permiſſion, to diſpatch me into another World.

Merc. At the leaſt, my Lord, you have no Occaſion to complain of my want of Reſpect to you: You will neither reſtore the Goblet, nor renounce *Phædra:* I offer you the Combat; you refuſe it; all this is done in the Forms of Honour: It follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own Arbitrement; and I ſuppoſe, you are too honourable not to approve of my Proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new ſort of Proceſs, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand, without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that ſignify nothing but to ſqueeze the Subject: Therefore, with your Lordſhip's Favour, I begin.

[*Fillips him under the Chin.*

Grip.

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Grip. What's this for?

Merc. To give you an Occasion of returning me a box o'th'Ear: that so, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no Answer, but suffer a Non-suit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Costs and Charges are to be paid: Will you please to restore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I must ascend to your Lordship's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh, oh, oh.——Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordship will be pleas'd to hear Reason. [*Pulling again.*

Grip. Take the Cup, and the Devil give thee Joy on't.

Merc. [*still holding him.*] And your Lordship will farther be graciously pleased, to release all Claims, Titles, and Actions whatsoever to *Phædra:* You must give me leave to add one small *memento*, for that too.

[*Pulling him again.*

Grip. I renounce her, I release her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. [*to her.*] *Phædra;* my Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without pushing Matters to Extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all; But give me Livery and Seisin of the Goblet, in the first Place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion shou'd be pass'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember Quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verses with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon *and Guards.*

Amph. [*to Gripus.*] At the last I have got Possession without your Lordship's Warrant: *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no such lying Message: you are not here, and you cannot be here; for, to my Knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber.

Amph. All of a Piece, and all Witchcraft! Answer me precisely; dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon?*

Phæd. Answer me first; Did you give me a Diamond, and a Purse of Gold?

Amph.

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Amph. Thou know'ſt I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the ſame Token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon:* if you are he, I am ſure I left you in Bed with your own Wife; now you had beſt ſtretch out a Leg, and feel about for a Fair Lady.]

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword, and kill the Sorcerer; Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. [*To the Guards.*

Phæd. I'll ſave you the Labour, and call him down to confront you, if you dare attend him. [*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. [*Aſide.*] Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or elſe *Amphitryon* had not enter'd ſo eaſily. [Gripus *is ſtealing off.*] — Whither now, *Gripus?* I have Buſineſs for you: if you offer to ſtir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, *follow'd by* Tranio *and* Polidas.

Jup. Who dares to play the Maſter in my Houſe?
What Noiſe is this that calls me from above,
Invades my ſoft Recels, and Privacy,
And, like a Tide, breaks in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I ſee?

Tran. What Prodigy!

Pol. How! two *Amphitryons!*

Grip. I have beheld th' Appearance of two Suns,
But ſtill the falſe was dimmer than the true;
Here, both ſhine out alike.

Amph. This is a Sight, that, like the *Gorgon*'s Head,
Runs through my Limbs, and ſtiffens me to Stone.
I need no more inquire into my Fate;
For what I ſee reſolves my Doubts too plain.

Tran. Two Drops of Water cannot be more like.

Pol. They are two very Sames.

Merc. [*Aſide.*] Our *Jupiter* is a great Comedian, he counterfeits moſt admirably: Sure his Prieſts have copy'd their Hypocriſy from their Maſter.

Amph. Now I am gather'd back into my ſelf;
My Heart beats high, and puſhes out the Blood,
[*Drawing his Sword.*
To give me juſt Revenge on this Impoſtor.
If you are brave, aſſiſt me!—not one ſtirs: [*To the Guards.*
What,

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What, are all brib'd to take th' Enchanter's Part?
'Tis true, the Work is mine; and thus ——
[*Going to ruſh upon* Jupiter; *and is held by* Tranio *and* Polidas.
Pol. It muſt not be.
Jup. Give him his Way: I dare the Madman's worſt:
But ſtill take Notice, that it looks not like
The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out at firſt
To brutal Force: it ſhews he doubts his Cauſe,
Who dares not truſt his Reaſon to defend it. [and Bed:
Amph. [*Struggling.*] Thou baſe Uſurper of my Name,
No leſs than thy Heart's Blood can waſh away
Th' Affronts I have ſuſtain'd.
Tran. We muſt not ſuffer
So ſtrange a Duel, as *Amphitryon*
To fight againſt himſelf. [Hands:
Pol. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your
We know our Duty to our General:
We know the Tyes of Friendſhip to our Friend:
But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain Proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be diſtinguiſh'd, by our Reaſon;
Impoſſible by Sight.
Amph. I know it; and have ſatisfy'd my ſelf;
I am the true *Amphitryon*.
Jup. See again,
He ſhuns the certain Proofs; and dares not ſtand
Impartial Judgment, and award of Right.
But ſince *Alcmena*'s Honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Heav'n, and all the World, I love;
This I propoſe, as equal to us both.
Tranio and *Polidas*, be you Aſſiſtants,
The Guards be ready to ſecure th' Impoſtor,
When once ſo prov'd, for publick Puniſhment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cauſe.
Amph. I am content; Let him proceed to Examination.
Grip. [*Aſide to Merc.*] On whoſe Side wou'd you
pleaſe that I ſhou'd give the Sentence?
Merc. [*Aſide to him.*] Follow thy Conſcience for once;
but not to make a Cuſtom of it neither; nor to leave an
evil.

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evil Precedent of Uprightneſs to future Judges.—[*Aſide.*] 'Tis a good thing to have a Magiſtrate under Correction: Your old fornicating Judge dares never give Sentence againſt him that knows his Haunts.

Polid. Your Lordſhip knows I was Maſter of *Amphitryon*'s Ship; and deſire to know of him, what paſs'd in private betwixt us two at his Landing, when he was juſt ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* anſwer firſt——

Jup. and Amph. together. My Lord, I told him——

Grip. Peace both of you:—'Tis a plain Caſe they are both true; for they both ſpeak together: but for more certainty, let the falſe *Amphitryon* ſpeak firſt.

Merc. Now they are both ſilent——

Grip. Then 'tis as plain on t'other ſide, that they are both falſe *Amphitryons*.

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* ſhall ſpeak firſt?

Grip. Let the Cholerick *Amphitryon* ſpeak: and let the Peaceable hold his Peace.

Amph. [*to Polid.*] You may remember that I whiſper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one ſingle Moment.

Polid. You did ſo.

Grip. No more Words then; I proceed to Sentence.

Jup. 'Twas I that whiſper'd him; and he may remember I gave him this Reaſon for it, that if our Men were beaten, I might ſecure my own Retreat.

Polid. You did ſo.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was Pay-maſter: What Directions did you give me the Night before the Battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou ſpeaking?

Merc. [*Aſide.*] It ſhou'd be a double U: but they have no ſuch Letter in their Tongue.

Amph. I order'd you to take particular care of the great

Grip. Why this is Demonſtration. [Bag.

Jup. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tygers Skin; and mark'd *Beta*.

Grip. In Sadneſs I think they are both Juglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing; And then *hiccius doccius*, and they are both here again.

Tran.

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Tran. You peaceable *Amphitryon*, what Money was there in that Bag?

Jup. The Sum in groſs, amounted juſt to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a Farthing.

Grip. Paugh: Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thouſand Pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themſelves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jup. But the reſt was not all Silver; for there were juſt four thouſand Braſs Half-pence.

Grip. Being but Braſs, the Proof is inconſiderable: if they had been Silver, it had gone on your ſide.

Amph. [*to Jup.*] Death and Hell, you will not perſwade me, that I did not kill *Pterelas*?

Jup. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?

Amph. That laſt was Poiſon to me—— [*Aſide.*

Yet there's one Proof thou canſt not counterfeit:
In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound
Full in the brawny part of my right Arm:
Where ſtill the Scar remains: Now bluſh, Impoſtor;
For this thou canſt not ſhow.

[*Bares his Arm, and ſhows the Scar, which they all look on.*

Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. May your Lordſhip pleaſe——

Grip. No, Sirrah, it does not pleaſe me: Hold your Tongue, I charge you, for the Caſe is manifeſt.

Jup. By your Favour then, this ſhall ſpeak for me.

[*Bares his Arm, and ſhows it.*

Tran. 'Tis juſt in the ſame Muſcle.

Polid. Of the ſame Length and Breadth; and the Scar of the ſame blueiſh Colour.

Grip. [*to Jup.*] Did not I charge you not to ſpeak? 'Twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.

Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he muſt have been in the Plot againſt himſelf too: For he was kill'd firſt by one of them; and then roſe again out of

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of Reſpect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, *and* Bromia.

Alcm. [*turning to* Phæd. *and* Brom.]
No more of this; it ſounds impoſſible
That two ſhou'd be ſo like, no Difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alcm. Then where's *Alcmena*'s Honour and her Fame? Farewel my needleſs Fear, it cannot be:
This is a Caſe too nice for vulgar Sight;
But let me come, my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point, and tremble to its proper Choice.
[*Seeing* Amphitryon, *goes to him.*
There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am only his— [*Goes to take him by the Hand.*

Amph. [*puſhing her away from him.*] Away, Adultreſs!

Jup. My gentle Love, my Treaſure and my Joy,
Follow no more that falſe and fooliſh Fire,
That wou'd miſ-lead thy Fame to ſure Deſtruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee liable to Scorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch,
Who wou'd by baſe Aſperſions blot thy Virtue.

Alcm. [*going to him, who embraces her.*]
I was indeed miſtaken; thou art he!
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon*.
Th' Impoſtor has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my Choice,
Thy Kindneſs is a Guide that cannot err.

Amph. What! in my Preſence to prefer the Villain?
O execrable Cheat! I break the Truce;
And will no more attend your vain Deciſions:
To this—and to the Gods I'll truſt my Cauſe.
[*Is ruſhing upon* Jupiter, *and is held again.*

Jup. Poor Man; how I contemn thoſe idle Threats!
Were I diſpos'd, thou might'ſt as ſafely meet
The Thunder lanch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*:
(Nor *Jove* need bluſh to be *Alcmena*'s Champion)
But in the Face of *Thebes*, ſhe ſhall be clear'd;
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.

Attend

Attend, and I will bring convincing Proofs.

Amph. Thou wouldſt elude my Juſtice, and eſcape:
But I will follow thee, thro' Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell ſhall hide thee from my juſt Revenge.

Jup. I'll ſpare thy Pains: It ſhall be quickly ſeen,
Betwixt us two, who ſeeks, and who avoids. ——
Come in, my Friends: and thou who ſeem'ſt *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in Doubt, may know the true.

[Jupiter *re-enters the Houſe*; *with him* Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polidas, Tranio, *and Guards.*

Merc. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*, ſtay with *Phædra*:
[*To* Grip. *and* Brom. *who are following.*
Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours:
Amphitryon's Rival ſhall appear a God:
But know before-hand, I am *Mercury*;
Who want not Heav'n, while *Phædra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is my Fellow *Phædra* to be exalted into the Heav'ns, and made a Star?

Phæd. When that comes to paſs, if you look up a nights, I ſhall remember old Kindneſs, and vouchſafe to twinkle on you.

Enter Soſia, *peeping about him*; *and ſeeing* Mercury, *is ſtarting back.*

Soſ. Here he is again; and there's no paſſing by him into the Houſe, unleſs I were a Spright, to glide in thro' the Key-hole.—I am to be a Vagabond, I find.

Merc. Soſia, come back.

Soſ. No I thank you; you may whiſtle me long enough; a beaten Dog has always the Wit to avoid his Maſter.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Soſia* again.

Soſ. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he that has an Itch to be beaten, let him take it up for *Soſia*; — What have I ſaid now! I mean for me; for I neither am nor will be *Soſia*.

Merc. But thou may'ſt be ſo in Safety: for I have acknowledg'd my ſelf to be God *Mercury*.

Soſ. You may be a God, for ought I know; but the Devil take me if ever I worſhip you; for an unmerciful Deity, as you are.

Merc.

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Merc. You ought to take it for an Honour to be drubb'd by the Hand of a Divinity.

Sos. I am your moſt humble Servant, good Mr. God; but by the Faith of a Mortal, I cou'd well have ſpar'd the Honour that you did me. But how ſhall I be ſure that you will never aſſume my Shape again?

Merc. Becauſe I am weary of wearing ſo villainous an Outſide.

Sos. Well, well; as villainous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am ſure that I may chaſtiſe you ſafely; and that there's no God, lurking under your Appearance.

Sos. Ay; but you had beſt take heed how you attempt it; for as *Mercury* has turn'd himſelf into me, ſo I may take the Toy into my Head, to turn my ſelf into *Mercury*, that I may ſwinge you off, condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witneſſes, that I take *Phædra* for my Wife of the Left-hand; that is, in the Nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You ſhall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: for you have a terrible ill Name below; and I am afraid you'll get a Footman, inſtead of a Prieſt to marry us. [twixt us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* ſhall draw up Articles be-

Phæd. But he's damnably us'd to falſe Conveyancing:—Well be it ſo: for my Counſel ſhall overlook 'em before I ſign: Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white. [*Here* Gripus *gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my Heart; that I may have thee under black and white hereafter.

Phæd. [*to* Grip.] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, &c. betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves—

Merc. And *Phædra*, Queen of Gypſies——*Imprimis*, I promiſe to buy and ſettle upon her an Eſtate, containing nine thouſand Acres of Land, in any Part of *Bœotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no Part of the ſaid nine thouſand Acres ſhall be upon, or adjoining to Mount *Parnaſſus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a poetical Eſtate. *Merc.*

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Merc. Memorandum, that she be always constant to me; and admit of no other Lover.

Phæd. Memorandum, unless it be a Lover that offers more; and that the Constancy shall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. Item, that she shall keep no Male Servants in her House: *Item*, no Rival Lap-Dog for a Bedfellow: *Item*, that she shall never pray to any of the Gods.

Phæd. What, wou'd you have me an Atheist?

Merc. No Devotion to any He-Deity, good *Phædra.*

Brom. Here's no Provision made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well remember'd, *Bromia*; I bargain that my eldest Son shall be a Heroe, and my eldest Daughter a King's Mistress.

Merc. That is to say, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra.*

Phæd. That's true; but who dares call 'em so? Then for the younger Children:—but now I think on't, we'll have no more. but Mass and Miss; for the rest wou'd be but chargeable, and a Burden to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes; the second shall be a false Prophet: he shall have Wit enough to set up a new Religion; and too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot? there's Pin-mony, and Alimony, and separate Maintenance, and a thousand Things more to be consider'd; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Sos. I am a Fool, I must confess; but yet I can see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of you: I have observ'd, that you Women-Wits are commonly so quick upon the Scent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in case Mr. Heaven there, shou'd be pleas'd to break these Articles, in what Court of Judicature she intends to sue him?

Phæd. The Fool has hit upon't:—Gods, and Great Men, are never to be sued; for they can always plead Privilege of Peerage: and therefore for once, Monsieur, I'll take your Word: for as long as you love me you'll be sure to keep it; and in the mean time I shall be gaining Experience how to manage some rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

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It thunders; and the Company within Doors, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polidas, *and* Tranio, *all come running out, and join with the reſt, who were on the Theatre before.*

Amph. Sure 'tis ſome God: he vaniſh'd from our Sight,
And told us we ſhould ſee him ſoon return.

Alcm. I know not what to Hope, nor what to Fear.
A ſimple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconſenting Innocence is loſt.

A ſecond Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter *appears in a Machine.*

Jup. Look up, *Amphitryon,* and behold above
Th' Impoſtor God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own Shape ſee *Jupiter* appear,
And let that Sight ſecure thy jealous Fear.
Diſgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to Boaſt;
No Fame, in *Jove's* Concurrence, can be loſt:
What he enjoys, he ſanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking, ſtamps into a Price.
'Tis I, who ought to murmur at my Fate,
Forc'd by my Love, my Godhead to tranſlate;
When on no other Terms I cou'd poſſeſs,
But by thy Form, thy Features, and thy Dreſs:
To thee were giv'n the Bleſſings that I ſought,
Which elſe, not all the Bribes of Heav'n had bought.
Then take into thy Arms thy envy'd Love,
And, in his own Deſpite, triumph o'er *Jove.*

Merc. [*Aſide.*] *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena* both ſtand mute, and know not how to take it.

Soſ. [*Aſide.*] Our Sovereign Lord *Jupiter* is a ſly Companion; he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jup. From this auſpicious Night ſhall riſe an Heir,
Great, like his Sire, and like his Mother, Fair:
Wrongs to redreſs, and Tyrants to diſſeize;
Born for a World that wants a *Hercules.*
Monſters, and Monſter-men he ſhall ingage,
And toil, and ſtruggle, thro' an impious Age.
Peace to his Labours ſhall at length ſucceed;
And murm'ring Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happineſs, by Need.

[Jupiter *is carry'd back to Heaven.*

Omnes.

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Omnes. We all congratulate *Amphitryon.*

Merc. Keep your Congratulations to your ſelves, Gentlemen: 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the leſs that is ſaid of it, the better. Upon the whole Matter, if *Amphitryon* takes the Favour of *Jupiter* in Patience, as from a God, he's a good Heathen.

Soſ. I muſt take a little extraordinary Pains to Night, that my Spouſe may come even with her Lady, and produce a Squire to attend on young *Hercules*, when he goes out to ſeek Adventures; that when his Maſter kills a Man, he may ſtand ready to pick his Pockets; and piouſly relieve his aged Parents. Ah, *Bromia*, *Bromia*, if thou hadſt been as handſome and as young as *Phædra*; I ſay no more, but ſome-body might have made his Fortunes as well as his Maſter, and never the worſe Man neither.

For, let the wicked World ſay what they pleaſe,
The fair Wife makes her Huſband live at Eaſe:
The Lover keeps him too; and but receives,
Like *Jove*, the Remnants that *Amphitryon* leaves:
'Tis true, the Lady has enough in ſtore
To ſatisfy thoſe two, and eke two more:
In fine, the Man, who weighs the Matter fully,
Wou'd rather be the Cuckold, than the Cully.

EPI-

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Phædra.* Mrs. *Mountfort.*

I'M thinking, (and it almoſt makes me mad)
How ſweet a Time thoſe Heathen Ladies had.
Idolatry was ev'n their Gods own Trade:
They worſhipt the fine Creatures they had made.
Cupid was chief of all the Deities;
And Love was all the Faſhion, in the Skies.
When the ſweet Nymph held up the Lily Hand,
Jove was her humble Servant at Command.
The Treaſury of Heav'n was ne'er ſo bare,
But ſtill there was a Penſion for the Fair.
In all his Reign, Adult'ry was no Sin;
For Jove the good Example did begin.
Mark, too, when he uſurp'd the Husband's Name,
How civilly he ſav'd the Lady's Fame.
The ſecret Joys of Love he wiſely hid;
But you, Sirs, boaſt of more, than e'er you did.
You teaze your Cuckolds: to their Face torment 'em;
But Jove gave his new Honours to content him.
And, in the kind Remembrance of the Fair,
On each exalted Son beſtow'd a Star.
For theſe good Deeds, as by the Date appears,
His Godſhip flouriſh'd full two thouſand Years.
At laſt, when he and all his Prieſts grew old,
The Ladies grew in their Devotion cold;
And that falſe Worſhip wou'd no longer hold.
Severity of Life did next begin;
(And always does, when we no more can ſin.)
That Doctrine, too, ſo hard, in Practice, lies,
That the next Age may ſee another riſe.
Then, Pagan Gods may, once again, ſucceed:
And Jove, or Mars, be ready, at our Need,
To get young Godlings; and, ſo, mend our Breed.

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THE

DUPE'S OF FANCY,

OR

EVERY MAN HIS HOBBY.

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THE

DUPES OF FANCY,

OR

EVERY MAN HIS HOBBY;

A NEW FARCE:

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

KING's THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET,

WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.

Suus cuique est mos.

By GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY, Esq.

DEDICATED to Mrs. JORDAN.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, J. MOORE, W. JONES, R. M'ALLISTER, AND J. RICE.

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DEDICATION.

To Mrs. JORDAN.

MADAM,

IN the Hours of Meditation, when the Mind was on its reſearches for a Patroneſs to the following Petit Drama, I was not long at a loſs for One to whom I might with propriety pay my reſpects. The very conſpicuous figure you have made upon the Stage, brought your Merits to my view, and from thoſe I thought there could be no impropriety in my laying this Trifle at your feet. The tutelary Siſters, Melpomene and Thalia, who preſide over all the Scenic Arts, have taken you by the hand and placed you on a pedeſtal ſo high, that Envy lowers her ſcowling front whene'er ſhe caſts her jaundiced Eye upon your exalted Station, for you juſtly aſſimulate the pathetic manners of

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the one, and fascinate with the bewitching archness of the other. This perhaps may look like flattery, but those who know me, know *that flattery is a talent which I never yet possessed*, and, for the want of which, perhaps I may have hatched some Snakes and Scorpions who have endeavoured to breathe their venom upon the blossoms of my reputation. In the present instance certain malevolent Competitors attempted to sting my rising hopes and disconcert the eminent and arduous exertions of the Performers, to whom I am so much indebted on this Piece's first essay ;—yet I had the satisfaction to see it baffle all their Spleen, and now, Madam, I submit it to the APPROBATION of the PUBLIC, and hope it will receive your PROTECTION.

I have the Honor to Subscribe myself,

MADAM,

your most Humble and

Obedient Servant,

GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

Store Street, Bedford Square.

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THE PRINTER begs leave to observe that the Reviewers of Theatricals in the MORNING HERALD and other respectable PRINTS, who saw the Representation, as well as the Editors of the LONDON, EUROPEAN, NEW LADY'S, and other MAGAZINES, have spoken of this New Piece in very Respectful Terms. "That it is replete with wit, whim, and good humour, and exhibits a well timed satire on the bent of fanciful individuals, demonstrating that Every Man *has his* Hobby, *and that all mankind, are, at some period of Life or other, the* Dupes of Fancy. *Upon the whole they pronounce this Farce to surpass mediocrity, and its merits justly deserve that kind reception from the Public which it has experienced." The Author is well known to the world by*

his

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his Lectures on Mimicry, Imitations, and other humourous writings; and all lovers of dramatic productions and the Public in general, will be highly gratified by a sight and perusal of this Comic Piece.

On its first appearance at the Hay Market, some objections were made to its length, *particularly in the Dinner Scene, but by the Author's judicious curtailment for future Representation, every objection of this kind will be obviated. It is however printed as originally written, and such parts of it marked as were omitted in the representation. It is presumed it will be performed this Summer, at many of the Watering Places throughout the Kingdom, and that it will be brought forward with some amendment and alteration next Season at the King's Theatre.*

THE PRINTER.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

TINTEM, a Florist,	MR. BADDELEY
GRUB, a Butterfly Fancier,	MR. SUET.
WILLINGFORD, betrothed to Miss Tintem,	MR. DIGNUM.
GABY, Mr. Tintem's Servant.	MR. BANNISTER, Jun.

WOMEN.

MISS TINTEM, Niece to Mr. Tintem,	MISS COLLINS.
DOLLY, Miss Tintem's Servant,	MISS POPE.

N. B. The Parts of this Entertainment marked with Inverted Commas thus " " were omitted in the Representation.

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PROLOGUE,

Written by a Friend of the Author.

(THE ACTOR COMING ON THE STAGE AS IF IN ANGER WITH THE PROMPTER.)

I WISH your Prologues all, were in the Sea,
You're ſure to ſaddle ev'ry one on me.—
Each trembling Author, ſhews a frighten'd mind,
And cries to me—Pray will you be ſo kind
And ſay a word or two, to palliate
The apprehenſions that around me wait.—
A pretty taſk!—and, nothing more, in brief,
Than feeling guilty, hollows out—"Stop Thief!"
Should the thing pleaſe—pray, what do I get by't?
I'll tell you what—I prologuiſe each night.—
Wit, like a Diamond, is bright and ſcarce,
Our Author's Wit (poor ſoul) is all *a Farce;*
You'll ſee it clearer ere the matter's ended,
But, ſaying little, is the ſooneſt mended.—
I've got a part to play—'tis time to budge,
Hoping, that while you liſten, you will judge
With Mercy—nor make abſolute the *Caſe*,
Leſt the poor Author fall into diſgrace.

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THE

DUPES OF FANCY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Kitchen.*

GABY *discovered tying on his neckcloth, and seemingly to be admiring himself in the looking glass, when* DOLLY *comes in and taps him on the shoulder.*

DOLLY.

WHAT is that which you are taken with so much, Mr. Lazy bones? why you have been looking at yourself this half-hour, and now you look as if you were frightened out of your wits!

Gaby. Frighten'd!—frighten'd at what?

Dolly. At yourself to be sure, and I do not wonder at it; why your head looks like a rumpled hen that has gone through a hedge backwards, and your face is as pale as a parsnip.

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Gaby.

Gaby. You are making me out a ſtrange creature forſooth, may'nt a body tie on one's neckcloth without being frightened out of one's wits at the looking-glaſs?

Dolly. Tying on your neckcloth truly;—heavens what a ſloven;—why you have not above half tied it;—I ſuppoſe you will be for making love to me with your collar open again.—You look in the face for all the world like the picture of the ſtarved poet, in my maſter's dreſſing room.

Gaby. Faith and troth, you are full of your ſkits, Mrs. Dolly; but for all that, I have heard people ſay, that to be careleſs is to be modiſh.

Dolly. Modiſh, modiſh, ha! ha! ha!—I never ſaw ſuch a modiſh ninny as you before, it is enough to make one kill one's ſelf with laughing, I am ſure you ſhall never go into the parlour ſuch a comical figure as that—only look at yourſelf again.

Gaby. Why, how would you have me look?

Dolly. Like a man to be ſure.—You that are drawn for the militia too—why you ought to look like a ſoldier!

Gaby. How in the name of patience am I to look like a ſoldier before I'm taught?

Dolly. Let me put on your neckcloth, and I'll ſhew you how.

Gaby. Ah, that you ſhall, and thank you too.

Dolly. Kneel down then, and you ſhall ſee what a comely figure I will make of you.

Gaby. Kneel, aye, that I will and pray too, if you like it, my dear little chick-a-biddy.

(Gaby *kneels while* Dolly *ties his neckcloth ſo tight, that it almoſt choaks him.*)

Dolly. There! there! there!—you ſeem now as if you had a little blood in your face, you look like a ſoldier now with a witneſs.

Gaby. (*Struggling*) Murder! murder! murder!—Oh, pray!

Dolly. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, now ſince I have brought you to your prayers I am ſatisfied, and you ſhall be releas'd—but it is a pity you had not been choak'd, you look'd ſo pretty.

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Dolly. And ſhould you have lik'd to have ſeen me choak'd, Dolly?

Dolly. Choak me if I ſhould not.

Gaby. Why, Dolly, now that's ſo cruel of you.

Dolly. Why?—becauſe you're ſuch a lazy, lubberly, ſlovenly creature.—Don't you know that this is Saturday, that Alderman Grub is coming to viſit Maſter, and you've got nothing ready?

Gaby. Lord help you, be'ant I always ready, what would the woman have me to do?

Dolly. What?—why there are all the knives to clean; my Maſter's new wig to comb out; the tobacco pipes to wax at the ends; and the ſand diſhes to be got in readineſs—you know that they ſmoke like a couple of Turks!

Gaby. Lord bleſs me, I had forgot all that, to be ſure.

Dolly. I knew you had, you've a precious memory, but my Maſter would not be apt to forget you I fancy, if you had not got them all prepared in time;—you know he is never ſo happy as when ſurrounded with ſmoke.

Gaby. Nor I neither, Dolly—Lord, it is my heart's delight.

Dolly. I'm glad to hear that, for it convinces me that you will make a better ſoldier.

Gaby. What are they ſo fond of ſmoke then?

Dolly. Every good ſoldier is fond of the ſmoke of gunpowder to be ſure.

Gaby. Oh, I never lik'd that ever ſince I had like to have been blown up with it the laſt fifth of November; I'll tell you all about it;—you muſt know that I had got a whole pound of powder, and was making of ſquibs.

Dolly. Making of ſquibs was you, and ſo, I ſuppoſe you went off in a cracker? [*Bell rings.*

Gaby. Odds-bobbs! Maſter's bell rings.

Dolly. Aye, and if he catches you here with your gunpowder ſtories, he will be for blowing us both up. [*Exeunt* Gaby *and* Dolly.

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SCENE II.

(Mr. Tintem *is discovered in his morning gown and velvet cap, surrounded with garden pots, flower-sticks, and a pen stuck in his cap, with which he marks some of the labels.*)

Tintem. They say that every man has his hobby horse, and without one has something in pursuit, life is as insipid as tripe, without mustard or vinegar.—My hobby-horse is my flower-garden, and I can ride that with safety, for I shall never be afraid of that kicking me in the stomach, or breaking my neck with stumbling —I expect my friend Grub here by and by, and think that I shall amaze him with the variety of colours, which I shall present to him in my amphitheatre.—Mr Grub has his hobby horse too, but his horse is a butter fly;—I often tell him, that he is as fond of pursuing a fly, as a fish or a swallow.—But I must make haste, he will be here soon, and if we should not happen to have the dinner on table exactly at *one*, he will be for stinging me with reproaches, and buzzing in my ears like a gnat.

Enter Gaby.

Gaby. Did you ring, Sir?

Tintem. Yes, to be sure—yet one would have thought that you had forgot it, by your being so long in coming—What was you about?

Gaby. Nothing, Sir.

Tintem. I suppose so—I should have been angry with you had you not told me the truth, for that is one of the hardest things in the world to get at.

Gaby. Oh, Sir, I always tell the truth.

Tintem. You are mistaken, I am afraid, and have marr'd all; you only told me truth by way of accident, because you was too dull of invention, and had not time to tell me a falshood

Gaby. I never tell a falshood, Sir, but when I cannot help it.

Tintem.

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Tintem. Well,—I hope Dolly told you that Alderman Grub was coming to dine with me to day?

Gaby. Yes, Sir.

Tintem. And are all things in readineſs?

Gaby. Yes—Sir;—No—Sir.

Tintem. Yes, Sir; no Sir!—there ſeems to be a lie, and a true ſaying, both in a breath, which of them am I to believe?

Gaby. Which you pleaſe, Sir.

Tintem. I ſuppoſe ſo—therefore I am inclin'd to believe that you have got nothing ready.

Gaby. 'Faith, Sir, you have hit it.

Tintem. Hit it, have I?—Why you audacious ſcoundrel, I have a good mind to hit you; I'll knock you down, you blockhead—Where is my Wig?

Gaby. Upon the block, Sir.

Tintem. I wonder that *you* have it not *on* them; is it dreſs'd?

Gaby. No, Sir, not quite dreſs'd.

Tintem. I declare I have a good mind to give you a good dreſſing—go to your brother block and finiſh it immediately; it is inſufferable to have two blockheads in the houſe at once. But firſt take this, and bid the gardener to place it in the Amphitheatre; the third row; between that of Arrogance and Indifference; being a modeſt flower, its bluſhes will be the more diſtinctly ſeen. [*Exit Gaby.*

"What a ſtrange thing is fear, it ſits as Lord Chief "Juſtice of our Conſcience, and often extorts a falſ-"hood, or makes us tell the truth, by being over-"aw'd from Apprehenſion of Conviction—This fel-"low of mine, take him in common as a ſervant, is "not a bad one;—he has always an inclination to "tell the truth, yet his heart is never courageous "enough to prevent his giving way to a falſhood—But "how goes time—(*pulls out his watch*) odds ſo, it is "almoſt twelve o'clock, we ſhall have Maſter Grub "here by *one.*"

[*Rings the bell.*

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Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Did you ring, Sir?

Tintem, Aye, how goes on the Dinner?

Dolly. As faſt as the Jack and Fire can make it, Sir;—Cook, Sir, is broiling away like a poſt-horſe in the Dog-days.

Tintem. And if ſhe ſhould happen to be a minute too late, my friend Grub would have no more mercy upon her, than the haſty rider upon his jaded ſteed.

Dolly Cook, you know, Sir, is a little rough in her paces, if he were to fall foul of her, he might ſtand a chance to be flung and get his baſtings.

Tintem. Where's my Niece—Mrs. Prate-apace,

Dolly. In her dreſſing room, Sir.

Tintem. Tell her it is Twelve o'Clock—Mr. Grub will be here preſently; bid her get ready to receive him, and not be behind hand, as ſhe generally is upon theſe occaſions.

Dolly. Oh, never fear her, Sir; ſhe may be ready to receive him in order to pleaſe you, but ſhe will be the more glad to get rid of him to pleaſe herſelf.

Tintem. What do you mean by that, you impudent baggage,—hey?

Dolly. I can hardly tell what I mean, myſelf, Sir;—but there is a certain old gentleman that will acquaint you ſoon enough I warrant you.

Tintem. An old Gentleman!—What old Gentleman, Huſſy?

Dolly. Why, Sir, the old Gentleman that goes ſee ſaw, ſee ſaw in the face of our clock, who has got only one lock of hair on his forehead, and a ſcythe in his hand;—old Maſter Time.

Tintem Was there ever ſuch inſolence?—Away with you then, and don't ſtay loſing *your* time here, but mind your buſineſs, and take care that every thing be properly p'aced. [*Exit Dolly.*

Mean while I'll go and take a peep into the garden, and, like a good and prudent Miniſter, ſee that my affairs be properly arrang'd fit for the eye of public inſpection. [*Exit.*

SCENE

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SCENE III. *The House.*

Enter Mr. Willingford *disguised as a Ballad Singer with Songs.*

Here is the place, and this the temple wherein resides the Goddess of my affections:—while I like a poor and devoted Pilgrim have wander'd hither thus disguis'd, to render up my offerings, and soothe those pangs of love which rankle in my breast—I have taken this disguise, lest I should be discover'd by the imperious and avaricious eye of one that is fix'd by fate as a guard to check the inclinations of her lenient bosom.—Therefore will put my little stratagem into execution, by singing an old English Ballad, and see if I cannot attract the notice of some of the domestics; to whom, I may communicate my purpose, and thro' whom I may perhaps have an opportunity of seeing the beloved object of my heart.

Song (Mr. Willingford.)

I.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like our Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our Alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land,
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart
And she lives in our Alley.

II.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em,
Her mother, she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:

But

But ſure ſuch folks could ne'er beget
So ſweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

III.

When ſhe is by, I leave my work,
I love her ſo ſincerely;
My maſter comes like any Turk,
And bangs me moſt ſeverely.
But let him bang his belly full,
I bear it all for Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

IV.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt,
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm dreſs'd, all in my beſt,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

V.

My maſter carries me to Church,
And often am I blamed;
Becauſe I leave 'em in the lurch,
As ſoon as text is named;
I leave the Church in ſermon time,
And ſlink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

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VI.

When Chriſtmas comes about again,
Oh, then I ſhall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
And give it to my honey;
Ah, wou'd it were ten thouſand pounds,
I'd give it to my Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And ſhe lives in our Alley.

VII.

My Maſter and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A ſlave and row a Galley,
But when my ſeven long years are out
Oh, then I'll marry Sally;
Oh, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our Alley.

Dolly *and* Gaby *enter in the middle of the Song and liſten—and when it is finiſhed go up to* Willingford, *and buy one each.*

Dolly. Faith you ſing well, Maſter, let me have one of your Songs, I like them vaſtly.

[Willingford *gives a Song.*

Gaby. And ſo do I, come let me have one, too.

[Willingford *gives him two.*

Nay you have given me too many—I only aſk'd for one, and you have given me two.

Willingford. Why did'nt you ſay *one; two?* and that makes a couple to be ſure.

Gaby. Does it ſo, Mr Sharpſhins, but one will do for me, I thank you; tho' I wiſh it had been Dolly of our Alley—inſtead of Sally of our Alley, then I ſhould have been ſinging it all day to my ſweetheart, here.

Dolly.

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Dolly. Sweetheart!—you're a pretty fellow for a sweetheart to be sure;—come, come, come along in and mind your business, or else instead of a *sweetheart*, you may chance to meet with a *four* face from my Master by and bye.

[*As they are going* Willingford *interrupts them.*

Willingford. Dolly! Dolly!

Dolly. Dolly! Dolly!—How the deuce did you come by my name so pat?

Gaby. Why, I told him to be sure.

Willingford. Don't you know me?

Dolly. Know you!—not I.

Willingford. Don't you know Mr. Willingford?

[*discovering himself by throwing off his cloak.*

Dolly. Mr. Willingford! mercy upon me; oh!—dear, you have almost frightened me out of my wits.

Gaby. As sure as I am alive it is Mr. Willingford, why it has struck me almost into an Egyptian Mummy.

Dolly. Come in, Sir, pray come in, and let me hide you as fast as I can, I would not have my Master see you for all the world.

Gaby. Nor I either—not but that I am glad to see you, don't you be afraid of that.—Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing at it—this is a comical kind of a joke.

Dolly. Come in, Sir, for heaven's sake, and let me hide you, or else it will be a *Tragical* joke, I'm afraid.

Gaby. Aye, away with you, Sir, away with you for your own sake, for Dolly's sake, and for my sake; we'll take care of you—tho' hide and seek is no bad game by the bye—I know one that will be glad to find you.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Miſs Tintem *in her dreſſing-room, reading.*

Miſs Tintem. The ſtory which I have been reading, puts me exactly in mind of poor Mr. Willingford and myſelf.—His father died, and left him nothing but a good education, and the wide and hazardous world to ramble in;—*Mine* bequeath'd me all he had by his *will*, but left me no *will of my own*;—he has made me over to the care of an avaricious uncle, until I arrive at the age of twenty-one, which, thank heaven, is almoſt at hand; yet he wiſhes to transfer me to a beaſtly creature, who would fain preſent himſelf to me as a huſband—but I will die firſt—I am told they cannot force me to marry any body againſt my will, and that is a comfortable conſolation.—Ah! poor Mr. Willingford, when I think of thee———

[*Dolly ſpeaking in a hurry from the ſtair-caſe.*

Dolly. Miſs, Miſs, Miſſey!

Miſs Tintem. What's the matter?

Dolly. Come down ſtairs and I'll tell you.

Miſs Tintem. Why can't you tell me while I am above ſtairs?

Dolly. There is ſomebody juſt come in, who wants to ſpeak with you.

Enter Dolly,

Miſs Tintem. I know who you mean, therefore I ſhall not hurry myſelf.

Dolly. No you don't; if you did, I fancy you would talk in a different ſtrain.

Miſs Tintem. Is the girl mad?—I wiſh you would not take the liberty to teaze me in ſuch a manner—you know I hate the fellow.

Dolly What fellow?

Miſs Tintem. What fellow!—why the fellow that you are talking about—that naſty, fuſty, wig-pated fellow—Old Grub.

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Dolly.

Dolly. Grub! Grub!—he is no Grub; he is a gentleman every inch of him, and a pretty one too.

Miſs Tintem. Who is he then, why don't you tell me?

Dolly. Why, who ſhould it be but Mr. Willingford?

Miſs Tintem. Mr. Willingford!—bleſs me, you have ſtruck me with aſtoniſhment.—I hope my Uncle has not ſeen him; if he has, we ſhall have a ſad piece of work, and all our hopes will be totally overſet.—Where is my Uncle?

Dolly. In the Garden.

Miſs Tintem. And where's Mr. Willingford?

Dolly. I have taken care of him, he's ſafe enough out of harms way, I promiſe you.

Miſs Tintem. Is he?

Dolly. Aye that he is.

Miſs Tintem. Where is he then?

Dolly. Where do you think?

Miſs Tintem. I cannot think, nor do I care, ſo he is but ſafe out of danger;—where is he?—prithee tell me, girl.

Dolly. Why I have ſlipp'd him up the back ſtairs, into my bed-room, I have got the key in my pocket, and here it is.

Miſs Tintem. Charming! you are a dear good creature, and I love you for it.—But what is to be done; I know not what to do, or what to ſay—I am all confuſion; I that ſhould at this moment be nothing but contrivance and manœuvre, am, by the preſent unaccountable flurry on my ſpirits, rendered incapable of every thing, that might be the means of my future happineſs.

Dolly. I'll endeavour to help you out—I'm not in love you know—I've got no flurry on my ſpirits.

Miſs Tintem. You are the beſt of creatures, and ſhall never have occaſion to repent this act of kindneſs.

Dolly. I'll tell you what then—you know my Maſter and old Grub, always go poking and pottering about the garden after dinner, and will be for holding their *argumentations* of an hour and a half long,

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long, about their flowers, their butterflies and the deuce knows what.

Miss Tintem. Well then—what then?—my dear good girl—what then?

Dolly. What then?—why then you will have nothing to do after dinner, but to let Mr. Willingford know that you are alone and you won't want company, I warrant you.

Miss Tintem. After dinner!—Now you talk of dinner, what is he to do?—Must the poor dear creature sit starving in your bed-room all the time; I dare say he has not dined;—did you ask him?

Dolly Dined?—Why I am told that your true lovers never want to eat.

Miss Tintem. Prithee don't be foolish.

Dolly. Don't make yourself uneasy, Miss, I was neither so foolish or so brutish, but I had thought enough about me to take care of him.

Miss Tintem. In what respect?

Dolly. In respect to his dinner—for I have sent him up a cold *Collection* as they call it, and provided him with some veal and ham; the cold giblet pye, some cold pudding, by way of settling his love, and a bottle of wine to wash it down whenever he pleases.

Miss Tintem. Excellent!—you delight me—(*Bell rings.*) that is my uncle's bell.—Go, and ask what he wants, and let me know immediately.

[*Exit Dolly.*

I am delighted with the frankness and attachment of this good natured girl, but extreamly agitated at the state of poor Mr. Willingford; sure it is the most provoking and tantalizing situation in the world.—The man I love, and whom I have not seen this month, to have him under the very roof with me, and even there depriv'd the sight of him, when instead of receiving him as I ought, to have him lock'd up in a state of apprehension and fear, is hard indeed!

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Enter

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Miſs, my Maſter is in the ſtrangeſt mood imaginable, and deſires that you will come down immediately.

Miſs Tintem. Tell him that I am coming (*Exit Dolly.*) he will find me in as ſtrange a mood as himſelf; —I have juſt as little inclination to ſit down to dinner, as I have to hear the converſation that I am likely to be peſtered with while I am at the table.

[*Exit Miſs Tintem.*

SCENE V.

(*Changes to a dreſſing room, and diſcovers* Mr. Tintem *buckling on his ſhoes, ſtill in his cap with his hat over it, he rings the bell.*)

Enter Gaby.

Gaby. Did you want me, Sir?

Tintem Where's my wig, Sirrah? Muſt I dine in my Night-cap think you? go and fetch it immediately, or I'll have you ſet in the ſtocks for diſobedience.

Gaby. Sir, I have done it—I have got to the hundred and fortieth curl, and have only five more to do.

Mr. Tintem Five, you Scoundrel you, why, if there had been five hundred Curls, you might have done them before this time.—What is the reaſon you have not done it before?—I inſiſt upon knowing. (*takes him by the Collar*)

Gaby. I'll tell you indeed, Sir, if you won't be angry.

Mr Tintem. Tell me then, immediately.

Gaby Why then, ſince the truth muſt out, it muſt;—that bitter fury of a Cook, Sir!

Mr. Tintem The Cook! What has ſhe thrown it upon the fire in one of her Tantrums?

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Gaby

Gaby. No, Sir;—but as I hope to be ſav'd, I was only getting a ſop in the pan, and the great ſplaw-footed creature puſhed me down, and ſo, to ſave my head from going into the fire, I tumbl'd with my hands into the Dripping-pan, which ſcalded my poor fingers ſo much that I was oblig'd to run to Doctor Serer's in order, as a body might ſay, to get them *nointed* before I could make uſe of them again.

Mr. Tintem. I wiſh you and the Cook were both in Heaven.

Gaby. Heaven forbid Sir!

Mr. Tintem Heaven forbid indeed—Go and fetch my wig, I ſay, bring it to me done or undone?

Gaby. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exit Gaby.*

Mr. Tintem. I'm out of all patience,

Re-enter Gaby.

Gaby. Sir, Sir, Sir!

Mr. Tintem. What is the matter now?

Gaby. Mr. Grub is arriv'd, Sir, and the clock is juſt upon the ſtroke of one.

Mr. Tintem. Bring in my wig, call down my Niece, and carry in the dinner. [*Exit Gaby.*

Enter Dolly.

Dolly. Sir, if you pleaſe, Miſs deſires that you will excuſe her coming down to dinner to day.

Mr. Tintem. Excuſe? I'll have no excuſe—What is the matter with her now?

Dolly. She's got a ſad pain in her ſtomach, Sir.

Mr. Tintem. Pain in her ſtomach?—A good dinner is the beſt remedy in the world for a pain in the ſtomach—tell her to come down immediately.

(*Enter Gaby in a great hurry with the wig*)

Gaby. Here it is, Sir;—here it is at laſt.

(*He tumbles over the ſkirts of Dolly's gown*)

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Mr. Tintem. Here it is—here it is—No there it is—I think there it is—You villain you've ruin'd me—I wish you had broken your neck with all my heart

Gaby 'Twas not my fault, Sir,

Mr. Tintem. Not your fault, you Scoundrel?

Gaby No, Sir.

Mr. Tintem. No! Whose fault was it pray?

Gaby. Dolly's, Sir.

Dolly. Mine? Oh, Monsterous!

Gaby. Yes, if your confounded long train had not been in the way, I should not have had this misfortune!

Mr. Tintem. Why her train seems always to be in your way—this is the second time to day that you have got yourself entangled in her skirts—One would think that you were blind—Come you blunder-skull, you, put it on as it is; I must make the best of it now, and see if you can find the way to shew Mr. Grub into the parlour; Dolly, run and call your Mistress down, away with you both.

[*Exit Tintem, Dolly, and Gaby at different doors.*

SCENE VI.

(*Changes to a Dining Parlour,—enter Mr.* Tintem *and his Niece to Mr.* Grub. Gaby *brings in the Dinner and waits.*)

(*Mr.* Tintem *gives* Grub *a hearty shake by the hand.*)

Mr. Tintem. Mr. Grub, I am heartily glad to see you—always punctual—punctual as the clock—you gentlemen of the City look sharp after Time.

Grub. Consider the hour, Master Tintem, it is dinner time, and my stomach generally looks sharp after that—but my eye, my eye, Mr. Tintem at this moment, looks very sharp after something else—My

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dear,

dear, Miſs Tintem, how do you do?—My dear little ſweetheart how do you do?

Miſs Tintem. I thank you, Sir, but very indifferent.

Grub. Indifferent!—I'm very ſorry for that, but I hope you will never be indifferent to me.

Gaby. (*aſide*) You ſeem to be but a very indifferent creature at the beſt.

Mr. Tintem. Come my good friend—Sit down—ſay, what I ſhall help you too?

Grub. Why, Sir, if you pleaſe, I will thank you for a little of the roaſted Pig—I am glad you have got a young Pig, there is nothing that I love better than a young Pig, and every thing that is young, ſo does my dear little girl there, I dare ſay, does'nt ſhe?

Gaby. (*aſide*) Oh, what an amorous devil!

Miſs Tintem. Wou'd you wiſh me, Sir, to be fond of nothing but what is young?

Grub. No, to be ſure, (*ſpeaking with his mouthful.*)

Miſs Tintem. Then you never can expect that I can be fond of you.

Gaby. (*aſide*) That's a douſer for you, old one.

Mr. Tintem. The devil's in the girl to be ſure; you'll never get Mr. Grub for a huſband, while you paſs ſuch compliments as thoſe upon him.

Grub. Oh, never mind the little Puſs—for as to compliments, and all *them there* kind of things, I never minded *them*,—nay, to tell you the truth, I always hated compliments. (*eating*)

Mr. Tintem. I ſhould think it ſtrange, indeed, if you could ever love them, eſpecially, if they came in the manner my Niece beſtows them on you.

Grub. Ah, let the little thing ſay what ſhe will ſhe will never be able to make me quarrel with my Victuals.

Miſs Tintem. That I really believe (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Will you give me leave to help you to a little of this roaſted Duck—I aſſure you it is highly ſeaſon'd; and ſeems to be well dreſs'd—a clean plate, Gaby.

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Grub. Roaſted Duck!—I was always very, very fond of a roaſted Duck.

Gaby. What a fond creature it is!—(*aſide*)

Miſs Tintem. I dare ſay, that will be his anſwer to every thing upon the table. (*aſide.*)

Mr. Tintem. Shall I help you to a leg or a wing, Maſter Grub?

Grub. Both if you pleaſe, my very good friend.

Gaby. 'Tis a pity he had not the whole Duck, feathers and all. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. That's right, I like every body to ſpeak their mind, it ſhews the proper freedom of ſpirit, and ſaves a great deal of unneceſſary trouble.

Grub. I *likes* Freedom, and I *hates* trouble;—you may be ſure of that by the ſpeeches, you muſt have heard me make in Guildhall—I ſay nothing now, but don't you think that we are in a ſweet ſituation?

Mr. Tintem. Sweet! not very ſweet at preſent; for you muſt confeſs we have been rather ſoured of late.

Grub. Soured—pray by what means?

Mr. Tintem. Why I think the ſweetneſs of our ſituation has been greatly abated by the high price your Company has ſet upon Sugars.

Grub. Oh! that has prov'd a monſtrous good thing to our Company.

Mr. Tintem. But monſtrous things are not at all times the moſt pleaſant, either to the Eye or to the Mind, and I know of no monſter ſo frightful, to the greateſt part of his Majeſty's Subjects, as that Monſter call'd Monopoly.

Grub. A Monopoly! I never ſaw any of *them there* creatures in all my Life—Pray, Sir, what are they like? And what part of the world do theſe Monopolies come from.

Gaby. (*aſide*) Lord, they are to be ſeen at Exeter Change or the Lyceum every Day.

Mr. Tintem. From all parts I fancy, but it is an animal that ſeems to thrive more in this Country than any other.

Grub.

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Grub. Ah, Master Tintem, you seem to be more acquainted with *these here* matters than I am—you have travelled a good deal you know; I'm told that you have been to all the Watering-places in England; but as to my part I was never any farther than Margate—I went there and came back by Water, which made me so sick of the Journey, that I don't think I shall ever go there again.

Mr. Tintem. No, indeed?

Grub. No not I—Besides they are such a set of imposing Rascals, that they would often charge me Sixpence for a half-penny's worth of Small Beer, and you know one can get a quart of good sound porter in London for three-pence half-penny.

Mr. Tintem. Ah, you will find imposition in every part of the kingdom now-a-days.

Grub. A little more Duck if you please.

Gaby. I knew he'd finish it. (*aside*)

Mr. Tintem. How do you like it—don't you find the sauce rather predominant.

Grub. "I have not tasted any yet—I wish you "would give me a little of it."

Mr. Tintem. "A little of what?"

Grub. "Why a little of the Predominant as you "call it.—I suppose that is some new kind of sauce, "I wish you would give me a little of it."

(*Mr. and Miss* Tintem *endeavour to smother a laugh.*)

Mr. Tintem. I beg pardon, Master Grub, but you can't help being entertaining.

Grub. Aye, that's my way—I'm generally said to be the life of the company.

Gaby. I'll be hang'd if he be'ant as great a Gaby as myself. (*aside*)

Mr. Tintem. Will you drink a glass of wine?

Grub. With all my heart, and I dare say my little intended will not refuse to join me.—I'll give you a toast, if I can remember one—odds—bobbs I have it—I'll give you, "Love without Interest."

Miss Tintem. With all my heart, Sir.

Mr.

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Mr. Tintem. That's good—I muſt join you in that —Come, "Love without Intereſt."

(*In the drinking,* Grub *gets ſome of the wine down the wrong way, and coughs exceſſively—Mr.* Tintem *and Miſs riſe from the table.*)

Mr. Tintem. Lord bleſs us, what is the matter—call in Dolly! [*rings the Bell.*

Gaby. Dolly! Dolly!—make haſte, bring in the ſmelling-bottle—bring in the hartſhorn—Mr. Grub is *a-dying.*—Some water too!

Mr. Tintem. I hope it is no ſpaſm.

Enter Dolly,

(*With a bottle of hartſhorn in one hand, and a baſon in the other.*)

Apply the bottle to his noſe, and the water to his temples immediately—I hope it is no apoplexy.

Miſs Tintem. No, I do not think it is that, I fancy it was only the toaſt ſtuck in his ſtomach.

Mr. Tintem. (*to Gaby*) Toaſt! Toaſt!—why you damn'd villain, have you put toaſt in the wine?

Gaby. Toaſt, Sir!—toaſt!—Lord, Sir, I never did ſuch a fooliſh thing in all my life!

Mr. Tintem (*to Miſs*) Why did not you ſay that the toaſt ſtuck in his ſtomach?

Miſs Tintem. I only meant the ſentimental toaſt which he had given himſelf.

Mr. Tintem. Oh, he revives!

Grub. (*recovering*) Mercy upon me, where am I?

Gaby. In our houſe, Sir.

Grub. Oh! my poor head—Oh! my ſtomach, I thought that I ſhould have been choaked.

Dolly. Ah! poor gentleman, that would have been a pity indeed! (*ſarcaſtically*)

Mr. Tintem. Bleſs me, my good friend, I have been ſadly alarmed; but I aſſure you, I am over-joyed to ſee you ſo much recovered.

Grub. I thank you, my very good friend—I thank you.—What do I ſee, my dear little ſweetheart?—I warrant ſhe has been ready to cry at my misfortune?

Miſs Tintem.

Miſs Tintem and Dolly, Ha! ha! ha!

Grub. Is that the way you ſhew your feeling?—what do you laugh at my affliction?

Miſs Tintem. I beg your pardon, Sir,—I did not laugh at your afflictions, but your expreſſions.

Dolly. Lord, Sir, do you think that my Miſtreſs is to fall a-crying every time you choak yourſelf with eating, or ſuffocate yourſelf with drinking?—ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Tintem. Gaby and you Miſs Tartar, take the dinner things away, (*they take away*) and Madam my Niece, you ſhall be confined to your dreſſing-room without ſociety.

Grub. Nay, don't be cruel to her, don't baniſh her this time; her laughing was perhaps only an innocent frolick—a liberty, you know, that lovers will take with one another, now and then.

" *Mr. Tintem.* Sir, ſhe muſt not be indulged in " this way—but conſole herſelf alone, 'till ſhe can " behave better.

" *Grub.* Oh, the little piggy-wiggy—it grieves me " to hear ſo cruel a decree.

" *Miſs Tintem.* It is no cruelty to me, Sir, I can " aſſure you.

" *Mr. Tintem.* There's for you again—come, Sir, " you and I will go and take a peep into the garden, " while ſhe ſits a little by herſelf, ſo that ſhe may be " ſoftened by reflection.

" *Grub.* Ah, Maſter Tintem, you are a wag—" you ſeem to know how to manage the Ladies to a " nicety—perhaps it may be all for the beſt,—My " dear little intended, don't you mourn—don't you " get piping now by yourſelf—a little abſence, they " ſay, is ſometimes a great *ſedement* to love—is it " not, deary?"

Miſs Tintem. You'll excuſe me if I laugh a little—I cannot help it now, ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Tintem. Away with you, Madam, we ſhall be back to tea—then ſee if you can prepare it in time, and meet Mr. Grub in a more agreeable humour.

Grub,

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Grub. By, by!—don't you get piping I ſay.

Miſs Tintem. Ha! ha! ha! By, by! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Grub. What a ſweet bewitching, wicked little devil it is! [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Garden.*

Enter Tintem, Grub, *and* Gaby.

Mr. Tintem. A fine chearful afternoon I proteſt!

Grub. The weather is chearful enough it is true, but as to myſelf, I am melancholy enough.

Mr. Tintem. I am ſorry for that—why ſhould you be melancholy—what's the matter?

Grub. That little Niece of your's, runs ſtrangely in my head.

Mr. Tintem. I'm glad to hear that; 'tis a good ſign.

Grub. And yet my mind is not perfectly at eaſe about her.

Mr. Tintem. Better and better ſtill, I ſhould be ſorry if it were.

Grub. I am very much obliged to you for your kindneſs; it ſeems to be a laughing matter to you, but it is otherwiſe to me.

Gaby. I wiſh he be'ant love ſick already. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Ha! ha! ha!—quite touched I ſee—poor Mr. Grub, ſhe ſeems to have got faſt hold of you my friend.

Grub. Nay, not not ſo faſt as you imagine.

Mr. Tintem.

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Mr. Tintem. What is the matter with you then?

Grub. Why, to tell you the truth, I do not think that ſhe ſeems to pay me ſo much attention as I could wiſh.

Mr. Tintem. No!

Grub No——there is very little affection, I am afraid, about that tittering heart of her's—I doubt ſhe does not love me truly.

Mr. Tintem Not love you?—never trouble yourſelf about that—I'll make her love you.

Grub. What, whether ſhe will or not—that muſt be a curious ſecret indeed.

Mr. Tintem. Aye, I know the proper phyſic for the ladies when they happen to be diſobedient.

Grub. Phyſic?

Mr. Tintem. Aye, Phyſic.

Gaby. I wiſh they may not be going to give the poor creature love-powder. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. She is in my power at preſent, and *ſhall* marry you whether ſhe will or not, and when ſhe is yours, you know what you have to do.

Grub. What is that?

Mr. Tintem. Why you have nothing to do then but to keep her under your thumb.

Gaby. Under his thumb! and if he does, I wiſh ſhe may not ſlip through his fingers. (*aſide*)

Grub. I am told there is a Mr. Willingford, a young ſpark, to whom ſhe turns a willing ear, if ſo, it will be a difficult matter to wean her of him.

Gaby. You are right enough there, old Gentleman. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Oh, never let that give you any concern; he is nothing but a Boy, and Beggar.

Grub. As to his being a Beggar, that will be no impediment, eſpecially if he has been ingenious enough to coax her Heart from her.

Mr. Tintem. Oh, never mind the heart, ſo you have got the Body.—Poſſeſſion you know is every thing.

Grub. Aye, but the mind often ſets the Body capering.

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Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. Confound your capering apprehenſions I ſay—Why, you talk like a Simpleton—what and you be afraid of?

Grub. There was a confounded Stag's head, and an aukward pair of horns in your hall, which look'd butt in my face as I entered your houſe to day, and I cannot help thinking them *omnious.*

Gaby. What a cowardly old fool! (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Mr. Grub, Mr. Grub, take care what you ſay—"My Niece was the daughter of my brother "—my brother was the ſon of my mother, and my "mother was the pattern of Virtue—No, Mr. Grub, "if you have any qualms of that kind in your mind "you've miſtaken the ſtock;" the blood of the Tintem's is of a peculiar dye, pure as the peerleſs Stream, and chaſte as the mountain Snow.

Grub. And as cold too, I'm afraid.

Mr. Tintem. Cold?

Grub. Aye, cold, I think;—why your niece always looks as chilly as an Icicle at me.

Gaby One would think ſhe was dead by his talking (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. You don't like the match perhaps.

Grub. Yes, my very good friend, I *like* the match very well,—but—but—

Mr. Tintem. You would like the money without the match I ſuppoſe?

Gaby. The devil doubt him. (*aſide*)

Grub. No, no—I don't ſay that either, your Niece is young and beautiful, a little ſweet creature any body might be fond of, and I will do her the juſtice to ſay that I think ſhe would like any young fellow better than me.

Gaby. You never ſaid a truer thing in all your life.. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Well, well, we'll drop the ſubject at preſent, and after another interview or two, you will be better able to judge of her diſpoſition.

Grub. I think ſo too, and therefore let us go and amuſe ourſelves with a ſight of your Hobbyhorſe, as you call it.

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Mr. Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. And so you shall;—go you on, Gaby, and tell Jonas the gardener to place this flower as I told you before, then return home, and fetch me the key of the pinery—I have forgot it.

[*Gives him the flower.*

Gaby. Where did you say it was to be placed, Sir, between *ignorance* and *impudence*?

Mr. Tintem. No, Mr. Impudence;—between *arrogance* and *indifference*, they are two very fashionable flowers. [*Exit Gaby.*

Grub. And therefore must be a kin to the gentry Gaby was talking of I suppose.

Mr. Tintem. Cousin Germans I assure you.

[*Exeunt Tintem and Grub*

SCENE II.

(The Drawing-Room in Tintem's *House)*

Enter Mr. Willingford, *Miss* Tintem, *and* Dolly.

Dolly. There—I'm glad you are once more got together, and I wish that Old Harry would break the shins of him that parts you. [*Exit Dolly.*

Miss Tintem. What a comical girl!

Mr. Willingford. What a good one! she has been the providential instrument of our present blessed interview.

Miss Tintem. Do not call that thing blessed, which chance may have an opportunity of overturning.

Mr. Willingford. My dear Miſs Tintem, I reſt on hope and truſt in providence, you know I am a child of her's; and Chance muſt be a churl indeed, ſhould ſhe at this moment thwart me in my wiſhes.

Miſs Tintem. What are your wiſhes?

Mr. Willingford. It rather ſurpriſes me that you ſhould aſk.

Miſs Tintem. I do not doubt but you will be polite enough to reſolve me then.

Mr. Willingford. Moſt certainly, and that from my heart—ah, me! I wiſh that you were mine, but that you know already, and your aſking me to tell you now, ſeems as if you doubted me.

Miſs Tintem. I do not doubt; but, when I conſider the preſent ſtate of things, I am rather ſurpriſed that you ſhould perſevere in running after me, eſpecially when I ſhall tell you what a formidable rival you have to encounter.

Mr. Willingford. A rival! is it poſſible?

Miſs Tintem. It is true, and that is more.

Mr. Willingford. I am ſorry for it.

Miſs Tintem. And ſo am I; for he is a favourite of my Uncle's, and a wealthy one alſo

Mr. Willingford. And perhaps you love him too.

Miſs Tintem. You ſhall ſee him by and by, then you will be able to judge, if it be poſſible for me to reſiſt him.

Mr. Willingford. Indeed! this is a circumſtance I did not expect; this gives me a pain more exquiſite than ever I felt before.—Is it poſſible?

Miſs Tintem. Is what poſſible?

Mr. Willingford. That you ſhould love him.

Miſs Tintem. Nay, I have not told you that—you ſhould ſtay till you are convinced. (Amiable creature, but I'll torture him no further) [*aſide*—Come, come, chear up—one would think that you ſuſpected me;—it carries danger with it, if your doubts begin to quicken only on *report*.

" *Mr. Willingford. Report* is a dangerous fiend, " ſeldom to be credited; but the doubts I have, aroſe

" from

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" from what you ſaid yourſelf, and never did I hold " your word ſo ſlight, as not to credit whatever you " have been pleaſed to tell me.

" *Miſs Tintem.* I do believe you, and therefore I— " I—I——

" *Mr. Willingford.* Speak out.

" *Miſs Tintem.* It is—it is—" Time enough yet" " as the ſong ſays.

" *Mr. Willingford.* But ſhall I tell you what I " hope you was going to ſay.

" *Miſs Tintem.* That might ſhew too much conceit " in you perhaps, and put a maiden to the bluſh."

Mr. Willingford. Well ;—it is enough—I ſhall reſt ſatisfied without doing the one or ſaying the other, and truſt to the event.

Miſs Tintem. But to digreſs a little from the preſent parley, Dolly told me of all your ſtratagem, how ſhe diſcovered you, and that you ſang charmingly.

Mr. Willingford. I am afraid Dolly has deceived you.

Miſs. Tintem. Will you give me leave to judge?

Mr. Willingford. I can deny you nothing, as I know you have generoſity and candour enough to overlook defect, when poor Endeavour does her utmoſt to oblige.

Miſs Tintem. I hope ſo.

Mr. Willingford. I will try to ſing you a little ſong, which I made reſpecting the ſituation of a poor recruit, whom I once met upon a journey, lamenting that his ill ſtars had parted him from his favourite fair one.

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SONG.

THE POOR RECRUIT.

I.

As I've plodded my way to some country town,
Full many a wearisome day,
My purse has contain'd but a scanty half-crown,
And that has soon melted away.

II.

Oft weary and sad on some wint'ry road,
With rain I've been wet to the skin:
Of my knap-sack grown tir'd, I've sought for abode
At some friendly good ale house or Inn.

III.

I've hop'd that good Fortune, in turning her wheel,
Would cast me, perchance, on the place,
Where the wound in my bosom wou'd instantly heal
At the sight of my Sally's dear face.

IV.

She grieves, for she knows how I'm destin'd to roam,
On the strength of my furlow to rest;
And then she oft' wishes her Allen at home,
To bury his cares in her breast.

Enter

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Enter Dolly in a hurry.

Dolly. I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I could not help telling you that Gaby is juſt return'd from the Garden, and ſays, there had like to have been a ſad piece of work about you both.

Miſs Tintem. What was the matter then?

Mr Willingford. Do they know that I am here?

Dolly No—but Maſter and old Grub had like to have quarrelled about you.

Miſs Tintem. In what reſpect?

Dolly. Why Mr. Grub had found out, (ſaving your preſence, Miſs) that you had an affection for Mr. Willingford

Miſs Tintem. That is odd indeed—affection for Mr Willingford!—who could tell him ſuch a piece of news as that—it is more than Mr. Willingford knows himſelf.

Dolly. Lord, Miſs—but I'll ſay no more.

Mr. Willingford. What had this quarrel like to have riſen from?

Dolly. What?—why Mr Grub was jealous of you to be ſure; and talked about the pair of ſtag's horns in the hall ſtaring him in the face this morning, which had given him the qualms.

Mr. Willingford. I wiſh they had butted him in the ſtomach, with all my heart.

Miſs Tintem. I have not ability to find out all this myſtery, I confeſs.

Mr. Willingford 'Tis no matter.

Dolly. I dare ſay they will quarrel, I am ſure it would be the higheſt entertainment to you both, were you to go and liſten to their comical converſation.

Mr. Willingford. Is this Mr. Grub, as you call him, the gentleman you ſignified to be my rival?

Miſs Tintem. The ſame; I promiſed that you ſhould ſee him; therefore we can go and ſtand with ſafety and unſeen behind the old yew hedge near the amphitheatre, where you may at once behold his delicious perſon, and hear his bewitching converſation.

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Mr. Willingford. Agreed.

Miss Tintem " Dolly, you must be sure to take " care, should we be put to flight, to find a ready " shelter again for Mr. Willingford.

" *Dolly.* Put to flight!—I know of no shelter in " such a case, that would be so convenient as a tight " post chaise and four good horses, to hurry you both " out of harms way in an instant.

" *Mr. Willingford.* An excellent thought.

" *Miss Tintem.* Is the girl bewitched?

" *Dolly.* Not so bewitched, but I could tell you " which would be the best road you could take.

" *Mr. Willingford.* Bravo!

" *Miss Tintem.* Prithee, girl, don't be foolish; " come let us go and listen to the learned disquisitions " of my sagacious Uncle, and the trite observations " of your more formidable rival.

" *Mr. Willingford.* With all my heart."

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE III.

(*The Garden, with a view of the Amphitheatre*)

Enter Mr. Tintem *and* Grub.

Mr. Tintem. Here they are, Mr. Grub—here are my beauties—there's a display for you—there's an

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arrangement, all the colours of the rainbow; the eye is ravifhed with beholding, and the nofe with fmelling.

Grub. This is truly a fine fight, Maſter Tintem.

Mr. Tintem. Fine indeed! though I ſay it, Mr. Grub;—this is nature in her holiday cloaths; you ſay you are fond of flowers, Mr. Grub.

Grub. So fond of them, that I always buy a halfpenny noſegay when I can, and ſtick it in my boſom whenever I go to church on a ſunday.

Mr. Tintem. Ha! ha! ha!—a halfpenny noſegay, Mr. Grub?—I beg your pardon, but you make me laugh—a halfpenny noſegay truly—they muſt have been weeds, my good friend;—weeds—what ſort of flowers could they have been?

Grub. Sometimes a bunch of primroſes, or the lillies of the valley; at other times I have treated myſelf with a few pale ſnow-drops, or yellow crocuſes; which in my opinion, are the firſt of flowers.

Mr. Tintem. The firſt of flowers—ha! ha! ha!

Grub. You muſt acknowledge that they are generally the firſt in the ſeaſon.

Mr. Tintem. I will acknowledge that they are the firſt colour'd weeds which the ſpring throws up; but we do not place them under the denomination of flowers.

Grub. No!

Mr. Tintem. No—you talk of putting a whole bunch of flowers in your boſom for a halfpenny; when many a ſingle root of ſome of the flowers now before you, have coſt me ten, twenty, nay thirty pounds.

Grub. Mercy on me;—why you make me tremble at the very idea.

Mr. Tintem. Why ſhould you tremble about it, when I have told you it is my Hobby-horſe; and there are many of your high-flying diſhers of the Turf, will give you a thouſand or fifteen hundred guineas for a Hobby-horſe, that ſhall crack a hole in the Fortune, or break the neck of his Rider, before he has had him a Week.

Digitized by Google *Grub.*

Grub. Mercy on us;—when I think on the follies and extravagancies of the age, I bleſs my ſtars, that I happen'd to be born with ſo much prudence about me.

Mr. Tintem. Come come, Mr Prudence, do not arrogate ſo much to your own merit;—you have got your Hobby-horſe too;—I am told that you had the liberality, when you was at Mr. Lottum's auction the other day, to give twenty guineas for a frame of dead butterflies.

Grub Why that is *neither here or there*, as the ſaying is—We will not talk of *them there* things juſt no , but *as to the matter of that*, I don't know why I ſhould not have my Hobby-horſe, as you call it, as well as an body elſe.

Mr. Tintem. I'o be ſure—to be ſure;—yours you know is a fly, and mine is a flower, that is the difference—ſo we will drop the preſent parley, and look before us.

Enter Mr. Willingford, Miſs Tintem, Dolly *and* Gaby, *behind the Yew Hedge.*

Gaby. There they are, hard at it.

Miſs Tintem. Hold your impertinence, Mr. Simpleton, if we ſhould be diſcovered, it will mar all. (*aſide*)

Mr. Tintem. Here Mr. Grub, here's a flower for you, what do you think I call this?

Grub. Nay, I can't tell.

Mr. Tintem. Did you never ſee a ſign which bore a reſemblance to this

Grub. A ſign?—I have ſeen the ſign of the *Flower-de-Lucey*; the Roſe and Crown, and the Scotch Thiſtle, which I ſuppoſe is one of the Flowers of *Edinborough.* [*an inward laugh from behind.*

Mr. Tintem. Aye, but that is not the Idea—did you never ſee the ſign of a General like this flower?

Grub. A General!

Mr. Tintem.

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Mr. Tintem. Aye, a General?

Grub. No truly.

Mr. Tintem. Why then, I'll tell you—That is the Duke of Cumberland!

Grub. The Duke of Cumberland!

Mr. Tintem. Aye, the Great Duke of Cumberland;—that flower made its firſt appearance in the Botanical world, in the Rebellion, Forty five;—was nam'd in honor of the Britiſh hero of that day, and ſuch a flower as this is enough to immortalize the memory of any General in the world.

Grub. What, is it an *Evergreen*, then?

[*a tittering from behind.*

Mr. Tintem. An Evergreen?—bleſs the man—Why, you ſeem to have no idea of vegetation at all;—no more taſte for a flower, than I have for a dead butterfly.

Grub. Yes, I have generally got a good taſte for them, when they produce a good ſmell to me, (*ſmelling*) but this flower ſeems to have no ſmell at all.

Mr. Tintem. Pſha;—what the deuce has ſmell to do with the beauty of a flower;—it is the colour we look at—the colour.

Grub. Odds ſo,—I ſuppoſe ſo.

Gaby. What a couple of conical creatures, ha, ha, ha (*from behind*)

Grub. Wiſt, Wiſt!—I heard a ſtrange kind of noiſe juſt now—you hav'nt any *Varment* about the garden, have you—no pole-cats or weaſels—I am ſtrangely fearful of thoſe kind of gentry;—and as to a rat! the very ſight of a rat would turn my whole *maſt* of blood into a poſſet. (*ſhews great apprehenſions, which cauſes a laugh from behind*) There again! I am ſure there are *Varment* about us.

Mr. Tintem. Vermin—the devil!—'Tis only ſome of thoſe curſed magpies who peſter the garden every day for the ſake of the cherries.

Grub. Magpies! I hate your Magpies, they are the moſt hateful *omnious* bird that flies.—I was at Cuckold's-Point the other day, when I happened to be croſs'd by one of thoſe infernal Chatter-boxes, and ir-

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in a minute or two after, I had the misfortune to break both my shins over a hog-trough at my cousin Crumplet's the baker's door, which laid me up for a week. [*a laugh again.*

There again—there are certainly *Varment.*

[*shews much fear.*

Mr. Tintem The Magpies, I tell you, the Magpies,—Look you here, my friend, Grub; since you are fond of a flower that has got a smell—Here is one I fancy that will tickle your taste, and your smell at the same time (*Grub takes up the flower pot*) Aye, that's right—take it up and smell to it—Put on your spectacles, and look at it—there is a Turban, there is your Furr, there is the very Sash and Sabre of the Emperor himself.

Grub Emperor!

Mr. Tintem. Aye, Emperor;—that is the Emperor of Morocco!——

Grub. The Emperor of Morocco; why you deal in nothing but grand names—This flower, I perceive has got a charming smell, this is something like a flower; the Emperor of Morocco;—grand, very grand,—a fine sounding name, I protest. (*Grub turns up his eyes with a kind of rhapsodical ardour, and by accident discovers a fine butterfly, lets drop the flower-pot, and tumbles over it, then gets up in a hurry with his hat in his hand, pursuing the butterfly, and crying out*) Damme, there goes the King of Bohemia!

Mr. Tintem. (*In a great rage, runs and picks up the broken pot and the flower, crying*) Damn your King of Bohemia.

Grub. Damn your Emperor of Morocco! I would not have lost my king of Bohemia, for all the Emperors in the world—no, not the Emperor of the Moon.

Mr. Tintem. You wretch, you Nonentity, you thing without an Idea!

Grub You fool, you frantic, you Daisey-hunter, you stem of a Dog-rose, you bud of a Crocus, you stinking root of a Daffy-down dilly; I would not have

lost

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loſt my King of Bohemia for all the nonſenſical flowers in your garden.

Mr. Tintem. Why, you Catterpiller, you Bug, you Beetle, you Gnat, you Grub—I would not have had my Emperor deſtroy'd for all the contemptible collection of inſects which you have been ſcraping together theſe thirty years; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, that you behave like a dirty fellow.

Grub. Damme, Sirrah, if it were not for fear of your taking the law of me, I would tell you a bit of my mind.

Mr. Tintem. Mind, mind?—why you have no mind, you are a meer inſect;—but I'll cloſe your mouth for you preſently—I'll lop your greedy expectations, I warrant you.

Grub. I defy you— I defy you.

Mr. Tintem. My Niece, you Cockatrice, my Niece.

Grub. Your Niece, I would not give a fig for your Niece.

Mr. Tintem. That is as falſe as you are fooliſh; you Rattleſnake, it is—"You would ſay very diffe-"rent things, and tell a different ſtory, if her fortune "were before you—you would give all your ſoul for "that"—I wiſh poor Willingford was here with all my heart; you ſhould ſee that I would give her to him before your face.

"*Grub.* No, you would not—you love yourſelf "too much for that—I know how fond you would be "of giving her fortune to a Beggar; I dare you to "that—I dare you to that!

"*Mr. Tintem.* I ſhall choak with rage.

[*They walk petulantly backward and forward upon the ſtage croſſing each other.*]

"*Dolly.* Now, Sir—Now, my dear Miſs—now is "your time!

"*Gaby.*

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" *Gaby.* Aye, now or never.

" *Mr. Willingford.* Aye, now is the time indeed.

" *Miſs Tintem.* I am terrified to death.

" *Mr. Willingford.* Never fear, have a good " heart, think of the event;—do not ſhrink, while " ſuch a plea as ours depends upon the moment.

[*From behind.*

" *Mr. Tintem.* Mr. Grub, give me leave to tell " you, Sir, that I think you have behaved like an " arrant ſcoundrel.

" *Grub.* Take care what you ſay, or I'll make the " gentlemen of the great Wig ſhake their heads at " you;—they'll make a good breakfaſt of the word " Scoundrel, in Weſtminſter Hall, I warrant you—" therefore I would adviſe you to take care what " you ſay.

" *Mr. Tintem.* You ought rather to be afraid of " what I may do.

" *Grub.* Why, what would you do?

" *Mr. Tintem.* What!

" *Grub.* Aye, what?

" *Mr. Tintem.* If young Willingford was here, I would convince you in a minute.

" *Grub.* You would be for preſenting your Niece " to him I ſuppoſe?"

Mr. Tintem. Cripple me if I would not.

Grub. Cripple me if I think you would.

Mr. Tintem. Would to Heaven he was here this moment.

[*Mr. Willingford, coming forward with Miſs Tintem in his hand*]

Now, my dear Miſs Tintem. [*they both go up to Mr. Tintem and kneel at his feet.*]

Mr. Willingford. Here we both are, ready for your gracious confirmation.

(*Grub*

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(Grub and Tintem ſtart back, and look with amazement)

Mr. Tintem. How is this—you have taken me by ſurpriſe—this act is rather ſudden upon me—yet, after all, may I be annihilated if I be not glad of it.—Now you Hornet, you Beetle, you Butterfly—you ſhall ſee that I will keep my word—you ſhall ſee that I will dare to do, what you dar'd me to—take her, lad—ſhe is your's—and Heaven bleſs you both together!

Dolly. (*falls on her knees*) Heaven bleſs your Honor! for this dear good-natur'd action.

Grub. Well ſaid, Mrs. Nettle-top.

Gaby. Huzza!—huzza! huzza!—The Emperor of Morocco for ever!—down with the King of Bohemia! down with your Grubs and your Caterpillars.

Grub. I don't like this—he has played me the devil of a trick—I don't like it—I knew thoſe curſed magpies would prove *omnious.* (*aſide*) So, Maſter Tintem, you have finiſhed the buſineſs rarely, upon my word.

Mr. Tintem Aye; and it is finiſhed as it ought to be—I hope I have convinced you that I am not only a Floriſt, but a Pugiliſt!—I think I have given you a fair trimming;—and now I will ſing with the Poet—" Revenge, revenge, revenge ſhall appeaſe " my reſtleſs ſpright."

[*ſings much agitated.*

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Grub. Why you ſeem as if you were crazy, and foam at the mouth like a mad dog;—you have made a fine hand of it, truly, to give your Niece to ſuch a vagabond as that, who has not got a farthing in the world, and, in all likelihoood, will ſpend her fortune in a month.

Mr. Willingford. Sir, I will convince you, that he has beſtowed his Niece upon one that loves her, and one that is too ſenſible of the principles of a gentleman, and a man of honor, than to ſuffer himſelf and this amiable lady to be treated with ill manners, by ſuch a ſcoundrel as you are.

Grub. Take care what you ſay; a ſcoundrel, Sirrah!

Mr. Willingford. You ſhall ſee that I neither fear what I ſay, or care what I do, if you don't leave the room immediately, you ſhall feel the force of my reſentment. "In reſpect to ſuch a bloated piece of "conſequence as you are—Go home and take this, "by way of haſt'ning your journey—There,—there "—there! take that—

[*kicks him off the ſtage.*

Grub. Oh, you Villain, I'll make you bleed for this treatment, I will.

[*Exit Grub.*

Dolly. Take care of the *Varment!*
Gaby Take care of the Magpies!
Dolly And your Couſin Crumplet's Hog-Trough.

[*bollowing after him.*

Mr. Tintem. He is rightly ſerv'd—and now ſince the matter is over, I am glad that it is done, as it is done.

Miſs Tintem. It gives me infinite pleaſure, Sir, to hear you ſay ſo much.

Mr. Tintem.

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Mr. Tintem. And I feel a ſecret ſatisfaction in having done ſo much. But, Willingford, how came you here ſo opportunely?

Mr. Willingford. Upon my Hobby-horſe, Sir.

Mr. Tintem. What you've got your Hobby-horſe too, have you?—Pray, what kind of a Hobby did you ride?

Mr. Willingford. My Hobby was a little Roſey boy, with airy wings call'd Love, led by a blind capricious guide, call'd Fortune, who from my cradle hath for ever thwarted me in my paths; but now the bounteous Goddeſs has brought me to the fountain of ſublunary bliſs, and crown'd me with the hand of this fair Lady, whom I love dearer than myſelf, and will cheriſh with the utmoſt efforts of my life.

Mr. Tintem. Well ſaid—You have honeſtly and fairly expreſs'd yourſelf, and confirm'd me alſo, that I have done right in this act; you have help'd to take away a load, which hung heavily about my heart; and it ſhall be my Hobby horſe in future, to make you both as happy as I can.

F I N I S.

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MODERN ANTIQUES

OR THE

MERRY MOURNERS,

A

F A R C E,

IN TWO ACTS.

By JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN

WITH DISTINGUISHED APPLAUSE.

D U B L I N:

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GRAFTON-STREET.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Cockletop, -	Mr. QUICK.
Frank, - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Joey, - -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Napkin, - -	Mr. WILSON.
Hearty, - -	Mr. POWEL.
Thomas, - -	Mr. THOMPSON

WOMEN.

Mrs. Cockletop, -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Camomile,	Miſs CHAPMAN.
Belinda, - -	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Nan, - -	Mrs. CROSS.
Flounce, - -	Mrs. ROCK.
Betty, - -	Miſs BRANGIN.

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MODERN ANTIQUES,

OR THE

MERRY MOURNERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Mrs. Camomile's House

Enter Mrs. Camomile and Betty.

Mrs. Camomile.

BETTY. Any body here since?

BETTY. No madam, but here's a strange servant.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Mrs. Cocketop desired me, as I pass'd along Charing-Cross; to enquire for one for her, at the Register-Office and this is he, I suppose, ha, ha, ha, she's to fine a lady, to look after these things herself.

BETTY. Walk up young man. [*Exit Betty*

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" *Enter* JOEY."

JOEY, Servant. *(Nods.)*

MRS. CAMOMILE. Quite a ruſtic! how long have you been in town?

JOEY. Our town?

MRS. CAMOMILE. London.

JOEY. I thought as how you meant our Town, I com'd from Yorkſop in the County of Norfolk to get a place.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Your name?

JOEY. What of it?

MRS. CAMOMILE. What is it?

JOEY. Oh! my name is Joey; but volks call'd me Mr. Joey all the way up; that I com'd upon the Coach Roof, for as it's near Chriſtmas time; all the Inſide Paſſengers were Turkeys. I quitted our Village, in a huff, with one Nan Hawthorn, my ſweet heart; cauſe why, ſhe got jealous, and ſawcy given.

MRS. CAMOMILE. The wages, this lady gives to her foot-boy are eight guineas a year.

JOEY. Guineas! that wont do, I muſt have eight pounds.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Well, if you inſiſt upon eight pounds, ha, ha, ha.

JOEY. Oh! I'm hired.

(Lays his Hat and Stick on the Table.)

MRS. CAMOMILE. You can give, and take a meſſage.

JOEY. Yes ſure. *(A hand knocking without.)*

MRS. CAMOMILE. Then, let's ſee, run.

JOEY. Where?

MRS. CAMOMILE. To the door, you blockhead.

JOEY. *(Goes to the door, and ſtands.)* Well, I be's at the door, what now?

MRS. CAMOMILE. The deuce! open the ſtreet door.

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JOEY. *(Going.)* Oh! here comes a Lady

Enter BELINDA *in a Riding Dreſs.*

MRS. CAMOMILE. My dear Belinda! come up *(to Joey)* when you hear the bell.

JOEY. Theſe gentle volks dont mind what trouble they give a poor Zarvant Man.

[Exit Joey.

BELINDA. My dear friend, I've quitted Southampton Boarding School without leave; tho'. *(Lays her Hat on the Table.)*

MRS. CAMOMILE. My ſweet Girl! I'm very glad to ſee you, but is this a prudent ſtep?

BELINDA. To be ſure, when I was kept there, ſo long againſt my will, by my Aunt.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Ah Belinda! confeſs the truth, wasn't it to ſee your Uncle's Nephew, Frank, that you've ſcamper'd up to town?

BELINDA. Ha, ha, ha, 'pon my honour you're a witch, but ſuppoſe ſo; why not? you and I were School-fellows tother day, yet here you're married; A propos, how is your dear Huſband?

MRS. CAMOMILE. The Doctor is well.

BELINDA. You're already happy with the man you love, while I'm kept at a Boarding-School, when I'm able to teach my Dancing-Maſter.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Why then my dear Belinda, ſince your laſt letter, I've been planning ſchemes, how to make you happy, with the man you love.

BELINDA. My good creature, do tell me.

MRS. CAMOMILE. You know if your Uncle Mr. Cockletop's tooth but aches, he fancies he'll die directly, if he hasn't my Huſband Doctor Camomile's advice, he's the grand oracle of his health, the barometer, and thermometer of his animal ſyſtem; now as the Doctor is

at Winchester, on a visit to some of his old College Chums, and won't leave his good orthodox bottle of Old Port, to visit him here in London; he shall visit the Doctor at Winchester; if we can but get your Uncle to leave Town, on that hangs my grand scheme for the establishment of you and Frank; your Aunts Maid, Mrs. Flounce, and Mr. Napkin the Butler are my confederates.

BELINDA. Oh charming! but I must know it, tho.'

Enter JOEY, *stands some time mute.*

JOEY. Well?

BELINDA. And well?

JOEY. I'm com'd up, as you bid me.

MRS. CAMOMILE. But you shoud'nt have come, 'till you had heard the bell

JOEY. And wounds, it's ringing yonder, hard enough to pull Church Steeple down.

MRS. CAMOMILE, *and* BELINDA. Ha, ha, ha.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Joey carry those to your master. (*Gives him a Basket of Plants*) Plants, and Simples, cull'd for him, by the Doctor.—— Your Uncle will now be a Botanist; as well as an Antiquarian.

BELINDA. Ha, ha, ha, but my Aunt's new fangled rage, for private Theatricals, are to the full as unaccountably ridiculous, as my crazy Uncle's passion for musty Antiquities.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Come, be cheerful my sweet Belinda, for I'm going there directly, on your affairs.

BELINDA. My kind friend!

MRS. CAMOMILE. Call a coach (*to Joey who takes up his Stick, and puts on Belinda's Hat.*) Ha, ha, ha, why you've put on the Lady's Hat.

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JOEY.

JOEY. *(Takes off Hat, and compares it with his own.)* Ecod one would think the Lady had put on mine. [*Exeunt Mrs. Camomile, and Belinda.*

JOEY. *(Laying hold of Basket.)* Your London Ladies are so *manified*, with their Switch Rattans, and their Coats and Waistcoats, and their tip-top Hats, and their Cauliflower Cravats; that Ecod, I shall be in London a long time, before I know a Man from a Woman. *(Takes up the Basket, and Exit.)*

SCENE II.—MRS. COCKLETOP'S *Dressing-Room*, MRS. COCKLETOP'S *discover'd dressing*, FLOUNCE *attending.*

MRS. COCKLETOP. What a strange incident, my marrying this old Mr. Cockletop; 'pon my honor was I single, I'd have the most beautiful Theatre in my House, and his Nephew Frank, shou'd be the Manager, of late he looks at me, in a very particular manner; I can scarce think it possible for these features, to strike any body with admiration.

FLOUNCE. Ma'am, those features must strike every body with admiration.

MRS. COCKLETOP. You flatter 'em.

FLOUNCE. Not in the least Ma'am——but what signifies your beauty, or my skill in setting it off, my Master since he's turn'd his brain——

MRS. COCKLETOP Ay since my Husband has turn'd Antiquarian——

FLOUNCE. With his curiosities, foreign Cockleshells, mouldy Farthings, and all his old fashioned trumperies,——I dare say, he'd sell you for the wing of a butterfly.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Flounce; I'l take you to see *Lear*, to-morrow night at Lord Rantum's private Theatre.

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FLOUNCE.

FLOUNCE. Thank'ee Ma'am; but Miſs Toepits maid told me all of them except your Ladyſhip, made aſtrange piece of bungling work of their Play there laſt Wedneſday.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Work! Oh Heavens, if Shakeſpeare cou'd have taken a peep at them, ha, ha, ha, Romeo, and Juliet the Play; the Hero, on breaking open the Tomb, totally forgot what he had to ſay next, in vain, the Prompter whiſpers the word; poor Juliet might have remained in Capulet's Monument, 'till Doomſday; at length impatient; (for it grew monſtrous cold) I ſoftly bid him ſpeak; why don't you ſpeak? *He* taking it, for what he ſhou'd ſay, with all the fervor of diſtracted Love, burſt out "ſpeak ſpeak, why don't you ſpeak". Ha, ha, ha,

Enter Joey, with the Baſket, which he throws on the Toilette.

JOEY. My firſt piece of ſervice, in my new Place. [*Exit Joey.*

MRS. COCKLETOP: Ah! *(ſcreams.)*

Enter Mr. Cockletop, with a ſcroll of Parchment.

MRS. COCKLETOP, *(angrily:)* Aſtoniſhing Mr. Cockletop, you won't even let me have my Dreſſing Room to myſelf.

COCKLETOP. Oh Mrs. Cockletop, what a prize! I have bought one of the long loſt Books of Livy, a Manuſcript ſo capitally illegible, that no Man on the Globe can diſtinguiſh, or read a letter of it; let's ſee, what change he has given me. *(Reckons Money.)*

FLOUNCE. Full of Snails. *(To the Plants, flinging them off the Table, knocks the Money out of Cockletop's Hand, and Exit.)*

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COCKLETOP. The Botanical Plants from Doctor Camomile, carefully pick'em up, every leaf has the virtue——

Enter Frank, in a Riding Dreſs.

FRANK. Will they heal my wounded pocket? *(Picks up the Money.)*

COCKLETOP. *(Takes the Money from him.)* Eh! what you Lizard! the valuable Simples.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Do my dear, let poor Frank have a little Money, give him a few Guineas.

FRANK. Ay Sir, a few Guineas cou'd never come in better time, as I'm juſt Whip and Spur, you ſee? hey, Spank to Southampton.

MRS. COCKLETOP, *(alarmed.)* Pray Frank, what buſineſs have you there?

FRANK. What! but to ſee, my lovely Couſin.

COCKLETOP, *(Putting up the Money,)* Eh!

MRS. COCKLETOP. Oh! is that your buſineſs?

COCKLETOP. May be you like——

MRS. COCKLETOP. Ay, do you admire my Niece?

FRANK. Admire! I love her to diſtraction.

COCKLETOP. The ſweet Girl I doat on myſelf *(aſide)* get out of my ſight you Locuſt.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Love her! after all my fond hints to him *(aſide)* pray ſir, give me leave to expreſs my obligations to you, when I was rehearſing Imogen with you t'other Night and was to have fainted in your arms——

COCKLETOP. Ay, you Villain, you ſtepp'd aſide, and let my dear Wife tumble backwards, and knock her fine Head againſt the braſs Fender—Take a double hop out of your two Boots,

you

you Jackdaw, how dare you ſtand before your Horſe-Whip in your Hand?

Enter Flounce.

FLOUNCE. Ma'am, Mrs. Camomile.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Sir, command your Nephew, to think no more of my Niece; love another, you Amateur; ſtand from the entrance.

[*Exit Mrs Cockletop in a paſſion, Flounce following.*

FRANK. Why, my dear Uncle, you are really a good natured old Lad, but for this nonſenſical paſſion for Antiquities, in which you have no more judgment, than my Boot.

COCKLETOP. What's that?

FRANK. Didn't you give Twenty Pounds for the firſt plate ever Hogarth engrav'd; tho' 'twas only a Porter Pot, from the Barley Mow?

COCKLETOP. No.

FRANK. Didn't you throw a Lobſter in the fire, ſwearing it was a Salamander?

COCKLETOP. Yes, but that was when I was ſick. In bodily health my mind is bright and poliſh'd; but you moſt audacious Dromedary! traduce my ſkill in Antiquities!—Hark'ee, when you can prove to me, that it's poſſible I can be impoſed upon in Antiques, that is when I am in bodily health, I conſent to give you Belinda; here's my hand on't. Begone, your Face is as odious to me as a new copper Halfpeny.

[*Exit Cockletop.*

[*Enter* HEARTY. *(Calls after Mr. Cockletop.)*

Sir, here's the receipt.

FRANK. Ah Hearty! you're my Uncle's ward, receiver of his caſh, and yet do tip me

a few Guineas; cheat him a little, my honeſt fellow.

HEARTY. Muſn't.

FRANK. Plague of the Money! I'm ſure I want it; my friend Jack Frolic the Player frank'd me into Covent-Garden, ſat down in the upper Boxes, between Miſs Trump, and Mrs. Roll-about, when the curs'd Orange Woman thruſt in her Baſket, with "ſweet Gentleman treat the Ladies," I was obliged to clap my Hand *on* my Pocket, ſay My Purſe gone 'pon my Honor; no entering a public place for the light finger'd gentry; ſo the Ladies treated the ſweet Gentleman; coming home yeſterday, caught in a ſoaking ſhower; "your Honor, Coach unhir'd" in I jumps not recollecting his diſmal Honor had'nt a Shilling to pay for't; ſo as the fellow clapt to one Door, out I pops at t'other, but then I got mobb'd by the Watermen, and broke my Noſe over a poſt running away from the Link Boy

HEARTY. Why Frank, I'll lend you my own Money with all my heart.

FRANK. No, before I ſtrip you of what you may yet want to cheriſh your old age; I'll periſh; yet this is my Belinda's birth day, By Heavens, I will wiſh, ay, and give her joy, tho' I foot it every Mile to Southampton, and dine on Water Creſſes, by the Ditch ſide. [*Exit Frank.*

HEARTY. Spirited Lad! I hope by means of this letter, I ſhall be able to ſerve him. I'll ſell my old Maſter, the ſmall collection of odd ſort of rarities *Ive* made him, but as his knowing them to be mine may leſſen their value in his opinion; this letter rouſes his deſire to buy them, then if I can but make him believe, they're from Italy, or Herculaneum, or— (*Enter Joey in a Livery.*) You're the new Footman?

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JOEY. Yes, I be's, I've put on my Livery
HEARTY. Here's a Letter for your Maſter, give it to him directly.—*(Gives Letter and Exit.)*
JOEY. So I muſt give this Letter *too*; Ecod! they're reſolved in London to keep no Cats, that wont catch Mice.

Enter NAN *with a Sweeping Bruſh.*

NAN. *(Singing as ſhe enters.)* "A ſervice in London is no ſuch diſgrace." *(Begins to ſweep.)*
JOEY. Iſn't that?
NAN. Why Joey *(ſurpriz'd)*
JOEY. Nan! how glad I be's to ſee thee. *(Kiſſes her.)*
NAN. But what brings you here, and in this fine laced Coat?
JOEY. Why I be fix'd here, for a Zarvant Man.
NAN. Zure! Lard how comicle! and *I* hired here to day as Maid.
JOEY. Hills and Mountains will meet, O dear——O—dear!
NAN. I'm now ſent in here by Mrs. Flounce, o do up Lady's Dreſſing Room, that it ſeems ome clumſy Booby has thrown leaves aboutn?
JOEY. I'm not a Booby Nan; I find you're s ſaucy tongued, as ever.
NAN. O La! was it you Joey? I ax pardon.
JOEY. 'Twas all along of your croſſneſs, I com'd up to London.
NAN. And 'twas your falſe heartedneſs drove me to ſeek my bread here.
JOEY. Well, ſince good luck has brought s into one houſe——we'll never quarrel, nor be unkind any more.
NAN. Nor I never more will be jealous. ——O ho! you've had this letter from Poll Primroſe

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Primroſe; oh! you deceitful! (*ſnatches the Letter from Joey, and breaks it open.*)

JOEY. The Devil! a 'dy'e ſee, what you've done now, this Letter was for Meaſter ——— if I havn't a mind.———

NAN. *Reads* "Sir, encouraged! why Joey don't be angry, the firſt Letter I get for my Lady, you ſhall open for me, that you ſhall.

[*Exit* NAN *ſinging*, "*Better my Fortune as other Girls do.*"

JOEY. (*Solus.*) Ecod! you've ſpoil'd my Fortune; what will become of me? before I've time enough to be ſet down *in* my place, I ſhall be kick'd *out* on't.

Enter Frank.

FRANK. Where's Hearty? (*Joey gives him Letter, he looks at it.*) For my Uncle, how came it open?

JOEY. It's open'd.

FRANK. Why if it's you that——— do you know that opening another Man's Letter is tranſportation.

JOEY. Is it? then Ecod I'll take the blame upon myſelf, rather than Nan ſhould go to *Botomy Bay*, (*aſide*) 'twas I broke it open Sir ——— but I meant only to——to brake it open——all accident.

FRANK. (*Reads Letter.*) "Sir, Encouraged by your Character, I ſhall to-morrow in Perſon offer you for ſale, ſome *Antique* Rarities! this promiſes ſomething, (*aſide,*) well my Lad, keep your own ſecret, and I'll bring you out of this curs'd Scrape.

JOEY. Do Sir.

FRANK. Any Wafers here?

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JOEY. I believe there's ſome in that Box; but I'll get you a *Haperth.*

FRANK. My old conceited Uncle, has engaged to give me Belinda, when I can prove that it's poſſible to impoſe on him in Antiquities. This may do it, and bring me a convenient ſum beſides, for with all the ridiculous enthuſiaſm of a Virtuoſo, my Uncle has ſmall reading, no teſte, but has a plentiful ſtock of Credulity. *(Wafers the Letter.)*

JOEY. Why I could have done that myſelf.

FRANK. There you dog, ſtand to it ſtoutly *(gives Joey the Letter)* that's the very one you received.

JOEY. A thouſand thanks, kind Sir, *(going.)*

FRANK. But I ſhall want a diſguiſe; *(aſide)* Harkee, you've put on your new Livery ſince you came, where are your own Cloaths?

JOEY. In the Butler's Pantry, for you muſt know Sir, when I com'd, I was waundy hungry, ſo I went there to get a Snack.

FRANK. Quick, go give the Letter.

JOEY. Yes Sir. [*Exit Joey.*

FRANK. *(ſolus.)* Ha, ha, ha, Yes Uncle, if you have Caſh, to buy Antiquities, I'm a ſtupid fellow indeed, if I can't find ſome to ſell you, and if I ſucceed; hey to Southampton with the triumphant news to Belinda.

[*Exit Frank.*

SCENE.—COCKLETOP'S *Study.*

Cockletop with Spectacles on, reading Letter, Joey following.

JOEY. That's the very Letter, I was deſired to give it you, I aſſure you Sir, it was not

COCKLETOP. The things this learned Mat mentions here are really very curious.

JOEY. Sir, here be Mr. Napkin, the Butler coming.

" Enter Napkin."

NAPKIN. Sir, a man wants you *there below.*

COCKLETOP. Then Sir, do you ſend him up *here above.*

NAPKIN. *(to Joey.)* Eh! what are you idling here? come, come, I'll ſhew you the buſineſs of a Footman, you muſt toaſt the Muffins for mine, and Mrs. Flounce's Breakfaſt.

JOEY. I will Sir, and broil a beef-ſtake for my own.

[*Exit Napkin; Joey following.*

COCKLETOP. *(ſolus.)* Only that my Brain is for ever running on my Wife's charming Niece Belinda; (oh! how I do love her; I love every thing old, but Girls, and Guineas;) I ſhou'd certainly be a ſecond Sir Hans Sloane, ——I'd be a *Solander*, and a Monmouth Geoffry.——Now, who's this?

Enter Frank, diſguiſed in Joey's firſt Cloaths, with a ſmall Hamper on his Shoulders.

FRANK. If my Uncle knows me *now*, he muſt have good Spectacles. *(aſide.)* Meaſter told me, as he told you in Letter, he'd call on you to-morrow with ſome Rarities.

COCKLETOP. Oh, then you belóng to the Gentleman who ſent me this Letter, where does your maſter live?

FRANK. At Brentford, but I be's from Taun-

Taunton Dean, and as I was coming to Town to-day, he thought I might as well drop them here ; if you'll buy them, these be they.

COCKLETOP. Oh! what he's sent *you*, with the things that are mentioned here (*pointing to Letter.*)

FRANK. I warrant 'em all waundy rich ; he gave me such strict charge about'n.

COCKLETOP. Rich ! ah these sordid souls, can't conceive that the most extreme delight to the Eye of an Antiquarian is beautiful Brown Rust, and heavenly Green Verdigrease. Let's see *(reads)* the first is a Neptune's Trident from the Barbarina Gallery.

FRANK. That's it——(*gives a Toasting Fork*)

COCKLETOP. *(Reads)*. One of Niobe's Tears, preserv'd in Spirits.

FRANK. That——(*Gives a Phial.*)

COCKLETOP. Curious ! A piece of Houshold Furniture from the ruins of Herculaneum, comprizing the genuine Section of the Escurial. Precious indeed ! *(aside.)* Section of the Escurial ; ay then it must be in the shape of.——

FRANK. That's it——(*gives an old Gridiron.*)

COCKLETOP. *(Reading.)* " The Cap of William Tell, the celebrated Swiss Patriot, worn when he shot the Apple off his Son's Head.

FRANK. I've forgot to bring any thing, even like that, what shall I do *(aside)*, I warrant it's here Sir.

COCKLETOP. I hope it is, for I will not buy *one*, without all.

FRANK. Then all you shall have, (*aside*) *Pretends to look in the Hamper, but pick up Cockletop's*

Cockletop's Hat, and with a Penknife, cuts out the Brim, " That's it may hap ?"

COCKLETOP. Great ! this is indeed, what the Romans call'd the *Pi-leus*, or Cap of Liberty : (*puts it on his Head, and Reads* ;) " Half a Yard of Cloth, from Otaheite, being a part of the Mantle of Queen Oberea, presented by her to Captain Cook.

FRANK. Zounds, I was in such a hurry to get to work, that I've forgot half my tools.

COCKLETOP. Where's the Cloth from Otaheite ?

FRANK. I dare say its here, (*feels the Coat he has on,*) no mustn't hurt poor Joey. Eh ! (*Cuts off the skirt of Cockletop's Coat while he's admiring the things*) belike that's it,—(*gives it*)

COCKLETOP What wonderful soft texture ; we've no such Cloth in England, this must have been the Fleece of a very fine sheep.

FRANK. Ay, taken from the Back of an old stupid Ram.

COCKLETOP. Speak of what you understand you Clown, much talk may betray little knowledge. Cut your Coat according to your Cloth.

FRANK. Yes Sir, I cut your Coat according to your Cloth. I must fix him in his opinion now, with a little finesse, (*aside.*) Measter do expect Fifty Pounds for his Balderdash.

COCKLETOP. Here's the Money.

FRANK. No, if he even thought you such a fool to give it, he must be a Rogue to take it, but he shan't make me a party. I'll let him know, I'm an honest Man ; Damm'e I don't throw them in the kennel, and quit his service.—— (*Going to take them.*)

COCKLETOP. (*Haſtily.*) Leave them there, and take the Money to your Maſter, or I'll make him ſend you to the Devil, you thick Scull Buffalo.

FRANK. Not a Penny of it, will I touch.

COCKLETOP. Here my good fellow; here's a Guinea for yourſelf; there. ——(*Gives Money.*)

FRANK. Thank you Sir; tho' I do think youre an old Fool, and that you are moſt confoundedly humm'd.

COCKLETOP. Old fool! get you out of my Houſe you Scoundrel, or I'll—(*takes up a Blunderbuſs,*) blow you to Taunton Dean you Dog, I will, "*Frank runs off.*"

Enter Mrs. Cockletop and Mrs. Camomile.
"*They both Scream.*"

MRS. CAMOMILE. Heavens! Mr. Cockletop, will you kill us?

MRS. COCKLETOP. Lord! what's on your Head?

COCKLETOP. The Cap of Liberty; oh the ſuper beautiful purchaſe I have juſt made; ſuch a charming addition to my little curious collection; Mrs. Camomile you've taſte, I'll give you a treat.——I'll ſhew her all, (*aſide.*)

MRS. COCKLETOP (*Looking at the Things.*) Heavens! who has done this?

COCKLETOP. Pliny the elder.

Enter Flounce.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Here take theſe, and them——

MR. COCKLETOP. Lay your fingers on them, and I'll—Strabo, Campden——and Biſhop Pocock—Madam you ſhou'd. (*to Mrs. Camomile*) that is you——you do know——

you're a Dilitante. I ſay you are a celebrated Dilli———and———Now what a fine diſcourſe an F. R. S., wou'd make on theſe, Madam I ſay.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Bleſs me! who has trimm'd you thus?

COCKLETOP. Sir Aſhton Lever, I wiſh your Huſband Doctor Camomile was in town; I've here *ſuch* a *Feaſt*, for the venerable *Bede*. Travellers, come, and lay at my feet, the wonderful fruits of their wiſe reſearches. Awake!—prepare your underſtanding, here's a tear, of—the Devil, I forgot who cried this tear (*aſide.*) Hem! it's a precious drop, preſerv'd in ſpirits.

FLOUNCE. Ha, ha, ha.

COCKLETOP. Get along you moſt ſcandelous tongued, I deſire Mrs. Cockletop you'll order your ſlip-ſlop out of the Muſeum, then here is a moſt valuable—(*takes up Toaſting Fork.*)

Enter Joey.

JOEY. Here, I'm ſent to broil Beef-ſtakes, and toaſt Muffins, the Cook ſaid Mr. Frank took, and brought out of the kitchen the—

COCKLETOP. They all coſt me only Fifty Pounds; this is a Neptune's Trident, and this piece of Furniture from Herculaneum, the model of the Eſcurial, built in Honor of St. Lawrence who was broil'd on—

JOEY. Thanke'e Sir; I was looking for the Toaſting Fork, and Gridiron.

[*Takes them and Exit.*

FLOUNCE. Ha, ha, ha,

COCKLETOP. What is that?

MRS. COCKLETOP. Why Mr. Cockletop what have you been about here?

MRS. CAMOMILE. Only look.

COCK-

COCKLETOP. I believe I'm bit. Taunton Dean: he was a Rogue. (*Looks at his Coat and Hat.*) Is my face genuine?

MRS. COCKLETOP. Why 'tis an Antique; but indeed my dear, you don't look well.

COCKLETOP. Dont I?

MRS. CAMOMILE. This may help my ſcheme, to get him out of town (*aſide*) my dear ſir, I wou'd not ſhock you, but you look——

COCKLETOP. Do I?

MRS. CAMOMILE. My huſband, the Doctor often told me, that your *Bodily* Illneſs, always had an effect upon your mind.

COCKLETOP. No man living underſtands my conſtitution, but Doctor Camomile; I muſt be (*feeling his Pulſe*) phlebotomiz'd.

MRS. CAMOMILE. When a Gentleman of your knowledge is ſo groſsly dup'd, it's a certain ſign——

COCKLETOP. It is, that I'm ill, or I never cou'd have been taken in.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Lud, I wiſh your Huſband the Doctor was in Town.

MRS CAMOMILE. I adviſe Mr. Cockletop to go to him to Wincheſter.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Here Napkin, order the Horſes to? Your poor Maſter will go to the Doctor at Wincheſter.

Enter Napkin.

COCKLETOP. Ay, ay, to the Doctor,—to Wincheſter. [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cockletop.*

MRS. CAMOMILE. Napkin, Ha, ha, ha, here's an opportunity for our Plan; you know, as we've all without ſucceſs repeatedly endeavoured to perſwade the old Couple, to ſettle ſome

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Pro-

Proviſion on their Niece and Nephew Frank, and Belinda.

NAPKIN. Ay, we muſt try Stratagem.

MRS. CAMOMILE. The excuſe your Miſtreſs gives is the chance of her having Children of her own, whom ſhe can't wrong, by laviſhing their Patrimony on others.

NAPKIN. Ha, ha, ha, then to put her out of all Hopes of *that*, as you have ſettled, we'll make her believe my Maſter's dead, and as I am now going into the Country with him, leave that to me.

MRS. CAMOMILE. I fancy 'twill be eaſy, as ſhe already thinks him ill———

NAPKIN. And weak; heard him threaten to climb up the mouldering Walls of Nettleſton Abbey in ſearch of a Sprig of Ivy, or an Owl's Neſt, and if I can't invent a Story to bring the old Gentleman tumbling down——

MRS. CAMOMILE. Ha, ha, ha, and make your Miſtreſs, the mourning Widow, eſtabliſh the dear, amiable young couple, well, and happy.

NAPKIN. 'Twill be an excellent Joke to laugh at, over their Wedding Supper, but I muſt prepare for the Journey.

MRS. CAMOMILE. And I, home, to comfort poor Belinda, only do you act your part, moſt dolefully natural, and we muſt proſper.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE—Mrs. Camomile's House.

Enter Frank in High Spirits, and Joey.

FRANK.

HOLLO! Mrs. Camomile! here's a nick, ha, ha, ha, honeſt fellow; my Horſe is at the Livery Stables t'other ſide of Weſtminſter Bridge, you'd beſt ſtep on before me, have him out ready, you'll not have a moment to loſe (*Exit Joey,*) ha, ha, ha! well my mock Curioſities may have a better effect on my Uncle than Hearty's real ones; if they can help to cure him of an abſurd whim, that makes him the dupe of Impoſtors, flinging his Money after things of no utility (*looks at his Watch*) getting late, I'd like to ſee if Mrs. Camomile has any commands for her friend Belinda, (*Enter Belinda*) then hey for my divine Belinda.

BELINDA. Pray Sir, whither in ſuch a monſtrous hurry?

FRANK. My love, in the name of miracles how did you get here?

BELINDA. You know we've the beſt friend in the World, in dear Mrs. Camomile, the Miſtreſs of this Houſe.

Enter Mrs. Camomile.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Come, come, you happy pair of Turtles—this Room is the Stage for a little Comedy I'm to act with your Aunt, of which I hope your Union will prove the Denouement.

Enter FLOUNCE.

FLOUNCE. Madam, my miſtreſs is juſt drove up to the door.

BELINDA. Oh Heavens! if ſhe finds I have run to Town, (*going.*)

MRS. CAMOMILE. Stop, ſhe'll meet you on the ſtairs.

BELINDA. This way, Frank—when my Aunt comes in here, we'll ſlip down.

MRS. CAMOMILE. But Belinda, you'll tell Frank, what we're both at, and trip directly home, and you and all the Servants on with your Sables.

FRANK. Sables! What, to celebrate my true-love's Birth Day, no, now that my cruſty Uncle's out of Town, and I have caſh, I'll have ſuch a roaring entertainment at home ——Tol——derol lol. (*Sings.*)

BELINDA. Will you hold your tongue, and come along, (*pulls him.*)

[*Exit Belinda and Frank.*

MRS. CAMOMILE. If my little plot on their Aunt but proſpers——Flounce, run and deſire Napkin to con over the Leſſon I taught him, and look as diſmal as an Executor left without a Legacy.

FLOUNCE. And Madam, I'll bid him keep his Handkerchief to his Eyes, for fear an unfortunate laugh ſhould come on his Face, and ſpoil all——Here's my Miſtreſs Madam, I wiſh you ſucceſs. [*Exit Flounce.*

Enter MRS. COCKLETOP *elegantly dreſſed.*

MRS. COCKLETOP. Oh Mrs. Camomile!

MRS. CAMOMILE. Well, how do you do?

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MRS. COCKLETOP. Our houſe ſeems ſo melancholy ſince my poor dear Man has left Town, that now I can't bear to ſtay at home.

MRS. CAMOMILE, *(aſide.)* And when he was at home, you was always gadding.

MRS. COCKLETOP. I forgot to ſhew you my dreſs, had it made up for Cordelia, in our intended Play at Mr. Pathos's; as you were not there, I put it on to conſult your Taſte.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Oh my dear Creature, I forgot to thank you for my Ticket, but excuſe me, that an engagement——

MRS. COCKLETOP. Ha! ha! ha! You had no loſs, for our Tragedy was converted into a Ball——Lear you know was our Play—which we got up with every care and elegance; Well, Ma'am, Colonel Toper, who was to have play'd Gloſter, having conquer'd too many Bottles of Burgundy after Dinner, *(mimicks.)* "No, damme, I be for none of "your Stage——I'll ſit in the Side Boxes "among the Ladies, begin your Play by "yourſelves"——So ſays my Lord Brainleſs, I'll make an apology, and I'll——"Ladies "and Gentlemen, Colonel Toper having "been ſuddenly taken ill, hopes for your uſu-"al indulgence to accept a Dance inſtead of "the Tragedy"——The Fiddles ſtruck up Mrs. Caſey, and Audience and Actors join'd in a Country Dance——'Pon my Honor, tho' I laugh I am exceedingly melancholy.

MRS. CAMOMILE. You've nothing to make you uneaſy, you are ſure, that with my Huſband Doctor Camomile, Mr. Cockletop is in ſafe hands.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Well, Mrs. Camomile it aſtoniſhes me how you can be cheerful while your Huſband's abſent; but indeed its rather

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rather unfortunate when people are found wi
hearts of more ſenſibility than others.

Enter BETTY.

Why, Ma'am, here's Mr. Napkin juſt con
below.

MRS. COCKLETOP. But is his maſter r
turn'd too?

MRS. CAMOMILE. Well if he is nc
why ſhould that alarm you?

MRS. COCKLETOP. Then perhaps Na
kin has brought word, where is he? Wh
don't he come up——Napkin——*(Call'*
Torture me with ſuſpence——Oh Lord Mr
Camomile if any thing's the matter, I ſhall d
(agitated.)

Enter NAPKIN *much ſplaſh'd, in a large Tr*
velling Dreſs, and ſeemingly fatigued.

NAPKIN. My dear good Maſter. *(Cr*
ing.)

MRS. COCKLETOP. My Huſband—C
Lord; ſpeak, pray ſpeak.

NAPKIN. Madam, will you have hi
brought up to Town, or ſhall he be buried
the Country? *(Weeps.)*

MRS. CAMOMILE. Dead!

NAPKIN. I wiſh, Henry the eighth h
levell'd Nettleſton Abbey, my ſweet Maſte
thriſt of knowledge—ſuch a height—top of t
old Spire—his Head giddy—feeble Limbs—
ſtretching too far, a Stone giving way—tl
I caught him by the Heel—Head foremoſt
corner of a Tombſtone—Daſh—Oh!

[*Weeps and Ex*

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MRS. COCKLETOP. My fears are true—I faint——I die——pleaſe to reach that Chair.

(Mrs. Camomile places a Chair; Mrs. Cockletop deliberately wipes it with her Hanakerchief, ſeats herſelf—takes out a Smelling Bottle, applies it, and affects to Swoon:)

MRS. CAMOMILE. Nay, nay, my dear Friend, pray be comforted.

MRS. COCKLETOP, *(recovering.)* Comforted, did you ſay? how is that poſſible, my dear Mrs. Camomile, when I've heard you yourſelf remark that Mourning don't become me—tho' if I was to dreſs like Almeria in the Mourning Bride—

MRS. CAMOMILE. To confeſs the truth, I was afraid to tell you, but I before knew of this melancholy event, and there that fooliſh Boy, your Nephew Frank, thro' his zealous reſpect for the memory of his Uncle, has contrary to all cuſtom and decorum, already order'd the whole Family to put on the black Clothes that were only t'other day laid by when the Mourning for your Brother-in-Law expir'd.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Madam, you're very obliging.

MRS. CAMOMILE. I ſee this loſs bears hard upon your mind, therefore it mayn't be proper ſo ſoon troubling you with worldly affairs—But now my dear, you'll have no Children of your own, indeed you ſhould think of ſome eſtabliſhment for your Niece Belinda.

MRS. COCKLETOP. I'll firſt eſtabliſh my Huſband's Nephew Frank, merely to ſhew I prefer my dear Man's Relations to my own.

MRS. CAMOMILE This will anſwer the ſame purpoſe, as Frank marries Belinda, *(aſide.)*—Well ſhall I tell the Lad your good intentions towards him?

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MRS.

MRS. COCKLETOP. You're very goo
I'll tell him myself—but I'll first consult ye
my good Friend on the thoughts I have in m
mind how to make him happy, but in my inte
view with the Boy, I wouldn't have any boo
else by; the hour of sorrow's sacred, it's
cruel world, and people luxurious, sensua
gay, and fortunate, have no feeling for th
disconsolate Widow.

MRS. CAMOMILE. My dear creatur
endeavour to keep up your spirits.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Ah Friend, wh
should a poor Woman do that has lost so goo
a Husband, but try to—to get a better, *(asid*
[*Exeu*

SCENE.—COCKLETOP'S HOUSE.

Enter FRANK, *elevated with Wine, and* B
LINDA, *both in Mourning—and* NAN.

FRANK. Ha, ha, ha! this is the m
whimsical thought of your friend Mrs. Cam
mile.

BELINDA. Isn't it charming?

FRANK. Your Aunt, and indeed t
whole Family except Mrs. Flounce, actua
believe, that my Uncle's dead; this is yo
Natal Day, the birth of Beauty; I'll give
entertainment upon my Soul, ha, ha, h
pert Mrs. Flounce says, Oh, Sir; I can't r
any Bills with the Tradespeople—but de
Bills and Credit, while we've Money—n
Uncle's curiosity Guineas shall fly—Illumina
the Rooms, brilliant Lustres, Gerandoles a
Chandeliers.

NAN. Yes sir! la! now wh

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do all this? Mr. John, light the Cluſtres, Jerridoles, and Chanticleers. *(Calls off.)*

BELINDA. Lord Frank what's come to you?

FRANK. Money and long ſeparated Friends have a joyful meeting—prepare the Saloon-Bell, we will have a Ball.

NAN. Air the Balloon, for Maſter's going to play Ball.

FRANK. And lay Supper, then let Napkin ſend for a Pipe and Tabor, for a Dance we muſt have, tol, lol, lol.

BELINDA. But indeed now this is extravagance.

FRANK. Can't I afford a little extravagance? an't my kind Aunt to give me my Uncle's Caſh, then my Belinda you and I go to Church, and Hymen in his ſaffron Robes ſhall lead us to the roſy Bower.

BELINDA. For Heavens ſake Frank, a little decency before the ſervants, how unfeeling muſt they think you.

FRANK. I'll ſhew you the feeling of ſervants for ſuch a maſter.

Enter THOMAS, *and two Maids in Mourning.*

Harkee! Tom, the Coachman, you know your maſter's no more.

THOMAS. Ay, ſir, Death has whip'd his Horſes to their journey's end, to our great ſorrow.

FRANK. Poor Tom! I'm told you're ſo griev'd, you have ſworn never to touch a drop of Punch as long as you live.

THOMAS. Me! I'll be damn'd if I ever ſwore any ſuch thing.

FRANK. Ha! ha! ha! a jovial bout the ſervants ſhall have. Fly, and every one bring in his Hand ſomething toward the good cheer

SCENE.—A SALOON *illuminated*, TABLE *and* CLOTH *laid.*

Enter COCKLETOP *in a Storm Cap.*

COCKLETOP. All my doors open, this blowy Night reminds me of the Lisbon Earthquake, but my Storm Cap, has protected me, ——odd my not finding Belinda at Southampton,——I wish I had come into Town over London-Bridge; that now is a sort of young ruin——but then over Westminster-Bridge, to see my man Joey, mounted like the Emperor of Morocco's Blackamoor—— I'm not sorry Napkin left me, nobody knows now I've been after my sweet Belinda—how glad my loving Wife will be when she finds I am come home and well—(*Looks about.*) Eh, my dearee has company——this don't speak much feeling for my illness.

Enter THOMAS *with Plates, not perceiving him.*

THOMAS. While Napkin is uncorking the Wine, I'll see if I can't spread a Table-Cloth as well as a Hammer Cloth. (*Lays Plates.*) I wonder who drives my old master now in t'other World,——does he go up or down Hill?

COCKLETOP. Eh! now who has put Thomas my Coachman into Mourning? As I left you a pied Zebra, why do I find you a black Bear? (*Strikes him with a Cane.*)

THOMAS. Get up! (*Suddenly turning, is terrify'd and sneaks off.*)

COCKLETOP. What's all this about?

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Enter NAN *with Sallad, places it on Table, then plucks a bit.*

NAN. I love's Beet-Root.——(*puts it to her Mouth.*)

COCKLETOP. Yes, and so do I.—— Tell me young Woman, for whom are you in Mourning.

[*Exit* NAN *Screaming.*

COCKLETOP. Haven't I mistook the House? I believe I'm at next door.

Enter NAPKIN *and* FLOUNCE.

NAPKIN. Ha, ha, ha! Flounce if you had seen how capitally doleful I play'd my part.

FLOUNCE. None of your dolefuls now—Master's out of Town, Mistress safe at Mrs. Camomile's, the House to ourselves and the young Pair—since Mr. Frank will treat us to a little hop.

NAPKIN. Ay Flounce, for Music you know I'm no bad scraper.

FLOUNCE. No, Napkin—nothing gives so much Spirit to a Dance as a Pipe and Tabor—so send out and see if one can be had.

Enter two Maids and a Footman, with a Violin.

NAPKIN. My Fiddle John, (*takes it.*) Now listen Flounce for our Country Dance; only mind the Violin, why I'll lift up Jacky Bull sprightly enough to move the Dead. Ay ever, to make our old master Caper about.—(*Plays.*) (*Servants join in the Dance, in the midst of which Cockletop comes dancing before them, they Scream*

COCKLETOP. So my good Friend, I bring you into the Country, you leave me ſick, ſneak away, and here I find you like Nero at Rome, raſping your Cremona, explain what brings you all in black—if any body's deceas'd, why do you celebrate the Funeral rights with Feaſting and Fiddling; and if nobody's dead, why change my Dovehouſe into a Rookery. *(Napkin puts a Handkerchief to his Eyes.)* Oh then there is ſomebody! who is it? Eh, tell me! Vexation an't I to know? 'Sblood, are people to die in my Houſe, and the Maſter not to be told?

NAPKIN. What, or who ſhall I ſay? *(aſide.)*

COCKLETOP. What am I to think of all this?

NAPKIN. Why Sir, from ſeeing us all in Black—you're to think——that—that.

COCKLETOP. What?

NAPKIN. That we're in Mourning.

COCKLETOP. But for whom? it can't be my friend Mrs. Camomile, or my Nephew Frank? oh Lord, if it ſhould be Miſs Belinda ——no, no, they wouldn't Fiddle and Dance for them——now there is one belov'd perſon that I don't care a farthing for *(aſide.)*——yet I left her ſo well——I ſee they are afraid to ſhock me——Napkin is it——is it.——

[*Napkin ſhakes his Head and Exits ſlowly.*

COCKLETOP. It is—my—wi—wi——— wife———'tis ſo, his ſilence is a Funeral Oration *(Capers about.)*

Enter JOEY *Shivering as if Cold.*

JOEY. Oh, ho! it be a bitter ſharp Night, my hands are ſtone.

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COCK-

COCKLETOP. Are you petrified, I wish you were; I'd put you in a case.

JOEY. But, Sir, here we come home, find all our Servants in Mourning, and when I ask for whom, they shake their Heads and walk away.

COCKLETOP. Joey, it's for——for your Mistress.

JOEY. My Lady dead! I believe I ought to cry *(aside.)*—*(Lifts up the Skirt of his Coat.)*

COCKLETOP. The gentle Friend and Companion of my youth, *(weeps.)*

JOEY. Yes, I should cry. *(aside.)* Oh! *(Cries.)*

COCKLETOP. The best of Wives——— *(Sorrowful.)*

JOEY. The Kindest Mistress, *(imitating.)*

COCKLETOP. Yet my servants rejoicing shews, how ill she was beloved.

JOEY. Yes Sir, I said to myself when I com'd, Joey, said I, you have got a good master, but a bad Mistress.

COCKLETOP. Stay, I'm releas'd from her extravagant Vagaries, why she'd give as much for a little Toilette Patch Box as would purchase the black Letter Palace of Pleasure——her weeks Hair Dressing would buy me Colley Cibber's Foppington Wig—Then her temper.

JOEY. She was a wixen Devil.

COCKLETOP. With her Lace Cap and her Fripperies,—her private Plays, with her Denoument and Catastrophe.

JOEY. If I didn't suspect she play'd in private with that Mr. Denumong behind the Tapestry.

COCKLETOP. I've no right to be so sad.

JOEY. Yes sir, we mun be glad, ha, ha, ha! he, he, he.

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COCK-

COCKLETOP. The Funeral over——I'll do what I've long wiſhed, convert her Dreſſing-Room into my Muſeum——the Room has an Eaſtern Proſpect——the Windows face Athens——tho' diſgraced now by Cockſpur Perfumery, and Fleet Street Japannery——I'll remove her things out of it.

JOEY. Kick them down Stairs, an't you Man of the Houſe?

COCKLETOP. I am! you're but a boy—but I ſee you've ſpirit—follow me to her Dreſſing Room.

JOEY. Yes Sir.——Hem!

[*Exeunt P. S.*

Enter MRS. COCKLETOP *and* NAN *in Mourning.*

MRS. COCKLETOP. Every Room, every Article of Furniture only reminds me of my dear Man——my belov'd Frank's ill tim'd mirth don't correſpond with his haſte in getting every body into Mourning, but indeed my poor huſband was never an uncle to him.

NAN. Oh madam, you look ſo well in your weeds.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Do I?——tho' I revere the memory of my late Huſband, yet his ridiculous paſſion for Shells, Foſſils, and Antique Nonſenſe was got to ſuch an intolerable height——I was determined on the firſt opportunity I'd fling all his rubbiſh out of the Houſe, and now I'll do it, its a good large room, and I think taſtily fitted up will make me a moſt beautiful little Theatre——the thought charms me, but alas my charmer is no more. I'll inſtantly go up, and throw all his old Coppers and Crocodiles out——his

Digitized by Google Muſeum

Muſeum (*as he call'd it*) is a moſt horrid place, but I will have it clear'd out, do you come and help me.

NAN. Yes, an't pleaſe you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JOEY *with Ban-Boxes and Toilet Furniture.*

JOEY. Ha! ha, ha! if our Miſtreſs could but pop her head out of her Coffin, and ſee what a fine rummage we have made among her falderals, trinketies, and ginglibobs (*Reads the Inſcription of a Bottle*) A, by itſelf A. l-o-lo-t-i-ti-on, lotion for the Face, (*Drinks*) Face! Ecod I think it's a good Notion for the Stomach ——the very thing I wanted to warm my gay little Heart——they ſay what people ſet their Hearts on in this world, runs ſo much in their Heads, that even in 'tother they can't reſt if they ſhould be diſturbed ——Maiſter ſays he'll give theſe to the Flames——I'll aſk him to give them to my Flame pretty Nan——if ſhe gets this here cap upon her pate, and our Lady Miſtreſs was to come ſtalking in with a Candle in her dead hand.

Enter Mrs. Cockletop with a Candle.

And then ſays Nan, with a Trembling Voice "Who's here" not perceiving her.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Don't be afraid Joey, its only me:

JOEY. Mercy on us. (*Trembling.*)

MRS. COCKLETOP. Heaven's! who pull-'d my things about this way?

JOEY. Now the Devil was in our Maſter, that he could'nt let'n bide—I thought we ſhould have her up. (*aſide.*)

MRS. COCKLETOP. Who did it?

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JOEY. Will it quiet your poor Soul? (*Frighted.*)

MRS. COCKLETOP. Bid Nan make haſte down to me.

JOEY. Down! then ſhe's, (*points down.*) Ah, theſe London Ladies lead tory rory lives, (*aſide.*)

MRS. COCKLETOP. Nan, (*calls.*)

JOEY. Don't hurt Nan——I'll go for a Parſon. [*Exit terrified.*

MRS. COCKLETOP. Parſon! then my intention to marry Frank is already known among the ſervants——but I'll ſee how Flounce dare to let my room be ranſack'd in this manner. [*Exit in a paſſion.*

SCENE.—*Changes to a dark Apartment.*—*A* TABLE *cover'd with* GREEN CLOTH *on.*

Enter JOEY *with a Candle.*

JOEY: I've left the Parſon in the Room—who's there? but he inſiſts it be Auld Maſter that's dead——the good Gentleman that juſt now with me for Madam's death cried ſo fine, all alive and merry: but this ſtupid Miniſter won't believe it, ſo if he meets her there, and her ſpirit ſtill diſturbed about her rumplified Caps, ſhe'll give it him for certain; I know nought where maſter's got to, and the ſervants ſeem all to hide. Can't find Nan, I would we were both ſafe again in the Country ——Well, I've ſaved this drop of Cordial—Who's you? Heaven defend us ſhe is come again—I have no hopes now but my Bottle and this Table. (*Puts out Candle and gets under the Table.*)

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Enter MRS. COCKLETOP.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Frank! *(calls.)* This is the room I desired Mrs. Camomile to bid him meet me in, and here he comes this way —Frank—*(Calls in a low Voice.)* I'm glad there's no light tho'; to discover my blushes at the open declaration I must make him.

Enter COCKLETOP.

COCKLETOP. As dark as an Egyptian Catacomb. Belinda venturing to Town must be on the report of her Aunt's death, and if Hearty has told her——I'll speak to her here.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Are you there?

COCKLETOP. Yes, 'tis she. I wish we had a light——where are you, you little Guinea Pig?

MRS. COCKLETOP. Eh, my dear when I bury Mr. Cockletop.

COCKLETOP. Bury me—*(aside.)*——When for you I'll make a mummy of Mrs. Cockletop.

MRS. COCKLETOP. Angels and Ministers! it's the ghost of my deceas'd Husband come to upbraid me——oh much wrong'd Spouse!

COCKLETOP. Spouse! it's the Spirit of my wife—Oh Lord! oh great injured Goblin! *(Falls on their Knees at opposite sides.)*

JOEY. Oh here's the Parson striving to lay my Mistress—but she'll surely tear his head off—it's my poor dear Master—help, murder!

Enter

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Enter HEARTY *with Candles*—MRS. CAMOMILE *and* BELINDA.

MRS. CAMOMILE. Eh! what work's here?

JOEY. My Lady's ghoſt teairng old Maſter to pieces (*Riſing in haſte, overſets the Table and Runs off.*)

MRS. COCKLETOP. Mr Cockletop alive!

COCKLETOP. My wife not dead!

FRANK. Uncle, you promis'd that when proved to be deceived in Antiquities, Belinda ſhould be mine (*Speaking in a feigned Voice*) Now zure beſides the Fifty Pounds, give her to poor Taunton Dean.

COCKLETOP. Was't you? take her; I was a wiſe man till my brain got Love coddled—ſo my dear let's forgive Frank and Belinda, and forget our follies.

HEARTY. Come, come, let us transfer our paſſion for ancient Virtue to the encouragement of Modern Genius.—Had not Rome and Athens, cheriſh'd the Arts of their times, they'd have left no Antiquities for us to admire.—

MRS. COCKLETOP. Why rake for gems the aſhes of the dead,
And ſee the living artiſt pine for bread.

FRANK. Give,
While you live.
Heirs that find caſh in corners,
Will at your Funeral, make Right Merry Mourners.

THE END.

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ROBIN HOOD,

A

COMIC OPERA.

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ROBIN HOOD;

OR,

SHERWOOD FOREST:

A

COMIC OPERA.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By LEONARD MAC NALLY, Esq.

With all the Additional Songs lately introduced.

DUBLIN:
Printed for Messrs. SLEATER, CHAMBERLAINE, BYRNE, MOORE, JONES, PERRIN, and DORNIN.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

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TO

Mr. WM. SHIELD,

Compoſer to the THEATRE-ROYAL, Covent-Garden.

SIR,

GIL BLAS adviſed a friend who had written for the ſtage with ſucceſs, to publiſh his works, obſerving that as he had impoſed upon the public by the repreſentation of bad pieces, he ought to open their eyes in gratitude for the reception they had met. This Opera, I fear, like the works of the Spaniſh dramatiſt, tho' applauded on the ſtage, may fall under cenſure in the cloſet, where

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN, Residents in the Forest.

ROBIN HOOD, Captain of the Outlaw Archers, —	Mr. DAVIES.
LITTLE JOHN, his Friend and Bow-bearer, —	Mr. QUICK.
SCARLET, a principal Outlaw,	Mr. BRETT.
BOWMAN, another Outlaw,	Mr. CUBITT.
OUTLAWS and Archers,	Mr. DARLEY, Mr. BOYLE, Mr. BAKER, &c.
ALLEN A DALE, the Shepherd of the Forest, —	Mr. KENNEDY.

MEN, Visitors to the Forest.

RUTTEKIN, an itinerant Tinker,	Mr. EDWIN.
BARON FITZHERBERT, disguised as Friar Tuck, —	Mr. WILSON.
EDWIN, the Hermit of the Dale,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.

WOMEN, Residents in the Forest.

STELLA, a Shepherdess,	Miss WHEELER.
LASSES,	Mrs. DAVENETT. Miss. BRANGIN.

WOMEN, not resident in the Forest.

CLORINDA, Huntress of Tilbury,	Mrs. MARTYR.
ANNETTE, the tiny Foot-page,	Mrs. WILSON.
ANGELINA, a Pilgrim,	Mrs. BANNISTER.

The SCENE lies in Sherwood Forest.

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ROBIN HOOD;

OR,

SHERWOOD FOREST.

ACT I.

Scene a deep wood terminating in a viſto.—Several cots ſhaded by trees: on one ſide of the ſtage, Archers making arrows; on the other ſide, Stella *and other women with diſtaffs, ſitting at their ſeveral doors.*

GLEE.

IN Sherwood's grove,
The ſweets of love,
We'll taſte and drink till we're mellow;
With dimpled ſmiles,
Sly winks and wiles,
Each laſs will pleaſe her fellow,
Ranting,
Flanting,
Gay gallanting,
Such ſport the like ne'er ſeen O!
Hey down derry, derry,
Merry maids and archers,
Tripping it on the green O.—

Bowman. Here comes little John.——

Enter

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Enter JOHN, *carrying a large bow.*

John. Well ſung and ſtrongly, my blithe lads and hearty laſſes—like true out-laws who lighten the heavy purſes of the rich with clear conſciences, ſhare your booty with the poor, and waſh down repentance with cups of nappy brown ale.

Stella. Girls, let us retire.

[*The women retire into the cots.*

Bowman. Why are we called out-laws, John?

John. I'll tell you. Laws were made to puniſh rogues; but we being honeſt fellows, are put out of the law.

Bowman. Then honeſty and law are not found together.

John. True; and therefore being honeſt we live againſt the law; and yet, with due defference to the learned profeſſion, we live honeſtly as thoſe who live by the law.

Bowman. Right, John.

John. Mark—We kill the King's deer, and are called thieves; but who are the greateſt thieves, we who feed on royal veniſon, or thoſe who prey upon his majeſty's liege ſubjects? Stand cloſe and attend to me, lads—our captain, the brave earl of Huntingdon, has a call upon our ſervice, therefore every man muſt look to his arms; let your quivers be well ſtocked with arrows, and ſee that your bow-ſtrings are all ſound. This night we ſally forth on an expedition.

Bowman. What is the cauſe?

John. Our captain you all know was betrothed to the fair Clorinda, niece to Baron Fitz Herbert. You alſo know, that on the very eve of marriage he was ordered from court.

Bowman. True.

John. Now this was all owing to the biſhop of Hereford, who maliciouſly poiſoned the royal ear, and the inſtant the noble Huntingdon became an object

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ject of the King's displeasure, the whole court tribe, even the very caterpillars who fed upon his bounty, avoided him as if he was contagious.

Bowman. But we, John, stuck to him, and will while we have life.

John. Give me your hand—a man never truly knows his friends till misfortune overtakes him. But mark—Our leader's heart is fixed upon the lady Clorinda, and she loves him with equal ardour; but the proud Baron, her uncle, keeps her locked up, and prevents all intercourse between them.

Bowman. Why not attack the Baron's castle and carry her off by force.—

John. That's the business you are to be employed on—we will execute it this very night; but not a word to Robin, voluntary service is most valuable, and to-morrow, I trust, we shall be able to present his mistress to him—(*A horn sounds*)—Hark! Scarlet's horn.

Enter SCARLET, *and Archers, with* RUTTEKIN *the Tinker, prisoner; an Archer carrying his budget.*

John. Brave Scarlet, welcome!—Who have we got here? *(Examining Ruttekin)*

Scarlet. We discovered a company of men within the purlieus of the Forest, on their way we suppose to the assizes at Nottingham.

John. On their way to the assizes! O the unconscionable dogs! with intent no doubt to sue their honest debtors.

Scarlet. They fled, and all escaped but this fellow.

John. What are you sirrah?

Ruttekin. A tinker and a fool, but no knave.

John. Well distinguished; for though all knaves are fools, all fools are not knaves. Where do you reside, tinker?

Ruttekin. Where I stand, I carry my shop on my back, as the snail carries his house; am always at home, yet am a traveller.

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John. A fool a traveller! but that is no new caſe, many of our travellers having proved themſelves fools. Let the tinker be free. But ſay, lads, what plunder have you brought in?

Scarlet. Not much. We met a monk, who denied having caſh, but Robin forced him to pray to his titular ſaint for ſome, and after five minutes devotion, on ſearching his reverence, we found twenty broad pieces in his hood; but the money did not remain long with us: falling in with one of the biſhop of Hereford's tenants, who was flying from his habitation, being unable to pay his rent, Robin, with his accuſtomed humanity, made him a preſent of the Friars tribute.

John. Perhaps this fellow is an impoſtor, ſo open his pack (*pointing to* Ruttekin): A good heart may lie in a deformed body; a diamond may be concealed in a dunghill, and why not gold or ſilver in this budget. (*They open the budget and throw out a fowl, a bottle, and loaf*; Ruttekin *leaps into it.*

Ruttekin. Spare my property! my budget contains my ways and means!

Scarlet. Out of the budget, or I'll knock you down.

Ruttekin. What ſtrike a man in his own ſhop?

[*Horn ſounds.*

John. There goes Robin's blaſt and calls me—Away, lads; reinſtate maſter Tinker in poſſeſſion of his ſhop and moveables, and give the poor devil ſome refreſhment. [*Exit.*

Ruttekin. Lead away, my merry folk, and I'll dance after you.

A I R.

I mend pottles and canns,
Hoop juggs, patch kettles and pans,
And over the country trudge it:
I ſing without meaſure,
Nor fear loſs of treaſure,
And carry my all in my budget.

Here

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Here under the green leav'd buſhes
Oh how we'll ſirk it,
Caper and jirk it,
Singing as blithe as thruſhes.

I'm not plagued with a wife,
Live free from conteſt and ſtrife,
Blow high, blow low—Ruttekin never minds it.
I eat when I'm hungry,
Drink when I'm dry,
Join pleaſure wherever I find it.

Here under the the green leav'd buſhes,
Oh how we'll ſirk it,
Caper and jirk it,
Singing as blithe as thruſhes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR *and* JOHN, *fighting with quarter-ſtaves, two* ARCHERS *following.*

1ſt Archer. Well done, John!

2d Archer. Well laid on, Friar!

John Let no man ſtrike who loves me. Friar, you have beaten me ſoundly; I retain the muſic of your fiddle-ſtick in both my ears—O heaven preſerve us from the heavy arm of Mother Church!

Friar. Have I done you juſtice?

John. Yes, juſtice with a vengeance!—To give the devil his due, this infernal divine fights with Chriſtian fortitude—The laſt blow ſtaggered my conſcience. ——But will you live among us, prieſt?

Friar With all my heart, upon this condition, that if you need a chaplain, I may ſerve you and your friends in that capacity.

John. Will you be true?

Friar, To the laſt moment I will be true to you—will attend to ſhrive little John, even at the gallows.

John. I thank your charity, reverend Sir; and, as one good turn deſerves another, be aſſured you ſhall

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not want a friend to ſhake hands with at the gibbet. Our chaplain you ſhall be; a confeſſor, my hearts, will make us new men every day, by abſolving us in the morning for our treſpaſſes over-night.——But we muſt not have too much devotion.

Friar. Never fear—Though I wear the habit of the church, I am no devotee; I love my friends, pray for my enemies, and my principal ſtudy is the art of living well with all mankind.

John. And women kind, I preſume——

Friar. Who ordained you a confeſſor?—But in truth, though I have taken the vow of celibacy, I reprobate a ſingle life among the laity, and think that were the ſuperfluous productions of nature to be pruned away, the buſineſs ſhould commence by lopping off old maids and fuſty batchelors.

John. Right—they are a malignant generation, and, like the rattle ſnake, increaſe in noiſe and venom with their years. To what monaſtery do you belong?

Friar. To none; I am juſt returned from a cruſade.

John. I thought ſo, for you laid on like a Turk.

Enter BOWMAN, *with a ſheathed Sword.*

Bowman. A ſtranger has ſurrendered to one of our out-poſts, and is coming this way. He demands an audience with Robin Hood immediately, and ſends his ſword. [*Delivers the ſword to* John.

John. Conduct the ſtranger before us—and ſee, maſter Bowman, take care of this honeſt Friar; let him have liquor to moiſten the clay, for I ſee by his ruby noſe, he is a wet ſoul with a dry liver.

Friar. Go on, my lad; and remember your orders——let me have liquor plenty to moiſten the clay.——

AIR.

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AIR.

I am juſt arriv'd from the Holy Land,
Over the buſh and under the brier;
And I drink till I neither can ſit, walk or ſtand,
For I am a jolly old Friar,
O I am a merry old Friar.

I've ſwallow'd hogſheads, butts, gallons and quarts,
Over the buſh and under the brier;
So light my heart, miſchance it never thwarts,
For I am a jolly old Friar,
O I am a merry old Friar.

If on my way I meet a bonny laſs,
Over the buſh and under the brier;
Then I a bleſſing give—ſnug on the graſs—
For I am a jolly old Friar,
O I am a merry old Friar.

[*Exeunt* Friar *and* Bowman.

John. Well chaunted and merrily; a goodly pſalm-ſinger: yet his notes would ſound better in a tavern than a cathedral.

Enter EDWIN, *guarded.*

Edwin. I have told you my buſineſs is with Robin Hood only. [*To the guard.*

John. That may be, but you cannot ſee the great Robin, till firſt examined by little John. Who are you, Sir?

Edwin. A *gentleman*, courteous Sir, who wiſhes to be conſidered *your* humble ſervant.

John. Fairly ſpoken---An humble ſervant is good, becauſe it is a rarity, moſt ſervants aſſuming more impudence than their maſters. Now *Gentleman* is bad; though it is a good title to travel with, or live by: for every fellow, who has neither property or profeſſion, and is too lazy to work, begs or plunders under the character of *Gentleman.*

Edwi

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Edwin. I agree with you, Sir, and the country is over-run with ſuch vermin.

John. Here comes our leader———

Enter ROBIN.

Noble Captain, this gentleman, who ſays he is my humble ſervant, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Robin I like his preſence ——You appear a ſoldier, Sir.——Return him his ſword. (*To* John) It is my way to meet every man on equal terms; and if you come for a trial of ſkill, my bow-bearer will ſee fair play.

John. Never doubt my honour; and if you beat Robin to-day, John will indulge you with a bout to-morrow.

Edwin. I would ſpeak in private.

John. Then I withdraw; and, in truth, I am not in good fighting order—Stella has run away with my heart; and this Friar has raiſed ſo many knobs upon my head, it feels like a bunch of grapes. [*Exit.*

Robin. Now Sir what are your commands?

Edwin. Courage and generoſity are congenial qualities: I am confident you poſſeſs the firſt, and doubt not but I ſhall experience the latter.

Robin You ſeem to ſpeak from a brave and candid ſoul. Whatever my men has taken ſhall be returned

Edwin. I only wiſh them to reſtore a hermit's garment. You ſee before you an unhappy man, ſcorned by the woman he loves, urged by deſpair, yet doating on the cauſe of his miſery. O heaven! is there no comfort for me?

AIR.

Ye pow'rs who make virtue your care,
O bend from your bowers above;
Say, why ſhould diſtreſs and deſpair
Be the conſtant attendants on love?

Should

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Should war with its wide-ſpreading waſte,
Of nations the ſcourge and the curſe,
To ten-fold its rage be encreas'd,
The torments of lovers are worſe.

Ye pow'rs who make virtue your care,
O bend from your bowers above;
Say, why ſhould diſtreſs and deſpair
Be the conſtant attendants on love?

Robin. Your ſorrows, breathing the genuine feelings of an injured mind, engage my friendſhip. Is it your intention to join our party? You may command here every thing conducive to your eaſe.

Edwin. You have my thanks; but I muſt refuſe your generous offer. My mind, long labouring with grief, has determined upon retirement: underſtanding there is a hermitage in the Foreſt, lately occupied by a holy man, now dead; there, loſt to the world, I wiſh to become his melancholy ſucceſſor, and pine out a life of wretchedneſs.

Robin. May I enquire who you are?

Edwin. My name is Edwin, ſon to Sir Lancelot Barnard; I am juſt returned from Paleſtine, where for three years ſerving under a borrowed name, I ſought for death in battle.

Robin Command my ſervices. I knew your father well, and often under him repelled my country's foes. The ingratitude of thoſe I loved and ſerved has driven me into this Foreſt, an out-law—but no more of that—though rough in manners, and poſſeſſing aſperity againſt the proud, the avaricious and the luxuriant, you ſhall find me not ungenerous to the diſtreſſed.

Edwin. 'Tis to your generoſity I apply; the ſimplicity of your manners I admire, and deſpiſe the ſuperficial civilities of life: the mind of a ſoldier, like his ſword, is more valuable for its temper than its poliſh.

Robin. Henceforward we are brothers, remember, let us in and drink a pledge to our deepeſt impreſſions

Allen.

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your hand *(takes Edwin's hand)*; I feel for you. Alas! I am myself a lover, and though beloved in return, suffer under all the excruciating pangs of absence.

DUET.

The stag through the forest, when rous'd by the horn,
Sore frighted, high bounding, flies wretched, forlorn;
Quick panting, heart bursting, the hounds now in view,
Speed doubles, speed doubles, they eager pursue.
But 'scaping the hunters, again through the groves,
Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves.
Not so in his soul, who from tyrant Love flies,
The shaft still remains, and despairing he dies.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter ALLEN *and* STELLA.

Allen. I am certain something distresses you: tell me, my dear sister, what is it? I your brother and friend, have a right to question you: believe me, Stella, few women would fall into error, if they made confidants of their male relations.

Stella I do believe you love me, brother; and I hope you have no reason to complain of my wanting affection. Let me ask you a question; What [illegible] you of Will Scarlet?

Allen. That, in manners, he is a vain fop; and, in his heart, a cunning deceiver. Like an over-ripe pear, fair without, but bad within.

Stella. You are right, brother, he is a fop; for when he brings home posies from the meadows, he always culls the sweetest and prettiest to ornament himself; and he is a deceiver, as poor Martha knows her cost. Oh! poor Martha! she was once the [illegible] life [illegible]est.
Ye pow'rs who [illegible]
O bend from yo[illegible]
Say, why should di[illegible] AIR
Be the constant atte[illegible]

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AIR.

" The laughing pow'rs
" That led the wanton hours,
" When May was in her prime,
" Open'd the cells of flow'rs
" To airy paramours,
" And bid the love-ſick poet ſigh in rhyme."

Oh! ſummer all too fair!
Oh! bliſſes all too high!
Oh! might ſhe not have known,
That ſweeteſt flow'r the ſooneſt blown,
Is ſooneſt gone—
That cleareſt ſtream beneath the ſummer ſky
May ſoon be dry!

She never ſaid,
Can my dear love fly,
Till he was fled!

But what think ye of Little John?

Allen. I think him a ruſſetan, a goodly apple, with a plain outſide, but ſound core.

Stella. And I think ſo too; for he ſtrews thyme under my window, when he thinks I do not ſee him; and when he gathers wild ſtrawberries, or filberts, or finds honeycombs in the woods, he always preſents them to me untouched.

Allen. There is as much difference between John and Scarlet as between an honeſt man and a knave. I know they are both your admirers, but be cautious in beſtowing your affection; you are very young, Stella; and love, my girl, has its bitters as well as ſweets.

Stella. I would tell you a ſecret—but you muſt hear me without cenſure; or if you reprove, remember, the leſſons of affection make the deepeſt impreſſions when breathed with gentleneſs.

Allen.

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Allen. Speak with freedom. Something I fear has hurt you.

Stella. Yes, I am hurt, and yet I cannot tell where. I am pleaſed too, yet I cannot tell why. I ſigh when I wiſh to ſmile. Nay more, I am warm in the cool ſhade, and freeze even in the Sun. Heigh ho!

Allen. And how long have you had this complaint?

Stella. How long! it has been coming on me by degrees at leaſt theſe long, long two months. Let me whiſper you a queſtion; nay, turn your head, I cannot ſpeak while you look in my face You muſt know, Little John this day gave me ſome wild plumbs —La, I cannot ſay a word more!

Allen. Then the complaint lies there.

Stella. Where brother, where—mercy, ſhew me! Sure I do not eat too many wild plumbs—where does the complaint lie? I feel the pain, but cannot diſcover the ſeat of it.

Allen. Lay your hand upon your heart and pronounce the name of John.

Stell. There—John, John, John—Bleſs me! how it beats—pit, pit, pit, pat—Heigh ho! my complaint I find is the heart-burn and palpitation.

Allen. The truth is you love John

Stella. Love a man! O fie! Yet, certainly I have a great friendſhip for John. You know, brother, when I fell into the river, he plunged in and ſaved my life, while Scarlet ran for aſſiſtance.

Allen. I do not blame your gratitude; but be cautious, John's ſimplicity might prove as injurious as Scarlet's cunning.

Stella. I'll follow your advice, for I have heard, young girls often meet with ruin where they expect ſecurity—

Allen. And ever after ſuffer under the pangs of ſhame, repentance, and bitter grief.

A I R.

Hard beats her heart, her eyes pour tears,
Corroding grief conſumes her years;

No

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No more she sports with damsels gay,
But mourns in penance night and day.
Love makes her happy for a while,
And then, like thee, she'll chearful smile;
But soon the willow binds her head—
She mourns a lover from her fled.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another part of the Forest. Enter CLORINDA *in the dress of a huntress, with bow and quiver;* ANGELINA *as a male pilgrim;* ANNETTE *as her page.*

Clorinda. Nay, let me persuade you, my sweet cousin, do not depart till you see the result of my adventure.

Angelina. That is impossible, my vow prohibits me: I will not rest till I have reached the coast, nor will I return till I meet tidings of my love.

Clorinda. But we are now near the bower of my lover —O Cupid! thou tyrant of the passions, be merciful to thy poor petitioner!

Annette. Well, this love has set you both mad; but your madness, Madam, (*to Clorinda*) I think the most desirable. Heaven defend me from the afflictions of my lady, my lord I mean! Melancholy madness is horrible! But let who will sigh, I will laugh through life while I breathe. La! I have had lovers of all professions, and played them off with equal indifference.

A I R.

When the men a courting came,
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle:
Of their fool'ries I made game,
Rally'd with my tittle tattle.
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,

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Off'ring pelf,
Each filly elf
Came wooing, cooing, bowing to me.

The learn'd ſerjeant of the law
Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;
In his deeds I found a flaw,
So diſmiſs'd him in the vapours.
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teaſing of me,
Pleaſing of me,
Off'ring pelf,
Each ſilly elf
Came wooing, cooing, bowing to me.

Phyſic old diſplay'd his wealth,
With his noſtrums, but the fact is,
I ſwore loud I'd keep my health,
Nor die martyr to his practice.
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teaſing of me,
Pleaſing of me
Off'ring pelf,
Each ſilly elf
Came wooing, cooing, bowing to me.

But at laſt a ſwain bow'd low,
Candid, handſome, tall, and clever,
Squeez'd my hand, I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever.
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Preſſing of me,
Bleſſing of me,
He's no pelf,
Yet for himſelf
I'll ſend all other lovers from me.

Angelina.

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Angelina. Some one comes this way.

Clorinda. One of the merry archers—Hillo! hillo! tantivy.

John. [*within*] Hillo! hillo! hilloa!

Enter JOHN.

By St. Dunſtan's ſhrine, a Diana! and with a voice ſhrill as the lark! Egad, fair nymph, you make the welkin ring with your ſhrill notes. But why ſalute me with a tantivy; I, being a batchelor, and that gratulation only due to married gentry, who come under the deſcription of bucks? (*to* Clorinda) Save your reverence, (*bowing to* Angelina) I preſume you are a palmer, performing penance for the ſins of your forefathers, for thou art too young to have tranſgreſſed thyſelf. But may I enquire, are you returning from, or going on a pilgrimage?

Annette. Why aſk? what is your reaſon? and what right has my maſter to anſwer you?

John. Here is a chatterer! Pray, my little magpie, has your tongue been ſplit with a ſilver groat, that it wags ſo glibly?

Annette. You muſt know, my good friend, I and my maſter have traverſed France, croſſed the Alps, viſited Jeruſalem, made an excurſion into Turkey, and——

John. Enough, enough—Egad, my lad of wax, the hinges of your tongue want no oiling. But pray now, to what purpoſe did you go through all this fatigue?

Annette. In truth to little purpoſe: our objects were beauty and virtue, both of which we find flouriſh better at home than in any other ſoil. Pray, Sir, give this inquiſitive fellow an account of your travels.

Angelina. I will indulge him with all my heart, and then, fair couſin, without further ceremony, or even a farewell, I ſhall depart (*to* Clorinda.) My page has told you beauty and virtue were the objects of my ſearch.

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BALLAD.

I travers'd Judah's barren ſand,
At Beauty's altar to adore;
But there the Turk had ſpoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece the bold imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade Love's devotion not be ſeen
Where conſtancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair ſhore
I urg'd my never-ceaſing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore
A mind devoted ſtill to pray.

But there too Superſtition's hand
Had ſicklie'd ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me ſoon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the weſtern ſhore.

Where Hymen with cœleſtial pow'r
Connubial tranſport doth adorn,
Where pureſt virtue ſports the hour
That uſhers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's iſle,
Where'er I go, where'er I ſtray,
O, Charity's ſweet children, ſmile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way!

Clorinda. May cheerfulneſs be thy guide, and ſafety thy attendant! [*Exeunt* Angelina *and* Annette.

John. I ſay Amen, from the depth of my heart. And now, you more than mortal, what is your buſineſs in the Foreſt?

Clorinda. I ſeek a known bold archer, who draws his bow with ſkill, and can pierce an apple, or ſplit a wand, at threeſcore yards diſtance.

John.

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John. Then you have hit the mark; and tho' I ſay it, who ſhould not ſay it, there is not a tighter fellow, of his inches in the Foreſt, than your humble ſervant Little John.

Clorinda. Art thou Little John?

John. The ſame, lady—But ſee, I have no apprehenſion from the quiver of your eyes; my affections are engaged, and my heart is proof againſt their arrows. But for your comfort, there are charitable men in the Foreſt, and you may ſecure half a dozen ſtrings to your bow.

Clorinda. Half a dozen! Cry you mercy, Little John: I have heard of your proweſs: it is true, but ſeek a man at leaſt a foot taller.

AIR.

The trump of fame your name has breath'd,
Its praiſe has ſounded far and near;
Stout little John, with laurel wreath'd,
Hath reach'd each dame and damſel's ear.

But 'tis not you; bold Robin Hood
I come to ſeek with bended bow,
That man of might
I fain would fight,
And conquer with my oh, ho, ho!
Through froſt and ſnow,
Though cold winds blow,
I never fail,
In rain or hail,
Though thunders roll
From pole to pole,
To conquer with my oh, ho, ho!
With bended bow,
The buck or doe,
I never fail,
Through rain or hail,
Though thunders roll
From pole to pole,
To conquer with my oh, ho, ho!

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John 'Fore George, damſel, you ſing a merry ſtave; but Robin will never fight you, ſo there is comfort for you and your oh, ho, ho!—But here he comes, and with him a poor love-ſick devil, going to turn hermit—

Clorinda. It is, indeed, my dear Robin!—

John Dear Robin! Who are you? Speak nymph, I begin to ſuſpect—

Clorinda. Step aſide and I will tell you.

John. Your lilly hand *(takes her hand)* for egad, damſel, I like you and your oh, ho, ho! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBIN *and* EDWIN.

Robin. It grieves me I cannot perſuade you to remain with us, time and reflection, with cheerful company and the ſports of the chaſe, would alleviate your pain.

Edwin. No, no—I have tried every means in vain: three years abſence has not leſſened, but increaſed my paſſion and my grief—even hope, that ſweetening balm which attends the martyred wretch ſtrained on the rack in his laſt pangs of torture, is denied to me.

Robin. Pray hear me.

Edwin. Do not urge me—my life I have devoted to heaven, and will perſevere—permit one of your archers to conduct me to the hermitage.

Robin. You ſhall be obliged; and yet I hope for your aſſiſtance and advice in recovering my love, my dear Clorinda!

Edwin. You ſhall have my prayers—ſucceſs attend your efforts. You venture for a woman who reciprocates your paſſion, and will reward it; I ſuffer for an unfeeling maid, whoſe ſcorn was inſtant death, did not her beauty ſalve the wound it gives.

A I R.

Her hair is like a golden clue,
Drawn from Minerva's loom;
Her lips carnations dropping dew,
Her breath is a perfume.

Her

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Her brow is like the mountain snow,
Gilt by the morning beam:
Her cheeks like living roſes blow,
Her eyes like azure ſtream.

Adieu, my friend, be me forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd;
But may that happineſs be thine,
Which I can never taſte. [*Exit.*

Enter JOHN.

John. Clear the clouds from your brow, and prepare for laughter; I have a merry tale to tickle your fancy with.

Robin. Poſtpone your merriment, good John: I am in a melancholy mood, and would indulge it.

John. I bring ſomething to rouze your ſpirits---A challenge, and there lies the gauntlet.

(*Throws down a woman's glove.*

Robin. A woman's glove. (*Takes up the glove.*

John. I know not whether man or woman; but the challenger is here in the Foreſt, and ſwears to beat you with an Oh, ho, ho! [*Exit.*

Robin. Perhaps ſome lover of my Clorinda! here comes the ſtranger.

Enter JOHN *leading* CLORINDA, *her head turned from* ROBIN.

Robin. A woman!

John. I ſay a goddeſs---but turn your head this way, pleaſe your goddeſſhip; for if you fight here, it muſt be face to face.

Clorinda. (*Looking towards* Robin.) Not know me, Robin!

Robin. It is Clorinda, my life, my love! [*Embrace.*

John. Egad, that is a Corniſh hug!

Clorinda.

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Clorinda. O Robin---I have ventured all for you! will you not think lightly of me? am I not leſſened in your eſteem, for thus boldly ſtepping beyond the bounds preſcribed by my ſex.

Robin. Say, how haſt thou eſcaped?---I had reſolved as ſoon as to-morrow's ſun ſet from the world, to force you from your tyrant.

John. Then you had been diſappointed, for I had reſolved with the aſſiſtance of Allen a Dale, and our merry men, to have done the buſineſs this very night unknown to you. It is a great diſappointment to me, fair lady, to be deprived the pleaſure of knocking the old proud Baron, your uncle on the head.

Clorinda. My uncle went yeſterday to court, in conſequence of an order from the king, ; and it is rumoured the French have threatened an invaſion. I availed myſelf of his abſence, and fled to you, my love.

Robin. To live in this dreary Foreſt; but it is not dreary—where you reſide the ſweeteſt violets blow—ſpring ſports around your walks; and when you ſmile, the coldeſt hearts rejoice with ſummer's warmth.

A I R.

Charming Clorinda, ev'ry note
You breathe theſe woods among,
Shall move my grateful tongue;
Swelling my ardent throat,
Homage devout to pay,
Love harmonize the lay,
And ſooth her with a ſong.

Should ſhe bewilder'd, chance to ſtray,
Ye ſongſters, near your grove,
To her your notes belong;
My ſoul its ſenſe ſhall prove,
My voice its powers diſplay,
Love harmonize the lay,
And ſooth her with a ſong.

John. See the merry archers returning from the chaſe.

Enter

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Enter STELLA, SCARLET, ALLEN, *&c.*

Robin. My friends, congratulate me: I have recovered my Clorinda, and we will have a jovial day. Love has found his way into the forest, and to refuse him an hospitable reception, would be ungrateful.

John. Stella, why silent? Lady, this is the tender dove of my affection, and you shall solicit for me: (*To Clorinda*) But let's into the bower ——— Old Splice'em the friar, who arrived this morning, came in pudding time, and if I can prevail on Stella, he shall shortly lug out his horn-book.

GLEE.

By dark grove, shade, or winding dell,
We merry maids and archers dwell;
In quiet here, from wordly strife,
We pass a cheerful rural life;
And by the Moon's pale quivering beams,
We frisk it near the chrystal streams.

Our station's on the king's high way,
We rob the rich the poor to pay:
The woe-worn wretch we still protect,
The widow orphan ne'er neglect;
Fat churchmen proud we cause to stand,
And whistle for our steady band.

End of ACT the First.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *the outside of* ALLEN's *cot; a view of sheep feeding at a distance; a bench at the door;* ALLEN *and* STELLA *discovered sitting.*

ALLEN.

I THANK you, my dear sister, for your attention to my advice: but I must to my flocks; farewell, and ever remember this, my dear girl, that though female virtue is an inestimable diamond, it is delicacy which gives it polish and brilliancy of the first water.

Stella. I shall remember your instructions

DUET.

ALLEN.

The vi'let nurs'd in woodland wild,
Young Zephyr's bride, Spring's first-born child,
Whose vest in heaven's tint is dy'd;
How fades its beauties on the sight,
No more its perfume yields delight,
When the rich rose unfolds its pride!

STELLA.

The feather'd tribes, who in the groves
With shrills mellifluous woo their loves,
As Nature's self inspires the strain;
Their melting music fails to please,
Harsh and untuneful are their lays,
When Philomel awakes the plain.

BOTH.

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BOTH.

The maid endow'd with virtue's grace,
Appears with ſoul-ſubduing face,
And ſhines in beauty's ſphere ſupreme:
Each nymph that won the heart before,
By her eclips'd, can charm no more,
And all her ſov'reign pow'r proclaim!
[*Exit* Allen.

Stella. Here comes my butterfly lover: he ſquints his eye at me, though I am ſure he admires his own face more than mine, or he would not ſo often peep into the brook. He walks this way, ſo I will ſtop and play the rogue with him.—Bleſs me! where can it be?—*(Searching her pockets)* It muſt have been ſomewhere hereabouts. *(Looks round.)* I would not have loſt it for———

Enter SCARLET.

Scarlet. What have you loſt, my pretty Stella?

Stella. How could you frighten me by coming ſo ſuddenly? I have loſt—La! you cannot think what I have loſt.——

Scarlet. And I have loſt——What do you think I have loſt?

Stella Not your ſenſes, I hope?

Scarlet. Why, in truth, even them; a man who has loſt his heart, generally loſes his ſenſes.

Stella. Loſt your heart! Why carry it ſo looſe in your breaſt? but ſome ſilly girl will pick it up, and return it; ſo farewell, thou heartleſs man. [*Going.*

Scarlet. Why fly me?

Stella. Becauſe I fear you.

Scarlet. And why fear me?

Stella. Becauſe you are a man, and, by your own confeſſion, a heartleſs man; now, a man without a heart ſhould always be avoided by a woman.

Scarlet. Stella, I love you.

Stella. So do I, moſt ſincerely.

Scarlet.

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Scarlet. What, charmer?

Stella. Love myſelf to be ſure.

Scarlet. Be ſerious: few men in the Foreſt can boaſt better pretenſions to a maiden's regard than myſelf, and you may loſe me. Hear me, my ſweet girl.

A I R.

I love you by Heaven, what can I ſay more?
Then ſet not my paſſion a cooling;
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it ſhall make up in deeds,
Then why ſhould we waſte time in ſtuff, child?
A performance, you know well, a promiſe exceeds,
And a word to the wiſe is enough, child.

Stella. But I am ſuch a fool I ſhall not take your hints; ſo farewel.

Scarlet. One word.——

Stella. Yes.— [*Running off he ſtops her.*

Scarlet. Yes—that is one word indeed; but you muſt not go.

Enter RUTTEKIN.

Ruttek. No, you muſt not go.

Scarlet Devil take this fool.

Stella. Why curſe the fool, without including the knave? He is the worſt character of the two.

Ruttek. My budget and tools againſt your doublets, I know what you are about.

Scarlet. Are you a gambler?

Ruttek. You ſay I am a fool; and did you ever know a gambler who was not a fool, unleſs he was a rogue? They are all either pigeons or rooks.

Stella. Well I am gone.

Scarlet. And I follow.

Stella.

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Stella. By these hands you shall not. [*Exit.*

Scarlet. By these legs I will. [*Exit.*

Ruttek. Ha, ha, ha! Well run doe! well run buck!—But, ha! by the Mass, the buck has fallen into a toil.

Enter JOHN *and* SCARLET.

John. I say, Scarlet, I am angry.

Scarlet. Angry! No, ; no you are jealous, John, jealous.

John. jealous! It is false. Except among such jack—a—dandies as you, jealousy is not of this country's growth; nor indeed of any country where the people can lay claim to manhood. I am angry.

Scarlet. I was never better pleased in my life: the smiles of a fine girl have raised my spirits.

John But you must resign all pretensions to that fine girl, my frippery jay. She can have but one of us, and you are not the man.

Scarlet. You must resign all pretensions to that fine girl, my rustic clown. She can have but one of us, and I am the man.

Ruttek. Let me decide this dispute. What are your pretensions?

Scarlet. I love her.

Ruttek. You love her ——What do you say?

John I love her.

Ruttek You love her too.—So far your claims are equal. What would you do for her?

Scarlet. Die for her.

John. Then die and be ——— *(whistles.)* I live for her, and her alone.

Ruttek You would die for her, *(to* Scarlet.*)* You would live for her, *(to* John*)*. John, you are the man; for any woman, be she ever so young, or ever so foolish, would prefer one living lover to a whole church-yard full of dead ones.

John. See, Scarlet, we are both fond of the girl: I would make her my wife, but your designs are

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knaviſh. Your falſe heartedneſs to girls is notorious; it riſes with the morning lark, and preys nightly with the owl.

Scarlet. And what then?

John. Mark my words—if you dare attempt any villainy againſt the chaſtity of Stella, may I never draw an arrow to the head, if I don't ſplit you from the coxcomb to the waiſtband.

Scarlet. Ha, ha, ha!

John. Yes, and hang up your perfumed carcaſs on one of theſe trees, to whiſtle and ſwing in the wind, like the ſign of the Spread Eagle.

Ruttek. What! promote him to the office of ſcarecrow, to frighten rooks from the Foreſt?

Scarlet. If you are for that work, let us determine the conteſt this inſtant. *(Draws his ſword.*

Ruttek. (*holding* John.) Don't ſplit him while I am here!

John. Let me at him, Tinker; Yet it kicks againſt the grain of my manhood to ſtain my ſword with ſplitting a ſpliced plover; a fellow who ſmells ſavory as a jack with a pudding in its belly; who plaiſters his face over-night with greaſe and flour, and looks in the morning, for all the world, like a pigeon in paſte.

Ruttek. Take a fool's advice in this buſineſs; court the girl openly, and let him who wins her wear her.

Scarlet. There is wiſdom in the fool's advice.

John. And I agree to the fool's advice; he is a wiſe fool.

Ruttek. Right, lads! Riſk your lives for a woman! Ha, ha, ha! What woman would do ſo for you, my dapper jack-aſſes, pigmies of fourteen to the dozen! It is more than I could expect, who am a man of ſize: but I never quarrel for my miſtreſſes, though always ſouſed over head and ears in the tender paſſion; enamoured with every landlady and tapſtreſs over the country, the Soldan of Perſia is not a greater Turk at the buſineſs.

AIR.

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AIR.

Margaritta firſt poſſeſt,
I remember well, my breaſt,
With her row de dow dow de dow dow
derrow.

With my reſtleſs heart next play'd
Martha, buxom ſloe-ey'd maid,
With her tantarara row.

She to Katharine gave place;
Kate, to Betſy's am'rous face,
With, &c.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
With their, &c.

Jenny next, a tyrant ſhe,
But Rebeeca ſet me free,
With my, &c.

In a week from her I fled,
And took Judith in her ſtead,
With my, &c.

She poſſeſs'd a wondrous grace,
But ſhe wanted Suſan's face,
With my, &c.

Iſabella's rolling eye
Eclipſed Suſan's preſently,
With her &c.

Brown-ſkinn'd Beſs I next obey'd,
Then lov'd Nanny, red-hair'd maid,
With my, &c.

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None could bind, ſtill I am free,
Yet love all the fair I ſee,
With my tantarara row.

With my row de dow dow de dow dow derrow.
Tantarara row. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FRIAR *and* CLORINDA.

Friar. Well niece, I ſee you are ſurprized.

Clorinda. Surprized! I am aſtoniſhed, frighted to death.

Friar. Niece, niece, thou art the wildeſt doe in the foreſt; thou haſt over-leaped the pale of prudence and delicacy, thou art a very outlaw—O, I bluſh at this tranſgreſſion of duty and modeſty!

Clorinda You mean my emancipation from tyrany. In truth, uncle, the very hour you ſet out for court, I eluded the eyes of the Argus placed over me, and fled to the foreſt. Is not Robin my betrothed lord? and as ſuch do I not owe him a duty that ſuperſedes every other? But tell me, what is your buſineſs here, diſguiſed thus in perſon and manners?

Friar Firſt, anſwer—How is my daughter? Thank heaven! In the delicacy of her conduct, I may place confidence.

Clorinda. When I parted from my couſin, ſhe was well, but as uſual rather melancholy. Now anſwer me: what is your buſineſs here?

Friar Swear you will not betray me.

Clorinda On my honour: I would periſh firſt.

Friar. I come here by order of the king a ſpy upon your lover.

Clorinda. A ſpy! O ſhame, ſhame! how could you degenerate into ſo mean an office?

Friar Remember your promiſe. His life is in my power: by to-morrow's dawn, the biſhop of Hereford with five hundred archers will attack the foreſt.

Clorinda.

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Clorinda. Five hundred archers! a noble force worthy my Robin's valour. Let them come on: with him I'll head his merry-men, cheer his courage, and oppose my bosom to the keenest darts of his enemy. Uncle, be assured of this: the woman who would live solely for the man she loves, possesses sufficient courage to die for him.

Friar. On your duty grant me one request, and all shall be well. Put off your marriage till morning—call up every smile and blandishment of love and beauty to aid your eloquence—solicit, nay, you must persuade your lover to come within his sovereign's grace. The enemy prepares to invade the land, and his power is necessary to his country.

Clorinda. The duty is pleasing, and I will try my utmost.

Friar. His life depends on the event. He comes: so remember, niece, you must defer your nuptials, and you have pledged your honour not to give the most distant hint of who I am, or of my business here.

Enter ROBIN, JOHN and RUTTEKIN.

Robin. What, father, shriving Clorinda; but she has no sins to answer for, except her love for me, and that she has confessed in plenitude of goodness. Take care however, sanctimonious Sir, I shall grow jealous if I catch you thus alone with my love.

Friar. A fig for love; my jug is my love, my wife—My ale my joy, my comfort—A liberal mistress, who while in my possession, shall never refuse to share her favours with my friends.

Robin. Nay, father, you should not consider drink as a mistress, but a cheerful companion to drive away melancholy—some wine.

AIR.

When gen'rous wine expands the ſoul,
How pleaſure hovers round the bowl:
Avaunt, avaunt ye cares of fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due,
Avaunt ye cares of fancy's crew,
And give the guilty wretch his due,
And give the guilty wretch his due,
And give the guilty wretch his due.

But let the juice of ſparkling wine,
My groſſer ſenſe to love refine,
My groſſer ſenſe to love refine:
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love,
As Jove his nectar drinks above,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love,
I'll quaff whole goblets full of love.

Then why ſhou'd I at life repine?
Bring me Venus, bring me wine,
Fill the ever flowing bowl,
In circles gay and pleaſures roll,
In circles gay and pleaſures roll,
In circles gay and pleaſures roll.

Ever open, ever free,
Hail thou friend to jollity,
My brows with Bacchus' chaplets crown'd
I live to love, my cares are drown'd,
I live to love my cares are drown'd,
I live to love my cares are drown'd,
I live to love my cares are drown'd,
Love my cares are drown'd.

Or thus.

Friar. Ale—ale—ale——

Clorin.

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AIR.

When the chill ſciroco blows,
And winter tells a heavy tale;
When pies, and daws, and rooks and crows,
Do ſit and curſe the froſt and ſnows;
Then give me ale,
Old brown ale,
Nut brown ale,
Stout brown ale,

O give me ſtout brown ale——
Ale that the plowman's heart up keeps,
And equals it to tyrant thrones;
That wipes the eye that ever weeps,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty ſleeps:
Th' o'er wearied bones——
Old brown ale, &c.

Ruttekin. The Friar is really moſt porterly drunk.

John. True, tinker, and being porterly drunk, he is able to carry his liquor.

Robin. To you, John, I ſhall leave the direction of our nuptial ſports and paſtimes.

John. And I ſhall take care to furniſh good amuſements. You may expect, lady, ſuch archery as Diana or Apollo could never equal. Then we ſhall have at leaſt half a dozen heads cracked at quarter-ſtaff and ſingle ſtick; a few bones broken at foot-ball, and a back or neck fractured at wreſtling—— Oh! we ſhall have rare fun!

Clorinda. Not thoſe who have their bones broken, John.

John. Then we ſhall have bull-baiting and morrice dancing—O how I long to be capering!

Robin. Dance till you fall, John, but no bull-baiting; man has no right to ſport with the feelings of thoſe creatures which heaven has beſtowed for our ſuſtenance. They die for our uſe, and it is baſe ingratitude to them with cruelty.

Clorinda.

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Clorinda. Thank you for that humane sentiment, my dear Robin.

Robin. Do you go to the young hermit who left us this morning, tell him of my happiness, and that I request his presence at our festival. [*To Ruttekin.*

John. Can you find the way, Tinker?

Ruttekin. I passed the hermitage coming here, and will go forward upon the beaten path: never fear a fool finding his way through the world: fools keep the high road, it is your wise men who go aside and fall into the ditch.

John. You may trust him with the delivery of a message; he will be true to your word, though a liar and a tinker.

Ruttekin. No slur upon tinkers; they are found in every honourable profession. Your politician's a tinker, in mending the state kettle, when he patches up one hole he makes two; your poet's a tinker, he hammers out new works from other men's old wit; the lawyer's a tinker, he deals in brass and opens more flaws than he stops; and what's your physician? why a tinker too, a brazier of old battered constitutions, and if he cures you of a gout, will take care to leave a rheumatism behind for a new jobb. [*Exit.*

John. Well, I'll to my duty—men, women, and children are busy in their several vocations. The Pindar of Wakefield has brought in a brace of fat bucks, Arthur a Bland has caught a dish of choice jacks, the maid Marian's preparing the pastry, and tiny Midge the miller is bolting flour for bread—farewell—every one to their vocations; you to amorous dalliance, I to see pretty Stella twining flowers round the bridal garland. [*Exit.*

Clorinda. Poor John's deeply smitten——Heigh ho! (*Sighs.*)

Robin. That was a sigh of grief—are you not well? Chearly, chearly. Come we will dispute on love, my sweetheart.

Clorinda.

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Clorinda. On love we muſt ever agree: But I would conſult with you on your honour—remind you of your own value. Your king has been inſulted by an enemy; and will you, my ſweet Robin, boaſting the blood of Huntingdon and Warwick, endowed with thoſe noble qualities Courage and Generoſity, neglect the duty you owe your country, conſuming life and reputation within the ſequeſtered ſhades of a foreſt.

Robin. You know the wrongs I have ſuffered—My ſervices overlooked; baniſhed on a falſe accuſation; ſtigmatized with the imputation of a rebellious ſpirit; and even you, my betrothed wife, forced from my arms

Clorinda. Conſider, Robin, when our country is in danger, all offences ſhould be abſolved; the remembrance of all injuries be forgotten; all parties ſhould unite; every heart pant, and every arm act, for her honour and defence. Robin, poſtpone our nuptials till reconciled to your ſovereign; I would marry the leader of an army—not the captain of an outlawed band.

Robin She ſhakes my ſoul—I will put her heart to the teſt *(aſide)* I am determined here to ſpend my days—here to live as I have done—this you fear—this has ſhaken your conſtancy.

Clorinda. To doubt my truth is ungenerous. Your fate is mine. But hear me.

Robin. Will you be ever ready, with bended bow, to watch an outlaw and defend his life? Can you ſupport the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons—endure the ſcorching heat and cramping cold? Lodge on the chill ground, and depend for food upon the catualties of the chace?

Clorinda. All this could I bear, and even more with thee!—but hear me—

Robin. Suppoſe my affection cooled to thee, and warmed by the beauty of another object—could you with calmneſs ſee her ſupply your place?—

Clorinda.

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Clorinda. O, Robin, the ſight would wound my heart, but not decreaſe my love!

Robin. Dearer than life! what, ſuffer this for me? Command my pride, my affections—Oh! thou haſt ſoothed my reſentments—conquered them—hath roufed my loyalty—thy patriot flame now blazes in my boſom. Yes, Clorinda, I will join my country's arms, and head my merry-men. But what has my country to fear? While Engliſh-women thus inſpire ſentiments of public virtue, loyalty, and honour, the number of our enemies will but increaſe our victories.

A I R.

As burns the charger when he hears
The trumpet's martial ſound;
Eager to ſcour the field he rears,
And ſpurns th' indented ground,
He ſnuffs the air, erects his flowing mane,
Scents the big war, and ſweeps along the plain.
Impatient thus my ardent ſoul
Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And ſpurns the moments as they roll
With lagging pace behind. [*Exit.*

Clorinda. Poor Robin! I touched him nearly—but he made my heart bleed in return.

Enter ALLEN *and* STELLA.

Stella, well met, I hear terrible complaints of you, child.

Stella. Of me, lady—

Clorinda Yes, of you, lady. John ſays you are cruel, flinty-hearted, and ill-natured.

Allen. And I know he loves her, though too modeſt to urge his ſuit.

Stella. Loves me! Then indeed he never told me ſo; and I rather think he fears me. He approaches me

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me with a cautious ſtep, then looks at me with a cunning eye—ſo—and when he gives me any thing, if his hand ſhould but touch mine, la, la, he trembles juſt as if it was a wild beaſt. But I will tell you a ſecret.

Clorinda. A ſecret! O mercy, let us hear it.

Stella. I fear I have done a wrong thing Scarlet, has been at our cottage, and he ſwore ſo much, I promiſed to meet him here.

Allen. That was wrong indeed! Never forget, my dear ſiſter, that to preſerve character, we ſhould avoid even the appearance of imprudence; a wound on the character of a young female, like an inciſion on the bark of a tree, expands with maturity.

Clorinda. And I have heard that this ſame Scarlet, with all his foppery, is an inſinuating, deſigning fellow; and that more than one unhappy maid mourns his treachery.

Allen. It is true; Lady Martha, one of Stella's faireſt companions, is now a wanderer through the Foreſt, lamenting and upbraiding, in all the horror of melancholy madneſs, her own weakneſs and the wickedneſs of her ſeducer. Take example by her, dear Stella.

AIR.

Once ſhe was, though now ſhe's ſad,
As the ſpringing ſeaſon glad,
E'er beheld in its domain;
Or fair Summer in her train;
Or rich Autumn in his year:
Sing ſhe could as ſky-lark clear,
E'er, alas! with grief to tell,
Into ways of ſhame ſhe fell.
Now her burden's conſtantly,
"Pity me, maids, pity me;
"Pity me, a ruin'd maid,
"Pining in the cypreſs ſhade."

Woods

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Woods that wave o'er mountain tops,
O'er whose moss the titmouse hops,
Tell her tale to rustling gales;
Fountains weep it through the vales;
And, with her own sorrow faint,
Sighing Echo joins the plaint.
Martha, fair for ever sad,
Wanders melancholy mad,
And thus sings she bitterly:
"Pity me, maids, pity me;
"Pity me a ruin'd maid,
"Pining in the cypress shade." (*Exit.*

Enter JOHN.

John. Robin—fair lady—bless me—(*surprized at seeing* Stella)

Stella. You see I told you truth—He is always frightened at me.

John. I am not frightened—I do not know how it is, but—as I was going to tell you, one of our scouts brings word, that the bishop of Hereford has raised his men, and is now at Nottingham, with intention to attack the Forest in the morning.

Clorinda. I'll to my Robin. John, I have been speaking to Stella. She has no dislike to you. What say you, Stella, instead of being my bridesmaid, will you be a bride yourself?

Stella. Heigh ho! my poor heart!

John. Heigh ho! O my poor heart!

Clorinda. Farewell, I leave you together; and, John, make the best use of your time, you know you have a rival; and this same love is a fantastical passion, a riddle which the wisest cannot resolve.

A I R.

The flame of love assuages
When once it is reveal'd;
But fiercer still it rages
The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting

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Consenting makes it colder,
When met it will retreat;
Repulses make it bolder,
And dangers make it sweet.

(*Exit.*

John. Hem.

Stella. Heigh ho! Margery.

John. I have shot the first arrow. (*aside.*)

Stella. Are you there, John?

John. Yes, Stella:———Courage, John, courage. (*aside.*

Stella. Do you speak to me, John?

John. There is nobody else here, Stella:———— I, I, I, would.---

Stella. La! what would you do?

John. I love you more than—

Stella. More than what?—

John. More than the ewe loves her lamb, the doe her fawn, or the dove her mate; I love thee a thousand times better than I love myself.

Stella. And what then?

John. Love me in return.

Stella. And if I should, what follows?

John. We would do as our parents did before us —marry.

Stella. La! that word marry is enough to frighten poor little Cupid out of the Forest: married folks seldom agree—there is George a Green abused his wife in the honey-moon, and struck her before the end of the year; to be sure she has a tongue, and a way of flinging things at his head ——

John. We should have none of this work, Stella; though such domestic breezes are as necessary in some families as thunder storms in hot weather; the one clears the house of foul language, and the other frees the air of foul vapours.

Stella. Then, John, my brother says I am too young; though I want only eleven months, one week and two days of eighteen. But how should we maintain ourselves?—

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John. Prudent soul; how she looks forward to a young family!—I will maintain you by my wit, my girl; a means by which many great folks hold up their heads; besides, I have goods and chattles, all the furniture you have seen in my cottage shall be yours, and egad, I will throw all you have not seen into the bargain.

Stella. Thank you from my heart, John—and in return, all I possess is at your service.

John. Honestly spoken; so thus I seize upon the fruits of your father's industry, and your mother's labour. (*Kisses her*)

Friar. (*within.*) This way—this way——

Stella. Mercy! here are some men coming.

John. Who in the name of old Nick are they? let us stand aside and see.

Enter FRIAR, SCARLET, *and two* Archers.

Friar. See gentlemen, the bishop of Hereford will not come alone; the King's forces join him, and you can have no chance from opposition; so convey me to Nottingham, and I'll insure pardon to every man who accompanies me.

Scarlet. What say you, lads?

1st. Archer. We will follow the fortunes of our Captain.

2d Archer. But can we in conscience desert our Captain?

Friar. No more about conscience.—But come, I'll put it to the trial, and here is the ordeal, (*takes out a purse*); here is the general absolution that salves all consciences.—This opens and shuts the mouths of the most vociferous orators, blinds the eyes of the church, deafens the ears of magistrates, obliterates the judgment of the law, arrests the arm of justice, and dries up the fountains of mercy. How feels your conscience now?

Archer. It tells me I am in duty bound to obey my spiritual pastor.

Friar.

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Friar. Religiously spoken. Here take the fuller's earth, that removes all stains. *(Gives money.*

Scarlet. Friar, I want no money; my terms are these: This night I keep watch with my friends; now, when our company is asleep, we will seize upon Stella, carry her off, and thus reward myself.

John. I'll take care of that, you treacherous rascal. Here's for you, sanctified devil. *(Knocks down the Friar with his pole, then draws his sword;* Scarlet *also draws: the* Archers *run off.)* And now for you, good master Scarlet, whom I shall in a few minutes case—close as a hare—Yes, I'll skin and carbonade you, you dog.

Scarlet. Come on.———

Stella. [*Runs between them*] Help! Murder! Help!

Enter Allen *and* Archers; *they seize* Scarlet *and the* Friar. Stella *runs to* John.

John. Is this a return for the hospitable reception our Captain gave you? [*To the* Friar.

Friar. Bring me before your Captain, that is all I desire.

John. As for you, rascal, you shall die like a traitor. *(To* Scarlet.

Allen. Say, what is the matter?

John. This hypocritical Friar I have discovered in the very act of bribing our men to desert with him to Nottingham, for the purpose of betraying us; and Scarlet here was to carry off your sister Stella.

Allen. We will not disturb brave Robin with them now. Let them be confined close prisoners till morning.

Friar. I submit, but do not use me ill; for remember, no man ever injured the church with impunity.

[*Exit* Friar *and* Scarlet *guarded.*

Allen. It was lucky, John, that you were so near.

Stella. It was indeed. He once saved my life, and now preserved my honour.

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Ailen. Which entitles him to your heart. [*Horns*] But hark! the merry archers returning from the evening's chace.

Enter ARCHERS *descending from winding hills at the further part of the Stage.*

GLEE.

Hark the leafy woods resounding
Echo to the bugle horn;
Swift the stag with vigour bounding,
Leaps the break, and clears the thorn.

Ev'ry art his cunning trying,
Shafts arrest his eager flight;
High he leaps, the hounds full crying,
Now he's vanish'd from our sight.

Twanging bows with death pursuing,
Now he rears and turns his head,
Bays the dogs; but nought from ruin,
Nought can save—he falls—he's dead!

Sound the horn, huzza in chorus,
We are free from care, my boys;
Rural pleasures lie before us,
Health, and length, and strength of joys.

End of ACT the Second.

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ACT III.

SCENE, *a deep view of the foreſt; dark;* RUTTEKIN *diſcovered ſitting croſs-legged.*

RUTTEKIN.

SO, after all my boaſting, I have loſt my way, but that is common with men of genius, and women of genius too. There is your great orator; he often leaves the plain road of truth, to wander in the labyrinth of falſehood. Then your prude, perhaps, after walking years in the ſtreight paths of virtue, trips in her gait, and, ſtumbling, falls upon a bed of thorns. "Few people purſue the tract nature deſigned them—therefore we find politicians without "brains, magiſtrates without juſtice, noblemen "without honour, traders without honeſty, philoſo-"phers without morality, and churchmen without "religion."——

Annette. (within) Hilloa! Hilloa!

Ruttek. Here comes ſome ſhepherd's boy, bleating like one of his lambs.

Enter ANNETTE.

Annette. Mercy! how dark!

Ruttek. Hilloa!——

Annette. Heaven preſerve me——Pity me, if you are a human creature

Ruttek. I am a human creature, but with an appetite keen as a wolf.

Annette. Sure you are the tinker I met this morning!

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Ruttek. Right, my little popping-jay; but where is your companion?

Annette. I have loſt him in the Foreſt; help me to ſeek him, and he ſhall reward you liberally.

Ruttek. Reward me! Give me your hand—Reward me!——I have been out, I find, in my road, but not in my reckoning. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANGELINA.

A I R,

Oh, Love! the parent of gay ſmiling hours!
All nature owns with joy thy genial reign;
Thou canſt relume the little lives of flow'rs,
And bring their aromatic ſouls again:

Why am I baniſh'd from thy ſportive plain?
Why am I only doom'd to ſuffer pain?

I little thought, when I was of thy train,
Where bonny belles ſport with their paramours,
How friendſhip ſmil'd too ſweetly to remain;
How on the brighteſt day ſad evening lours.

Why am I baniſh'd from thy ſportive plain?
Why am I only doom'd to ſuffer pain?

Enter RUTTEKIN *and* ANNETTE *at a diſtance.*

Annette. It is my maſter's voice.——Speak, Sir, I am here.

Ruttek. Yes, your man is here, pleaſe your honour, and with him a tinker, who brought him to you—but not for the ſake of the reward he promiſed.

Angelina. I am fatigued with wandering through this Foreſt, ſo dark and dreary.

Ruttek. It is a faſhionable ſituation, your honour; moſt of our great folks are bewildered, or in the dark.

Angelina. Do you live in the Foreſt, Sir?

Ruttek. No, I ſtarve in the Foreſt, Sir.

Annette

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Annette. Are there any inhabitants to be found here, master Tinker?

Ruttek. Yes, bucks and does in plenty; as many horned cattle as any city can boaſt. I am now in ſearch of a hermit, with an invitation to Robin Hood's wedding, which is to be celebrated in the morning.

Annette. Your couſin Clorinda, you hear, has not ſtood upon punctilio.

Angelina. Well, Sir, permit us to accompany you in ſearch of this ſame hermit——I am very weak, (*leans on* Annette) but feel moſt for you, my faithful companion; for myſelf no miſery is too great. (*Nightingale ſings*)

Annette. Hark! I hear the harbinger of love! A happy omen!

Angelina. It is indeed the nightingale!

Ruttek. Yes, and preſently you will hear the ſcreech-owl. (*Bell tolls*)

Annette. There goes the curfew of ſome neighbouring town; the ſound comes from the left.—Tinker, lead on.

Angelina. O my ruined love!

Annette. You did not ruin him, he was very poor!

Angelina. Peace! He was rich in virtues; wealth nor power were his, it is true; but he had wiſdom, truth, and generoſity—thoſe ſhould have been all to me.

Ruttek. Come, gentle folks, I wait.

Annette. We come, tinker.——Pray do not weep. [*To* Angelina.

Angelina. Yes, weep for ever, though in vain Not all the dew in heaven can revive the cropped violet.

Ruttek. Pr'ythee, mend your pace; this wood is haunted by the ghoſts of gibbeted thieves, and murdered travellers.—Bleſs me! I heard a noiſe—no; it was the wind. Robin Goodfellow and his brother fairies have been often ſeen here!—Liſt! I hear a ruſtling in the buſhes—ſome cut-throat, no doubt.

Annette.

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Annette. Why tremble so? [*Holding him.*

Ruttek. I tremble, thou aguish aspin! (*Shaking.*) ——Sir, do you not hear the devil, or some evil spirit? [*To* Angelina.

Annette. Some one approaches—and see yonder a glimmering light sparkles in the dark, perhaps in some cottage window.

Ruttek. Yes, and it moves this way, house and all.

EDWIN *appears at the upper end of the Stage with a lantern.*

Angelina. Heaven preserve us!

Ruttek. And forgive us our sins—O my poor conscience! The poultry I have stolen are pecking at it, and the lambs baaing in my ears.——

Annette. Silence, coward!

Ruttek. I am dumb—But who ever looked on the devil, without quaking?—No, it is not the devil, but a ghost or hobgobling—Nay, it is the devil too, for I see his great saucer eyes blazing with blue fire!

Annette. Peace, coward! perhaps some benighted traveller like ourselves.

Ruttek. It is the devil, I say; look at his cloven feet, great horns, and monstrous nostrils!——I'll to prayers—— (*Kneels.*

Edwin. O my heart!——

Ruttek. It is a broken hearted poor devil too.

Annette. Indeed that was a bitter sigh.

Angelina. I felt it in my bosom.

Edwin. How dark and still the night!—How suited to the situation of my soul! Oh Love, Love! why present her image to my mind, whose chilling breath froze my fond youthful hopes, and sunk me to despair?

BALLAD.

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BALLAD.

Since all my hopes, dear maid,
Are blown to air,
And my fond heart's betray'd
To ſad deſpair;
Here in this wilderneſs
My ſorrows I'll rehearſe,
And thy hard-heartedneſs,
Thou cruel fair.

"Wild fruits ſhall be my meat,
"I'll drink the ſpring;
"Cold earth ſhall be my ſeat;
"For covering
"I'll have the ſtarry ſky
"My head to canopy,
"Until my ſoul on high
"Doth take her wing."

No bell, no fun'ral fire,
No tears for me;
No grave do I deſire,
Nor obſequy.
The gentle red-breaſt, he
With leaves will cover me,
And ſing my elegy
Moſt dolefully.

Ruttek. You may ſing, Oh be joyful! this certainly is the hermit. *(Goes toward* Edwin.

Edwin. Stand off.——Who are you?

Ruttek. Zounds! It is not the hermit!

Edwin. Speak, I ſay; you have no injury to fear from me.

Annette. We are two young pilgrims who have loſt our way, and wander in the horrors of the Foreſt.

Ruttek. And a poor Tinker almoſt famiſhed to death.

Angelina. Who calls upon your compaſſion to guide their wearied ſteps to ſome hoſpitable cottage!

Edwin.

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Edwin. Your voice breathes gentleneſs—your hand, young man.——The day already breaks—my cell is near, where you may reſt in ſafety: ſimple fare, and a couch of ruſhes, are at your ſervice.

Ruttek. Poor ſouls! the lantern you carry in your poop frighted them out of their wits; they took you one time for a ghoſt; then for a hobgoblin; then for a Will o'th'wiſp; and at laſt for the devil himſelf! heaven bleſs us. Though I did all I could to encourage them, I ſhall never forget how they ſhook.

Annette. Nor I how you confeſſed ſtealing the poultry and lambs.

Edwin. Come on, I'll lead the way, and if free from that tyrant-paſſion, Love, my habitation may enſure you a comfortable repoſe,

Angelina Oh, my heart!

Edwin. Grief I perceive ſits heavy on your mind, and weighs your ſpirits down; you mourn a broken fortune, a falſe friendſhip, or a deſerted love.

Angelina. Gentle hermit, broken fortune, nor falſe friendſhip are the cauſes of my melancholy.

[*Exeunt* Edwin *and* Angelina.

Ruttek. No, we mourn empty bellies; my ribs ſtick as cloſe together as the two ſhells of an oyſter. Come, out with your purſe, youngſter: the reward, the reward.

Annette. Reward! a ſound beating is the proper reward for a coward; beſides, thou art a liar for denying thy cowardice, and a rogue for demanding what you have no right to.

Ruttek. The very reaſons why I ſhould have my reward; you ſee my garments are as ſeedy as a gingerbread cake; out at the elbows like a poet; ſo ſince I am a rogue and a liar, and ragged withall, give me the money, lad, that I may get out of my bad *habits.*

Annette. Here, ſirrah. *(gives money.)* This can procure you every thing but that you want moſt, *honeſty.*

Ruttek Never mind that: heaven bleſs him who makes me a rich rogue. O that I was now in Robin Hood's

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Hood's bower, it is there where plenty reigns, and good cheer keeps revel, and by this time the bridal breakfaſt is preparing.

AIR.

Gently burns the greenwood fire,
Lay the veniſon down to roaſt,
Dreſs it quickly I deſire,
In the dripping put a toaſt:
Mark! I hear the jack go round:
O the veniſon's nicely brown'd!

Green-geeſe, ducklings, juicy meat;
Capon, widgeon, partridge, quail,
Pies, tarts, dumplings, puddings ſweet,
Peas and beans, and butter'd kale;
Spices hunger to create,
O ye Gods! how I ſhould eat!

On the table dinner lies,
See the charming white and red;
Cut it up, the gravy flies,
On the ſweeteſt graſs it fed.
Hark! I hear the jack go round,
Oh the veniſon's nicely brown'd!

See they ſpread the lilly cloth,
Knives are ſharp and forks are clean;
Pickles criſp, and ſallads both
Now appear ſo freſh and green.
With ſtrong beer, old ale and wine,
O ye gods! how I ſhould dine! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *outſide of the huts. Enter* JOHN, *Bowman, and Archers.*

Bowman. Well John, his reverence the Biſhop of Hereford has not ventured to attack us.

John. No: he waits the return of our priſoner, the Curtle Friar, who I am convinced is his ſpy; but Robin

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Robin will truſs him up, "and he is right, I have no notion of ſpiritual paſtors laying aſide the keys of Saint Peter, to take up the ſword of Saint Paul."

Bowman. Right, John.

John. But let me tell you, all our cares are at an end: Clorinda has perſuaded Robin to make proper conceſſions to the king, and join him in drubbing the enemy. He will be Earl of Huntingdon again; I'll be a knight, Stella a Lady, and you a 'Squire: but this is loſing time. Let the priſoners be brought forward, *(Exit an Archer)* we will firſt diſpatch them, and then all get mad as ſo many March hares.

A I R.

The laſſes are mad, the Archers are mad,
"For nimbly footing the ground, Sir;"
In merry Sherwood no ſoul ſhall be ſad,
"While harps with melody ſound, Sir."

"We'll tipple like mad, then madly ſing,
"Madrigals, catches and glees, Sir;
"Chaunt out like mad, till the welkin ring,
"Under the miſletoe trees, Sir.

"We fight like mad, when we fall on our foes,
"Shoot arrows wing'd like the wind, Sir;
"The fat fallow deer can't eſcape our bows,
"Nor in ſwiftneſs ſafety find, Sir.

"Then madly we'll ſing, and madly we'll dance,
"And madly all roar out, Sir;
"And madly make our enemies prance,
"If mad to try a bout, Sir."

Bold Bowman is mad, ſtout Allen is mad,
And John's as mad as the reſt, Sir;
Maidens run mad, our hearts are glad,
Stark mad ſhall be every gueſt, Sir.

Enter

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Enter ARCHER, *carrying a large Gothic Chair: Archers.*

John. Fix the bench of juſtice here, which is made of yew, ſignifying the bitterneſs of judgment. We ſhould have tried this wicked prieſt and our treacherous companion before day, but judicial proceedings ought never to be carried on in the dark.

Bowman. Nor in the twilight, John; therefore we Engliſh hate Star-chamber buſineſs. But it is now broad light, ſhall we proceed?

John. Yes, but firſt bring me in the robes and coif, we ſtripped from the learned Serjeant of the law, on his way to the parviſe. (*Exit Archer.*) A judge might as well appear without his head as without his robe; for profeſſional wiſdom conſiſts much in looking grave.

Enter ARCHER, *with robe and coif.*

John. (*Puts on the robes.*) Great knowledge and *hocus pocus* lie depoſited under this coif. Now I am equipt in the uniform of the courts, and qualified to hear and determine cauſes. (*Sits.*) Do I look wiſe?—

Bowman. Aye, as wiſe as an owl at midnight—So wiſe, were you to appear in Weſtminſter-hall, on a call of Serjeants, the judges might cry out, "I ſpy "a brother!"

John. Order in the priſoners and witneſſes—Though to be ſure I am acquainted with the whole caſe myſelf; but then being a judge, I muſt know nothing but what comes out in evidence.

Bowman. Shall we impannel a jury?

John. A jury! Piſh, no: where is the neceſſity? Juries follow the direction of the court: yet we may as well have one for form's ſake. Range yourſelves Archers for the jury. (*The Archers range themſelves in a row.*) Now bring in the proſecutors and the proſecutees.

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Enter FRIAR *and* SCARLET, *bound.*

John. Why are the prisoners bound? For shame, Bowman! A man upon his trial should be perfectly at ease in his body, that he may have the free use of his mind. (*The prisoners are unbound.*) Now carry away the ropes: the sight of halters may be offensive, or raise a fellow feeling, and disturb some of the jury. Command silence.

Bowman. Silence!

John. You father Tuck, and you William Scarlet, stand charged with carrying on a correspondence with the Bishop of Hereford, and an intention to betray us, lords and yeomen of the Forest, into his hands.

Bowman. How say you, William Scarlet; guilty or not guilty.

Scarlet. Not guilty.

John. Not guilty! Say so again, you damned dog and you shall be hanged without further trial, as a notorious liar. Will you challenge any of the Jury?

Scarlet. You know, John, I'd fight the best of them.

John. Fight the best of you: he don't understand the term; but, gentlemen, it is legal practice that the prisoner should be ignorant of the proceedings carried on against him. (*To the Archers.*

Scarlet. Will you listen to reason?

John. Listen to reason? No, sirrah, not on the part of the prisoner: I sit here as a judge of law, not of reason; besides, I have four reasons for hanging you. First you must be hanged, because I am not to sit here for nothing: secondly, you must be hanged, because you have nobody to stand up for you: thirdly, you must be hanged, because you appear in *forma pauperis* without money; and, fourthly, you must be hanged, because you have a damned hanging look. Gentlemen, I have finished my charge.

Bowman.

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Bowman. Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed? Is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?

Archer. Guilty.

Bowman. Put him bye. Stand forward, Friar. Friar Tuck, are you guilty or nor guilty?

Friar. Guilty.

John. The first truth I believe you ever told,

Friar. May I speak?

John. Not after conviction—Take him away.

(The Archers seize him.

Friar. One word——

John. Stop his mouth—

Friar. I plead my clergy.

John. Plead your clergy!—The devil you do?—Oh, ho!——Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a point of law, and must be left to Robin Hood. I shall only observe, that it is really a strange doctrine, that men of the church and men of letters, should commit with impunity crimes for which other men suffer without mercy.

Enter ROBIN, CLORINDA, *and* STELLA.

Robin. John you are early at duty.

John. Yes, Justice should never sleep.

Robin. True, John, nor should Mercy ever close her eyes.

Clorinda. That sentiment breathes philanthropy. How comes this, uncle? I have persuaded my Robin to sue his Sovereign for grace. *(Aside.)*

Friar. Then procure my dismission, and all is well. *(Aside.)*

Clorinda. May I interfere?——

John. The business is over, madam, we have fully convicted the prisoners: will you pronounce judgment on the Friar? *(To* Robin.) Shall we hang him up, or cut him down?

Robin. We will leave him, John, to the accusations of his own conscience; a severer punishment than any

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we can inflict. Your profeſſion, Sir ſhould have taught you principles of honour.

John. Principles of honour!—You miſtake your man: this fellow is one of thoſe itinerant mendicants who travel the country, and ripen in the ſunſhine of public charity, producing very little devotion, with a plentiful crop of ſenſuality.

Friar. Will you diſmiſs me?

John. Yes, to the other world.

Robin. Prudence would juſtify my inflicting on you the ſevereſt puniſhment; but humanity forbids it. Go to the proud biſhop of Hereford, and tell him, an outlaw inſtructed a church-man, by example, that charity which he ſhould practiſe as well as teach.

Friar. I obey; and your meſſage ſhall be delivered litterally. But be aſſured, when next we meet, you ſhall not have all the advantage; I will have ample ſatisfaction for this generoſity.

Robin. Bowman, order him ſafe conduct through the Foreſt——(*Exeunt* Friar *and* Bowman.)——And now for you, Sir, (*To* Scarlet) your ingratitude hurts me, and your baſe intent upon this innocent girl I cannot forgive: "for, let me tell you, Sir, there does "not exiſt a greater wretch than he who, by per-"ſuaſion and perjury, ſeduces to ſhame the object "of his paſſion."

John. "I know of none greater, except the villain "who, having ruined, abandons."

Scar. Might I implore his pardon, on condition——

Robin. What is the condition, Stella?

Stella. That he marries poor Martha. She is juſt now returned to her mother's cottage, overwhelmed with grief.

Robin. This, if he performs, ſhall again reſtore him to the Foreſt——(*Exit* Scarlet.)——Come, girls, the morning is fine, and we ſhall rouſe a ſtag before breakfaſt.

Stella.

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Stella. "You'll excuſe me; I never found pleaſure "in worrying animals innocent as they are beautiful; "and who have neither cunning to avoid nor courage "to face their purſuers." [*Exit.*

Clorinda. Robin, lead on; I'll accompany you and your merry archers to the chace.

AIR.

When ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
And bright dew-drops impearl the flow'rs ſo gay,
Sound, ſound, my ſtout archers! ſound horns and away,
With arrows ſharp pointed we go.
See Sol now appearing in ſplendor ſo bright,
IO PÆAN! for Phœbus, who leads to delight,
All glorious in beauty he riſes to fight;
'Tis he, boys, is God of the bow.

Sweet roſes we'll offer at Venus's ſhrine,
Libations we'll pour to Bacchus divine,
While mirth, love, and pleaſure, in junction combine,
For archers, true ſons of the game!
Bid ſorrow, adieu! in ſoft numbers we'll ſing
Love, friendſhip, and beauty, ſhall make the air ring,
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs to our country and King,
Encreaſe to their honour and fame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the inſide of* EDWIN'S *cave, a ruſtic altar with a wooden croſs, and a deer's-head.* RUTTEKIN *ſleeping on a truſs of ruſhes;* ANGELINA *and* ANNETTE *ſitting at a table.*

Angelina. Here ſhould I wiſh to take up my abode, and, like the benevolent hermit of this cell, exhauſt my days in prayers and repentance. (*riſes.*

Annette.

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Annette. He ſometimes ſighs as bitterly as yourſelf.

Angelina. Oh, there is no grief like mine! Reflect on the man I loved!—Not the ſweets of the opening bloſſom, refined by the dew of heaven, could emulate the purity of his mind—The dew, the bloſſom, the ſweets were his; but, woe to me! the inconſtancy of their charms was mine.

Enter EDWIN.

Edwin. Hail, my youthful gueſts! I hope this humble cell has afforded you comfort?

Angelina. We owe you grateful thanks.

Edwin. The morning ſun has pierced the Foreſt's gloom, and glitters on the dew; the feathered choriſters chaunt their mattins to that bounteous Power which gave them being; and nature ſeems alive to love and cheerfulneſs: while man, ungrateful man alone! overlooks thoſe bleſſings which the all-wiſe, the all benignant hand of Heaven daily pours on him. (*Walks to* Ruttekin.

Angelina. What perſuaſive melody breathes in his voice!

Annette. I could hear him preach for an hour. Pity ſo ſenſible, ſo young and clever a man, ſhould turn hermit.

Edwin See where this fool, improvident of time, ſhrouded in temporary death, dozes through life, and indolently loſes Heaven's moſt precious gifts, the exerciſe of thought and reaſon. Awake! awake, ſluggard! the morning wears apace.

Ruttek. Why diſturb me?—Yet, by my appetite, it is time to riſe.

Edwin. Young pilgrim, my heart participates the grief that evidently afflicts you, and my ſoul vibrates with thoſe involuntary ſighs you in vain attempt to ſuppreſs. Tell me whence flow your ſorrows. (*Takes* Angelina *by the hand.*) This ſoft hand has not long graſped a pilgrim's ſtaff.

Angelina.

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Angelina. O, my love-worn heart!

Edwin. Is love the bane that cankers thy young breaſt? Hapleſs youth! Some proud, ſome faithleſs woman has deſtroyed your peace.

Angelina. Forgive the rudeneſs of a ſtranger, whoſe unhallowed feet intrudes where heaven and you reſide.

Edwin. Let me know your ſtory.—Beſhrew his heart who injured you! By Heaven I pity and would redreſs your wrongs.

Angelina. You feel too much for me. I have been cruel, ungrateful.——Methinks I could confide in you.—Let us retire, and, as you wiſh to know my ſtory, I will unboſom my heart to you in full confeſſion, and follow your advice.

[*Exeunt* Angelina *and* Edwin.

Ruttek. Tell me, youngſter, what crime has this maſter of yours committed? Something terrible, for his conſcience is moſt horribly haunted.

Annette. But not with the ghoſts of poultry or young lambs, maſter Tinker.

Ruttek. No more of that, if you love me.——But ſay, where are you come from?

Annette. We, as you may perceive by this badge, fought in the holy wars.

Ruttek. That was pious; you cut the throats of the Pagans for the honour of heaven, and the good of your own ſouls.

Annette. In one engagement my maſter ſplit a Vizier to the chine, and I cut down a Baſhaw of three tails.

Ruttek Ha! ha! he was a devil of a Baſhaw!——And you cut off his tails!

Annette. True; but it being our misfortune to be taken priſoner, we were carried to the houſe of a Mufti, where my maſter falling in love with the Mufti's wife, and being diſcovered by him in the lady's apartment, to ſave himſelf, he ſtabbed the old fellow to the heart.

Ruttek.

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Ruttek. That was right; it was ſerving Heaven to kill a Turk.

Annette. We fled of courſe; and, after long wandering, came to a ſea port, where we took ſhipping, and at laſt arrived in Old England.

Ruttek. And pray now, had you any love affair upon your hands?

Annette. Certainly—I intrigued in the ſeraglio of a Janiſſary, who had a wife for every week, and a concubine for every day in the year.

Ruttek. O, poor fellow! he had an almanack full of them. But I cannot help laughing at a fellow with ſuch a pigmy perſon and ſqueak-pipe voice getting among ſo many women.

Annette. Why, ſirrah, wherever I travel, hundreds ſolicit my favour, but I am cruel, except to one maid only.

A I R.

My name is little Harry-O,
Mary I will marry-O
In ſpite of Nell, or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary-O.
With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
I love little Mary-O,
In ſpite of Nell,
Or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary-O.

Smart ſhe is and bonny-O,
Sweet as ſugar candy-O;
Freſh and gay,
As flow'rs in May,
And I'm her Jack-a-dandy O,
With my, &c.

Soon

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Soon to the church I'll have her-O,
Where we'll wed together-O;
And that, that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In ſpite of wind and weather-O
With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
I love little Mary-O;
In ſpite of Nell,
Or Iſabel,
I'll follow my own vagary-O.

Enter EDWIN *and* ANGELINA *from the cave.*

Edwin. And is it—O Heaven!—Is it my love, my Angelina!———

Angelina. I am your love indeed. [*They embrace.*

Ruttek. That is natural; after high words, they fall to wreſtling.

Annette. Yes, and the hermit will probably get the better of the pilgrim.

Angelina. Annette, Annette, I have found my love, my Edwin!——Oh, that I ſhould not know thee!——But three years abſence, grief, and the hermit's habit, have cauſed the change. I have felt, for three long years, my ſpirit pine through weeping hours; but now thy ſmile lights up my mind, and all my ſorrows vaniſh like a fleeting dream.

Edwin. Thou art altered too; the roſe of beauty is opened into bloom.—Here I could gaze, and feaſt my eyes for ever!——

Ruttek. But, Sir, we cannot all partake of breakfaſt; ſo let us have ſomething more ſ[illegible] with you happineſs: this meeting has ſaved us a long journey; we were on our way to the Holy Land.

Annette. Peace, idiot!——Sir

Angelina. We were indeed! I had reſolved to find thee, Edwin, [illegible] periſh in the attempt.

Edwin.

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Edwin. Let us to the merry archers—The brave Earl of Huntingdon is my friend, and will ſhare my city.

DUET.

EDWIN.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care reſign.

ANGELINA.

And ſhall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine!

BOTH.

No; never from this hour to part!
We'll live and love ſo true,
The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too;
Breaks Angelina's too.

[*Exeunt* Angelina *and* Edwin.

Ruttek. So you are a woman, he, he, he: what a confounded fool have I been not to diſcover it ſooner! —Then, O mercy! what a legion of lies you have been telling about the Baſhaw, the Mufti, the Grand Vizier, the Janiſſary, their wives, their concubines, and their tails—What think you of me?

Annette Tolerable enough, as a Tinker; but moſt abominably as a man.—

Ruttek. They are going to—to—to—marry.

Ann. What then?

Ruttek. I have a great mind to pop the queſtion to her.—So I will—No I won't *(aſide.)*—Tell me, thou ſilver ſkinned laſs with the golden locks, will you?—

Annette. What?

Ruttek. Nothing—Yes—but I'll tell you as we trip along—Never ſaw a girl better made for carrying a tinker's

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a tinker's budget.—But come, now for the marriage festival.

AIR.

We'll to the bow'r of Robin Hood,
This is his wedding day;
And merrily in blithe Sherwood,
Brideſmaids and brideſmen play.
Then follow me, my bonny laſs,
And we'll the paſtimes ſee;
For the minſtrells ſing,
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's ſtout and old;
And am'rous virgins tell love tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold,
Then follow me, &c.

There dancing ſprightly on the green,
Each light-foot lad and laſs;
Sly ſtealing kiſſes when unſeen,
And jingling glaſs with glaſs.
Then follow me, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the outſide of* ROBIN HOOD'S *bower.*

Enter JOHN, SCARLET, *and* STELLA.

Scarlet. Allen, your forgiveneſs makes me your friend for ever; and believe me, John, you have my warmeſt thanks: in protecting female innocence, you only performed a duty incumbent on every man. But how can I ever expiate the injury I intended you, fair Stella?

Stella. Your promiſe of marriage to poor weeping Martha, prove ſincere repentance, and I not only forgive, but will, as far as poſſible, forget your tranſgreſſion.

Scarlet.

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Scarlet. Then I am ſatisfied —From this day, Martha ſhall find me kind and conſtant, and in promoting her happineſs, I'll ſecure my own.

Stella. Your converſion makes us all happy, as far as it is poſſible for us to be ſo.

A I R.

Hark! the warbling choir ſings,
Hark! the azure welkin rings,
Hills with joy reſound;
Cowſlips glad the laughing fields,
Fragrant thyme its odour yields,
Violets breathe around.

Elms their verdant honours ſpread,
Dew drops gild the moſſy bed,
Daiſies bloom among;
Soft and joyous through the ſkies,
Thouſand ſprightly voices riſe,
Echo joins the ſong.

Bliſsful ſcenes ſoon paſs away,
Pride's the glimmer of a day,
Flies on rapid wing;
Learn to know, vain mortal man,
Fleeting life is but a ſpan,
Emblem of the ſpring.

Enter RUTTEKIN.

Ruttekin. Save you, gentle folks.——Here am I returned with my ſtomach hollow as an empty ſauce-pan. The hermit is arrived, and with him two ſtrangers. Where is madam Clorinda? where is bold Robin? Here is a fine Lord, with a brave train, juſt alighted. ——Lord a' mercy on us!—Where are all the archers? where is John, Scarlet, &c.—Here, here—this way, this way.

[*All hurry off. Flouriſh.*

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Flourish. The SCENE *draws, and discovers the inside of* ROBIN'S *bower; the* FRIAR *dressed as Baron* FITZHERBERT, CLORINDA, ANGELINA, STELLA, ALLEN, ANNETTE, *&c.*

Clorinda. My dear uncle, you have performed your promise nobly.

Fitzherbert. I am no longer a tippling curtel Friar, but Baron Fitzherbert; and behold my credentials.—(*Takes out a parchment.*) His Majesty's free pardon to all within the Forest.

John. Mercy! What virtue lies in a piece of parchment with a bit of wax to it!

Fitzh. Your humanity and benevolence have obliterated from the Royal breast every remembrance of resentment. I have it in command to invest you with your former dignities, honours, manors, and castles; and now salute you, Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.

John. Now I like this——But what preferment, place, or pension, have you got for me?

Fitz. As you are a just judge, John, chuse for yourself,—Will you be hanged up, or cut down?—Nay, no answer after conviction, or I shall produce four reasons.

John. A fig for your reasons!—Here is my sugar-plumb. [*Taking* Stella *by the hand.*

Fitzh. Clorinda, I bestow you on Robin with all my heart; and to you my daughter, I present your faithful lover.—And may beauty and virtue ever reward constancy.

Robin. The Royal bounty overpowers me, and your goodness softens my heart, even to infant tenderness. This day we dedicate to love—To morrow I will re-assume my station, and, in the service of my King and Country, lead my merry archers to victory.

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FINALE.

SCARLET *and* STELLA.

Let the muſic ſprightly play,
This is Hymen's holiday;
Smiling virtues him await,
Guardian of the married ſtate.
CHORUS. Let the muſic, &c.

Roſeat God of ſoft deſire,
Mirth and wit, and ſong inſpire;
Each fond heart elate with joy,
Honeſt love can never cloy.
CHORUS. Let the, &c.

ANGELINA *and* EDWIN.

Dimpled innocence appear,
Free from ſorrow, void of fear;
Thy fair ſiſter bring with thee,
Captivating Modeſty.
CHORUS. Let the, &c.

CATCH.

FRIAR, RUTTEKIN, *and* JOHN.

Fill the foaming horn up high,
Nor let tuneful lips be dry;
Let the brimming goblet ſmile,
Blood-red wine our cares beguile.

ROBIN

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ROBIN *and* CLORINDA.

Strains of liberty we'll ſing,
To our country, Queen, and King;
To thoſe friends, who often here
With their ſmiles our boſoms cheer.
CHORUS. Strains of, &c.

FINIS.

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THE

IRISH WIDOW,

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE,

AT THE

THEATRES

IN

LONDON AND DUBLIN.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Messrs. EXSHAW, SAUNDERS, SLEATER, WILLIAMS, WILSON, POTTS, J. HOEY, Jun. CHAMBERLAINE, HUSBAND, COLLES, MONCRIEFFE, WALKER, and JENKIN.

M,DCC,LXXIV.

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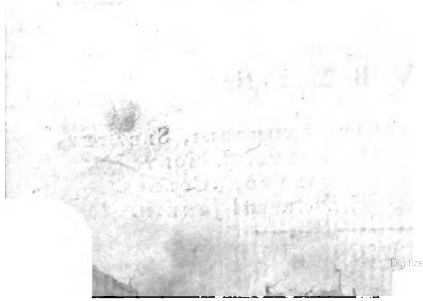
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TO

Mrs. BARRY.

MADAM,

AFTER returning my thanks to the performers of this Farce for the great juſtice they have done me, I muſt beg leave to addreſs myſelf in particular to *you*.

As your wiſhes produced the piece, and your performance has raiſed it into ſome conſequence, to whom can it be ſo properly addreſſed? You were before ranked in the firſt claſs of our Theatrical Geniuſes, and now you have the additional merit of transforming the GRECIAN DAUGHTER into the IRISH WIDOW, that is, of ſinking *to the loweſt note, from the top of the compaſs!*

Permit me, Madam, like other Coxcombs, to boaſt ſome favours I have received.—You perform the principal character, ſome news-papers have criticis'd the Farce, and the audiences have laughed heartily at it. Were not I as ſenſible as the ſevereſt critick of them all, that it is a trifle not worth the owning, I ſhould ſubſcribe my real name, inſtead of,

MADAM,

Your great admirer,

And humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir PATRICK O'NEALE,	Mr. MOODY.
WHITTLE,	Mr. PARSONS.
NEPHEW,	Mr. CAUTHERLY.
BATES,	Mr. BADDELEY.
KECKSEY,	Mr. DODD.
THOMAS,	Mr. WESTON.
FOOTMAN,	Mr. GRIFFITH.
WIDOW BRADY,	Mrs. BARRY.

THE

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THE IRISH WIDOW.

ACT I.

SCENE I. WHITTLE'S House.

Enter BATES *and Servant.*

BATES.

IS he gone out? his card tells me to come directly—I did but lock up ſome papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My maſter deſires you will ſit down, he will return immediately — he had ſome buſineſs with his lawyer, and went out in great haſte, leaving the meſſage I have deliver'd. Here is my young maſter.

[*Exit* Servant.

Enter NEPHEW.

Bates. What, lively *Billy!*—hold, I beg your pardon—melancholy *William*, I think—here's fine revolution—I hear your Uncle, who was laſt month all gravity, and you all mirth, have chang'd characters; he is now all ſpirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Neph. And for the ſame reaſon—This journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain Engliſh, and before your Uncle comes—explain the matter.

Neph. In the firſt place, I am undone.

Bates. In love, I know—I hope your Uncle is not undone too—that would be the devil!

Neph. He has taken poſſeſſion of him in every ſenſe. In ſhort, he came to Scarborough to ſee the lady I had fallen in love with——

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Bates. And fell in love himſelf?

Neph. Yes, and with the ſame lady.

Bates. That is the devil indeed!

Neph. O, Mr. *Bates!* when I thought my happineſs compleat, and wanted only my Uncle's conſent, to give me the independence he ſo often has promis'd me, he came to Scarborough for that purpoſe, and wiſh'd me joy of my choice; but in leſs than a week, his approbation turned into a paſſion for her; he now hates the ſight of me, and is reſolv'd, with the conſent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his conſent, which his brother's fooliſh will requires, and he would marry himſelf the ſame woman, becauſe right, title, conſcience, nature, juſtice, and every law divine and human, are againſt it.

Neph. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the leaſt want of either.

Bates. Well ſaid, friend *Whittle!* but it can't be, it ſhan't be, and it muſt not be—this is murder and robbery in the ſtrongeſt ſenſe, and he ſhan't be hang'd in chains to be laughed at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Neph. I am diſtracted, the widow is diſtreſs'd, and we both ſhall run mad.

Bates. A widow too!—'gad a mercy, three-ſcore and five!

Neph. But ſuch a widow! ſhe is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands; 'tis equal to him who has her, ſo ſhe is provided for—I hear ſomebody coming—I muſt away to her lodgings, where ſhe waits for me to execute a ſcheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, *Billy?*

Neph. Brady.

Bates. Brady! is not ſhe Daughter to Sir *Patrick O'Neale.*

Neph. The ſame. She was ſacrificed to the moſt ſenſeleſs, drunken profligate in the whole country: He lived to run out his fortune, and the only advantage ſhe got from the union was, he broke that and his neck, before he had broke her heart.

Digitized by Google *Bates.*

Bates. The affair of marriage is in this country put upon the eaſieſt footing; there is neither love nor hate in the matter; neceſſity brings them together; they are united at firſt for their mutual convenience, and ſeparated ever after for their particular pleaſures.—O rare matrimony!—Where does ſhe lodge?

Neph. In Pall-Mall, near the Hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and aſſiſt at the conſultation; I am for a bold ſtroke if gentle methods ſhould fail.

Neph. We have a plan, and a ſpirited one, if my ſweet widow is able to go through it—pray, let us have your friendly aſſiſtance—ours is the cauſe of love and reaſon.

Bates. Get you gone, with your love and reaſon, they ſeldom pull together now-a-days—I'll give your Uncle a doſe firſt, and then I'll meet you at the widow's ——what ſays your Uncle's privy counſellor, Mr. *Thomas*, to this?

Neph. He is greatly our friend, and will enter ſincerely into our ſervice—he is honeſt, ſenſible, ignorant, and particular—a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your buſineſs, and leave the reſt to me. [*Exit* Nephew.

Enter THOMAS.

Mr. *Thomas*, I am glad to ſee you; upon my word you look charmingly— you wear well, Mr. *Thomas*.

Thom. Which is a wonder, conſidering how the times go, Mr. *Bates*—they'll wear and tear me too, if I don't take care of myſelf—my old maſter has taken the neareſt way to wear himſelf out, and all that belong to him.

Bates. Why ſurely this ſtrange ſtory about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fall'n in love.

Thom. Ten times worſe than that!

Bates. The devil!

Thom. And his horns—going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Thom. You never ſaw ſuch an alter'd man in your born days!—he's grown young again; he friſks, and prattles,

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prances, and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs—he has left off his brown camlet ſurtout, which he wore all ſummer, and now with his hat under his arm, he goes open breaſted, and he dreſſes, and powders, and ſmirks ſo, that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam — ſomething wrong in his upper ſtory — would you think it?—he wants me to have a pig-tail!

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed!

Thom. As ſure as you are there, Mr. *Bates*, a pig-tail!—we have had ſad work about it—I made a compromiſe with him, to wear theſe ruffled ſhirts which he gave me—but they ſtand in my way—I am not ſo fitleſs with them—tho' I have ty'd up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am reſolute.

Bates. This it is to be in love, *Thomas?*

Thom. He may make free with himſelf, he ſhan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine—and ſo I told him.

Bates. What did you tell him?

Thom. That as I and my father, and his father before me, had worn their own hair as heaven had ſent it, I thought myſelf rather too old to ſet up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail—he! he! he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face, for it was wormwood.

Thom. Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old blockhead, and would not ſpeak to me the reſt of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a paſſion, and I could not help telling him, that I was an Engliſhman born, and had my prerogative as well as he, and that as long as I had breath in my body, I was for liberty, and a ſtrait head of hair.

Bates. Well ſaid, *Thomas* — he could not anſwer that.

Thom. The pooreſt man in England is a match for the greateſt, if he will but ſtick to the laws of the land, and the ſtatue books, as they are delivered down to us from our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we muſt lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old maſter's head, and put her into your young maſter's hands.

Thom.

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Thom. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years!—what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr. *Bates!*—let me see—on the debtor side 65—and per contra creditor a buxom widow of 23.—He'll make a bankrupt in a fortnight—he! he! he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr. *Thomas*—what have you got in your hand?

Thom. A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in; he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he us'd to do, and since he has got this widow in his head he reads but the Amorous Repository, Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bates. Here he comes with all his folly about him.—

Thom. Yes, and the first fool from vanity-fair.—Heav'n help us!—love turns man and woman topsy turvy! [*Exit* Thomas.

Whittle (without.) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand!

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither—no man ought to be called old, friend *Bates*, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicksome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend, and if I don't make use of my philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a cast—you know, when I study'd at Lincoln's-Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should now call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes dares tell me so, wh I have this friend at my side——*(touches his sword.)*

Bates. A hero too! what in the name of common sense is come to you, my friend?—high spirit

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honour, a long ſword and a bag; you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and ſally forth knight of the Woful Countenance, ha! ha! ha!

Whit. Mr. *Bates*—the ladies, who are the beſt judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unleſs you'll be a little ſerious, I muſt beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to ſome more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come, unlock then, you wild, handſome, vigorous young dog you—I will pleaſe you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never ſaw me look better, *Frank*, did you?

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant Taylor's School?

Bates. At Lincoln's-Inn, *Tom.*

Whit. It can't be—I never diſguiſe my age, and next February, I ſhall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am ſixty, and you always lick'd me at ſchool—tho' I believe I could do as much for you now, and ecod I believe you deſerve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are——let me ſee——we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domini 25, which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college indeed ſurprizingly young, and what is more ſurprizing, by this calculation you went to ſchool before you were born—you were always a forward child.

Whit. I ſee there is no talking or conſulting with you in this humour, and ſo, Mr. *Bates*, when you are in temper to ſhew leſs of your wit, and more of your friendſhip, I ſhall conſult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow I mean—when you have done ſowing your wild oats, and have been bliſter'd into your right ſenſes; when you have half kill'd yourſelf with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waiſtcoats, worſted ſtockings, cork ſoles, and gallochys, I am at your ſervice again, ſo bon jour to you, Monſieur Fifty-four; ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he [illegible] head, and peeviſh—he wants ſpirit, and ſtrength of conſtitution

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conſtitution to conceive my happineſs—I am in love with the widow, and muſt have her: Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends ſtare; let 'em call me imprudent, and mad if they pleaſe—I live in good times, and among people of faſhion, ſo none of my neighbours, thank heaven, can have the aſſurance to laugh at me.

Enter OLD KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend *Whittle*; joy! joy to you boy—you are going, a going! a going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the beſt—there's nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I ſhould have been at death's door by this time—hugh! hugh! hugh! *(Coughs.)*

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend!—I was coming to adviſe with you—I am got into the pound again—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith—and there's no love loſt between us—am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, *Tom!* Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh! I'm happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't ſtay at home, ſo we are both of a mind—ſhe's every night at one or other of the garden places; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! hugh! ſhe has got an Iriſh gentleman, a kind couſin of her's, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and ſo good-natur'd—it is a vaſt comfort to have ſuch a friend in a family! hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, couſin *Keckſey.*

Keck. Bold! ay to be ſure; none but the brave deſerve the fair—hugh! hugh! hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her ſhoes. I hate your little ſhrimps; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me; I was always fond of the majeſtic; give me a ſlice of a good Engliſh ſurloin; cut and come again; hugh! hugh! hugh! that's my taſte!

Whit. I'm glad you have ſo good a ſtomach—and ſo you would adviſe me to marry the widow directly?

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Keck. To be ſure—you have not a moment to loſe; I always mind what the poet ſays,

'Tis folly to loſe time,
When man is in his prime:

hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, couſin.

Keck. Marriage is the beſt lozenge for it.

Whit. You have rais'd me from the dead—I am glad you came—*Frank Bates* had almoſt killed me with his jokes——but you have comforted me, and we will walk thro' the Park; and I will carry you to the widow in Pall-Mall.

Keck. With all my heart—I'll raiſe her ſpirits and your's too—courage, *Tom*——come along —— who's afraid? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the* WIDOW'S *Lodgings.*

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, *and* BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to caſt off your real character, and aſſume a feign'd one; it is an extraordinary occaſion, and requires extraordinary meaſures; pluck up a ſpirit, and do it for the honour of your ſex.

Neph. Only conſider, my ſweet Widow, that our all is at ſtake!

Widow. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, tho' it is done for your ſake?

Neph. Could I think myſelf capable of ſuch ingratitude——

Widow. Don't make fine ſpeeches; you men are ſtrange creatures, you turn our heads to your purpoſes, and then deſpiſe us for the folly you teach us; 'tis hard to aſſume a character contrary to my diſpoſition; I cannot get rid of my unfaſhionable prejudices, till I have been married in England ſome time, and liv'd among my betters.

Neph. Thou charming, adorable woman! what ſhall we do then? I never wiſh'd for a fortune till this moment.

Widow. Could we live upon affection, I would give it fortune to your Uncle, and thank him for taking and then,

Neph.

Neph. What then, my ſweet Widow?

Widow. I would deſire you to run away with me as faſt as you can—what a pity it is, that this money, which my heart deſpiſes, ſhould hinder its happineſs, or that for want of a few dirty acres, a poor woman, muſt be made miſerable, and ſacrificed twice to thoſe who have them.

Neph. Heaven forbid; theſe exquiſite ſentiments endear you more to me, and diſtract me with the dread of loſing you.

Bates. Young folks; let an old man who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Tho' a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reaſon, Mr *Bates.*

Bates. And that's a wonder—you have no time to loſe; for want of a jointure you are ſtill your father's ſlave; he is obſtinate, and has promiſed you to the old man: Now, madam, if you will not riſe ſuperior to your ſex's weakneſs, to ſecure a young fellow inſtead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Widow. They are a couple of traitors I'm ſure, and have led their miſtreſs into a toil, from which all her wit cannot releaſe her.

Neph. But it can, if you will but exert it; my Uncle ador'd and fell in love with you, for your beauty, ſoftneſs, and almoſt ſpeechleſs reſerve. Now, if amidſt all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow; he will grow ſick of his bargain and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Widow. I ſhall make a very bad actreſs.

Neph. You are an excellent mimick; aſſume but the character of your Iriſh female neighbour in the country, with which you aſtoniſh'd us ſo agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us, which neither my love, nor your virtue, can accompliſh without it.

Widow. Now for a trial—*(mimicking a ſtrong brogue)*—fait and trot, if you will be after bringing me before the old Jontleman, if he loves muſic, I will

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trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too in the bargain, if he loves capering—O bless me! my heart fails me, and I am frighten'd out of my wits; I can never go thro' it.

(Nephew *and* Bates *both laugh.*

Neph. (*kneeling and kissing her hand*) O 'tis admirable! love himself inspires you; and we shall conquer; What say you, Mr. *Bates?*

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty; but away, away, and give him the first broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, *Keckſey.*

Widow. But will my dress suit the character I play?

Neph. The very thing; is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Widow. All is ready; 'tis an act of dispair to punish folly, and reward merit: 'tis the last effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors' Commons: Now let the criticks laugh at me if the dare.

[*Exit with ſpirit.*

Neph. Brava! bravissima! sweet widow!

[*Exit after her.*

Bates. Huzza! huzza! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Park.*

Enter WHITTLE *and* KECKSEY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish, but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend; I am for a lively smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry; I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still-life for me; I love their prittle prattle, it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap while my Sally and her cousin are playing about the house like young cats.

Whit.

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Whit. I am for no cats in my houſe; I cannot ſleep with a noiſe; the widow was made on purpoſe for me; ſhe is ſo baſhful, has no acquaintance, and ſhe never would ſtir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a conſumption, and to force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you ſhall ſee her; you are always for a tall, chattering, friſky wench; now for my part I am with the old ſaying,

Wife a mouſe,
Quiet houſe;
Wife a cat,
Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your ſayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes *Bates*, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us; when I have taken a ſerious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd out again. This way, friend *Keckſey*; what have we got here?

Keck. Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; ſhe's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were ſhe not ſo flaunting, I ſhould take it for—No, it is impoſſible; and yet is not that my Nephew with her? I forbad him ſpeaking to her; it can't be the widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW, *followed by* NEPHEW, *three* Footmen *and a black* Boy.

Widow. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your Cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you, that you ſwear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you, long ago. Would you have me be faithleſs to your Uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faithful to you till I was ordered to be faithful to him? but I muſt know more of your Engliſh ways, and live more among the Engliſh ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time—and ſo there's my anſwer for you.

Neph. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [*Exit.*

Widow. Take what relief you plaſe, young Jontleman, what have I to do with dat? He is certainly mad, or out of his ſinſes, for he ſwears he can't *live* without me, and yet he talks of *killing* himſelf; how

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does he make out dat? If a country man of mine had made such a blunder, they would have it put in all the news-papers, and Faulkner's Journal beside: but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stale a horse.

Keck. Is this the widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know (*half sighing*) it is, and it is not.

Widow. Your servant, Mr. Whittol; I wish you would spake to your Nephew not to be whining and dangling after me all day in his green coat like a parrot: It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggarman, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr. *Whittol.*

Whit. He is an imprudent beggar, and shall be really so, for his disobedience.

Widow. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a great deal of good.

Keck. (*to Whittle*) She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh! hugh!

Whit. 'Tis stronger to day than ever I heard it [*staring.*

Widow. And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the most fulleſt when the wind is nesterly; it has the same effect upon me, as upon stammering people—they can't speak for their impediment, and my tongue is fixed so looſe in my mouth, I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend *Keckſey.*

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better, say I.

Widow. When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr. Whittol, don't let us be vulgar, and talk of our poor relations: It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of Operas, Plays, Masquerades, and Pantaons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; and Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks to cool and refresh one in the summer. La, la, la. [*sings.*

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat; we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's afraid,

Digitized by Google *Widow.*

Widow. How the people ſtare, as if they never ſaw a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I ſuppoſe, this ſtrange gentleman, is a near friend and relation, and as ſuch, notwithſtanding his appearance, I ſhall always trate him, though I might diſlike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankneſs; and I like your perſon, and I envy my friend Whittle, and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myſelf agreeable to you, that I would — hugh, hugh.

Widow. And indeed, Sir, it would be very *agraable* to *me*; for if I ſhould hate you as much as I did my firſt dare huſband; I ſhould always have the comfort, that in all human probability, my torments would not laſt long.

Keck. She utters ſomething more than monoſyllables, friend; this is better than bargain: She has a fine bold way of talking.

Whit. More bold than welcome; I am ſtruck all of a heap.

Widow. What, are you low ſpirited, my dear Mr. *Whittol*? When you were at Scarborough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married ſome time.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I can't but ſay I am a little thoughtful — we take it by turns: you were very ſorrowful a month ago for the loſs of your huſband, and that you could dry up your tears ſo ſoon, naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Widow. Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen huſbands, when I were ſure of having a thirteenth like Mr. Wittol; that's very natural ſure both in England and Dublin too.

Keck. She won't die of a conſumption; ſhe has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy *Tom* — Hugh, hugh.

Whit. O yes, yes, very happy. [*aſide.*

Widow. But come, don't let us be melancholy before the time: I am ſure I have been mop'd up for a

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year and a half, I was oblig'd to mourn for my firſt huſband, that I might be ſure of a ſecond; and my father kept my ſpirits in ſubjection, as the beſt receipt (he ſaid) for changing a widow into a wife. But now I have my arms and legs at liberty, I muſt, and will have my ſwing; now I am out of my cage I could dance two nights togeder, and a day too, like any ſinging bird; and I am in ſuch ſpirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bleſs my eyes, and don't I ſee there Miſs Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother, Captain O'Flarty? He was one of my dying Strephons at Scarborough. I have a very grate regard for him, and muſt make him a little miſerable with my happineſs (*courtſeys.*) Come along, Skips, (*to the ſervants*) don't you be goſtring there; ſhew your liveries, bow to your maſter that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I ſhall be with you again, Jontlemen, in the crack of a ſan — O, I'll have a huſband, ay marry. (*Exit ſinging.*

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith, no acquaintance — delicate reſerve — mopes at home — forced into the air — inclin'd to a conſumption — What a deſcription you gave of your wife; why ſhe beats my Sally, *Tom.*

Whit. Yes, and ſhe'll beat me if I dont take care. What a change is here; I muſt turn about, or this will turn my head: Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon, you ſhall dance and leap by yourſelf, that I'm reſolv'd.

Keck. Here ſhe comes again; it does my heart good to ſee her. You are in luck, *Tom.*

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of ſuch luck.

Enter WIDOW, *&c.*

Widow. Ha, ha, ha, the poor captain is marched off in a fury. He can't bear to hear that the town has capitulated to you, Mr. Whittol. I have promiſed to introduce him to you: He will make one of my danglers to take a little exerciſe with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You ſhan't catch me napping, I aſſure you. What a diſcovery and eſcape I have made, I am in a ſweat with the thoughts of my danger. *Keck.*

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Keck. I proteſt, Couſin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr. Mac Brawn. What a fine ſtately couple they are, I muſt after 'em and have a laugh with them — now they giggle, and walk quick, that I mayn't overtake 'em. Madam, your ſervant. You're a happy man, *Tom.* Keep up your ſpirits, old boy. Hugh, hugh, who's afraid. *(Exit.*

Widow. I know Mr. Mac Brawn extremely well — He was very intimate at our houſe, in my firſt huſband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be ſure. He would very often leave his claret and companions for a little converſation with me. He was bred at the Dublin Univarſity, and being a very deep ſcholar, has fine talents for a tete a tete.

Whit. She knows him too, I ſhall have my houſe overrun with the *Mac Brawns*, *O'Shoulders*, and the blood of the *Backwells*; lord have mercy upon me.

Widow. Pray, Mr. Whittol, is that poor ſpindle legg'd crater of a couſin of your's lately married? ha, ha, ha, I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agraable cough of his will ſoon reward her for all her ſufferings.

Whit. What a delivery, a reprieve before the knot was tied. *(aſide.)*

Widow. Are you unwell, Mr. Whittol? I ſhould be ſorry you would fall ſick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great conſolation to me; becauſe I ſhould have the pleaſure of nurſing you myſelf.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, madam.

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I aſſure you, Sir, from my ſoul, that I ſhall take grate delight in the occaſion.

Whit. Indeed, madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how ſoon, the ſooner the better; and the more danger the more honour; I ſpake from my heart.

Whit. And ſo do I from mine, madam. *(ſighs.)*

Widow. But don't let us think of future pleaſure, and neglect the preſent ſatisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to chuſe my clothes, in which I ſhall forget the ſorrows of Mrs. Brady in the joys of Mrs. Wittol. Tho' I have no fortune myſelf, I ſhall bring a

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tolerable one to you in debts, Mr. Wittol, and which I will pay you tinfold in tinderneſs; your deep purſe, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality with no ſouls, and grate ſouls with no caſh at all. — I hope you'll meet me at the Pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton, and her daughter, Miſs Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen Maccaroonies, and two ſavoury vivres, are to take me there, and we propoſe a grate deal of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crater, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about for a week together; I have a fine conſtitution, and am never moleſted with your naſty vapours! are you ever troubled with vapours, Mr. *Whittol.*

Whit. A little now and then, madam.

Widow. I'll rattle 'em away like ſmoke, there are no vapours where I come; I hate your dumps, and your nerves and your megrims, and I had much rather break your reſt with a little racketing, than let any thing get into your head that ſhould not be there, Mr. *Whittol.*

Whit. I will take care that nothing ſhall be in my head but what ought to be there: What a deliverance. [*Aſide.*

Widow. (*Looking at her watch.*) Bleſs me, how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company: but I muſt lave you, for there are half a hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr. Whittol; and there is my own brother, lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning, and he is ſo like me, you would not know us aſunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad, he lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and ſo you may aſſiſt one another. Mr. Wittol, your obadient, 'till we meet at the Pantaon. Follow me Pompey; and Skips, do you follow him.

Pomp. The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go firſt after you, miſſis, they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a ſhame, your ladyſhip, that a black negro ſhould take place of Engliſh Chriſtians — we can't follow him indeed.

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Widow.

Widow. Then you may follow one another out of my ſarvice; if you follow me, you ſhall follow him, for he ſhall go before me; can't I make him your ſuperior, as the laws of the land have made him your aqual? Therefore reſign as faſt as you plaſe, you ſhan't oppoſe government and keep your places too, that is not good politicks in England or Ireland either, ſo come along Pompay, be after going before me — Mr. Whittol, moſt tinderly your's. [*Exit.*

Whit. Moſt tinderly your's! (*mimicks her*) Ecod I believe you are, and any body's elſe; O what an eſcape have I had. But how ſhall I clear myſelf of this buſineſs? I ſhall ſerve her as I would bad money, put her off into another's hands: My *Nephew* is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune, he'll take the good and the bad together — he ſhall do ſo or ſtarve. I'll ſend for *Bates* directly, confeſs my folly, aſk his pardon, ſend him to my *Nephew*, write, and declare off with the Widow, and ſo get rid of her *tinderneſs* as faſt as I can. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

A Room in WHITTLE'S *Houſe.*

Enter BATES *and* NEPHEW.

NEPHEW (*taking him by the hand.*)

WE are bound to you for ever, Mr. *Bates*; I can ſay no more; words but ill expreſs the real feelings of the heart.

Bates. I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter, but the buſineſs is not compleated, till *Signatum et Sigillatum.*

Neph. Let me fly to the Widow, and tell her how proſperouſly we go on.

Bates. Don't be in a hurry, young man; ſhe is not in the dark, I aſſure you, nor has ſhe yet finiſh'd her part; ſo capital an actreſs ſhould not be idle in the laſt act.

Neph. I could wiſh that you would let me come into my Uncle's propoſal at once, without vexing him farther.

Bates. Then I declare off; thou ſilly young man, are you to be dup'd by your own weak good nature, and his

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his worldly craft; this does not arise from his love and justice to you, but from his own miserable situation; he must be tortur'd into justice; he shall not only give up your whole estate, which he is loth to part with, but you must now have a premium for agreeing to your own happiness; what, shall your widow, with wit and spirit, that would do the greatest honour to our sex, go thro' her task chearfully, and shall your courage give way, and be outdone by a woman's? — fie for shame.

Neph I beg your pardon, Mr. *Bates*; I will follow your directions; be as hard hearted as my Uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his soul.

Bates. That's a good child, and remember that your own and the Widow's future happiness depends upon your both going through this business with spirit; make your Uncle feel for himself, that he may do justice to other people. Is the Widow ready for the last experiment?

Neph. She is; but think what anxiety I shall feel, while she is in danger.

Bates. Ha, ha, ha, she'll be in no danger; besides shan't we be at hand to assist her; hark, I hear him coming; I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and if we are not paid for our trouble, say I am no politician; fly — now we shall do. [*Exit* Nephew.

Enter WHITTLE.

Whit. Well, Mr. *Bates*, have you talk'd with my *Nephew*, is he not overjoy'd at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untun'd the whole family; you have screwed him too high; the young man is out of his senses, I think he stares and mopes about, and sighs; looks at me indeed, but gives very absurd answers, I don't like him?

Whit. What is the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected; there is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns, you have had it, and now transfer it to your Nephew, which to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you ever made him.

Whit. But I am going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon. *Whit.*

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Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myſelf?

Bates. Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual bliſter off your own back, to clap it upon his; what a tender Uncle you are?

Whit. But you don't conſider the eſtate which I ſhall give him.

Bates. Reſtore to him, you mean — 'tis his own, and you ſhould have given it up long ago; you muſt do more or Old Nick will have you; your Nephew won't take the widow off your hands without a fortune; throw him ten thouſand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed but I ſhan't; he ſhall run mad, and I'll marry her myſelf, rather than do that; Mr. *Bates*, be a true friend, and ſooth my Nephew to conſent to my propoſal.

Bates. You have rais'd the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my beſt for you; when the head is turn'd, nothing can bring it right again, ſo ſoon as ten thouſand pounds; ſhall I promiſe for you?

Whit. I'll ſooner go to Bedlam myſelf. [*Exit* Bates.

Whit. Why, I am in a worſe condition than I was before. If this Widow's father will not let me be off without providing for his daughter, I may loſe a great ſum of money, and none of us be the better for it: My Nephew half mad, myſelf half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale, is come to wait upon you, would you pleaſe to ſee him?

Whit. By all means, the very perſon I wanted, don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*] I wonder if he has ſeen my letter to the Widow; I will ſound him by degrees, that I may be ſure of my mark, before I ſtrike the blow.

Enter Sir PATRICK.

Sir Pat. Mr. Whizzle, your humble ſarvant; it gives me grate pleaſure, that an old Jontleman of your property will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Neales; we have been too much Jontlemen, not to ſpend our eſtate, as you have made

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yourſelf a kind of Jontleman by getting one; one runs out one way, and t'other runs in another, which makes them both meet at laſt, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir *Patrick*: I am an old gentleman, you ſay true, and I was thinking—

Sir *Pat.* And I was thinking, if you were ever ſo old, my daughter can't make you young again; ſhe has as fine rich tick blood in her veins as any in all Ireland. I wiſh you had a ſwate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double croſs of it.

Whit. That would be a double croſs indeed. [*Aſide.*

Sir Pat. Tho' I was miſerable enough with my firſt wife who had the devil of a ſpirit, and the very moddel of her daughter, yet a brave man never ſhrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick, and I begin to ſhrink already.

Sir *Pat.* I have bred her up in great ſubjiction; ſhe is as tame as a young colt, and as tinder as a ſucking chicken; you will find her a true Jontlewoman, and ſo knowing that you can tache her nothing: ſhe brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing elſe; and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit But I have been conſidering your daughter's great deſerts, and my great age———

Sir *Pat.* She is a charming crater; I wou'd venture to ſay that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I ſay, Sir, as I have been conſidering your daughter's great deſerts, and as I own I have great demerits———

Sir *Pat.* To be ſure you have, but you can't help that; and if my daughter was to mention any thing of a fleering at your age, or your ſtingineſs, by the balance of power but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her aſhamed of it; but mum, old Jontleman, the devil a word of your infirmities will ſhe touch upon; I have brought her up to ſoftneſs, and to gentleneſs, as a kitten to new milk; ſhe will ſpake nothing but no and yes; as if ſhe were dumb; and no

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tame rabbit or pigeon will keep houſe, or be more inganious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vaſtly altered then, ſince I ſaw her laſt, or I have loſt my ſenſes, and in either caſe, we had much better, ſince I muſt ſpeak plain, not come together——

Sir *Pat.* 'Till you are married, you mean——with all my heart, it is the more gentale for that, and like our family; I never ſaw lady O'Nale, your mother-in-law, who, poor crater, is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again, till the week before I married her, and I did not care if I had never ſeen her then, which is a comfort too, in caſe of death, or other accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't underſtand me, Sir Patrick, I ſay—

Sir *Pat.* I ſay, how can that be, when we both ſpake Engliſh?

Whit. But you miſtake my meaning, and don't comprehend me.

Sir *Pat.* Then you don't comprehend yourſelf, Mr. Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy, to find out after you have ſpoke, what never was in you.

Whit. Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir *Pat.* I do attend man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

Whit. Your daughter——

Sir *Pat.* Your wife that is to be. Go on——

Whit. My wife that is *not* to be—Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir *Pat.* To be, or *not* to be, is that the queſtion? I can ſwear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confeſs myſelf unworthy of her; I have the greateſt regard for you, Sir Patrick, I ſhould think myſelf honour'd by being in your family, but there are many reaſons——

Sir *Pat.* To be ſure there are many reaſons why an old man ſhould not marry a young woman; but that was your buſineſs and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had ſeen, and had brought me an anſwer to it.

Sir *Pat.* What the devil, Mr. Whizzle, do you make a letter porter of me? do you imagine, you dirty fellow,

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with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Nale would carry your letters; I would have you know, that I despise letters and all that belong to 'em, nor would I carry a letter to the King, Heaven bless him, unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir *Pat.* What! is it nothing to make a penny post-man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to-day, and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't understand, I shall take it an affront to my family, and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Nale's, or we will spill the last drop of the red puddle of the Wizzles. (*Going and returns*) Harkee you, Mr. Wizzle, Wheezle, Whistle, what's your name? You must not stir 'till I come back; if you offer to eat, drink, or sleep, 'till my honour is satisfy'd, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life. You had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months, than dare to save your house. So now, Mr. Weezle, you are to do as you please. [*Exit.*

Whit Now the devil is at work, indeed! if some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my Nephew, and have a long Irish sword through me into the bargain. While I am in my senses I won't have the woman; and therefore he that is out of them shall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. Thomas!

Enter THOMAS.

Sad work Thomas!

Tho Sad work, indeed! why could you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tho. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better, then nobody will believe it.

Tho. But they come to me to enquire.

Whit. And you contradict it.

Tho. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door just now, that it was all a lie, and your Nephew looks out of the two pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story; upon that, there gather'd such a mob!

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Whit.

Whit. I shall be murder'd, and have my house pulled down into the bargain!

Tho. It is all quiet again; I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town, so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tho. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tho. You were out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drown'd if you marry.

Whit. I'm frighten'd out of my wits; yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am order'd to stay to be murder'd in it, for aught I know; what are you muttering Thomas? prithee, speak out and comfort me.

Tho. It is all a judgment upon you; because your brother's foolish will says the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and you won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the Widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tho. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of Bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! You shall stay with me 'till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy, and I won't live long I promise you.

[*knocking at the door.*

Tho. Here are the undertakers already. [*Exit.*

Whit. What shall I do? my head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run through the body.

Thomas returns with bills.

Tho Half a score people I never saw before with these bills and drafts upon you for payment, sign'd Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames; what an impudent extravagant baggage, to be-

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gin her tricks already; ſend them to the devil, and ſay I won't pay a farthing.

Tho. You'll have another mob at the door. [*Going.*

Whit. Stay, ſtay, Thomas; tell them I am very buſy, and they muſt come to-morrow morning: ſtay, ſtay, that is promiſing payment; no, no, no,—tell 'em they muſt ſtay 'till I am married, and ſo they will be ſatisfied, and trick'd in to the bargain.

Tho. When you are trick'd, we ſhall all be ſatisfied. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Thomas.

Whit. That of all dreadful things I ſhould think of a woman, and that woman ſhould be a Widow, and that Widow ſhould be an Iriſh one; *quem Deus vult perdere.* —Who have we here? another of the family, I ſuppoſe.

[*Whittle retires.*

Enter Widow, *as Lieutenant* O'Neale, *ſeemingly flutter'd and putting up his ſword,* Thomas *following.*

Tho. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I ſhould have made them run faſter; I ſhall teach them how to ſnigger, and look through glaſſes at their betters; theſe are your Maccaroons, as they call themſelves; by my ſoul but I would frighten'd their hair out of buckle, if they would have ſtood ſtill till I had overtaken them; theſe whipperſnappers look ſo much more like girls in breeches, than thoſe I ſee in petticoats, that ſait and trot, it is a pity to hurt'em; the fair ſex in London here ſeem the moſt maſculine of the two; but to buſineſs; friend, where is your maſter?

Tho. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impertinent, Sir, you will offend me, lave the room.

Tho. I value my life, too much not to do that—what a raw-bon'd tartar! I wiſh he had not been caught and ſent here. [*Aſide to his maſter, and Exit.*

Whit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tygers! I ſweat at the ſight of him; I am ſorry Thomas is gone; he has being quarrelling already.

Wid. Is your name Wittol?

Whit. My name is Whittle, not Wittol.

Wid. We ſhan't ſtand for trifles—and you were born and chriſten'd by the name of Thomas? *Whit.*

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Whit. So they told me, Sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait; ſo far, ſo good. [*Takes out a letter.*

Do you know that hand-writing?

Whit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon ſuch occaſions.

[*Shewing his right hand, and ſmiling.*

Wid. You had better not ſhew your teeth, Sir, 'till we come to the jokes; the hand-writing is yours?

Whit. Yes, Sir, it is mine. [*Sighs.*

Wid. Death and powder! what do you ſigh for? are you aſham'd, or ſorry, for your handy-works?

Whit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be plas'd Sir, to rade it aloud, that you may know it again, when you hare it.

Whittle [*takes his letter and reads.*—Madam—[*Reads.*

Wid. Would you be plas'd to let us know what madam you mean? for women of quality, and women of no quality, and women of all qualities, are ſo mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are called *madams*; you ſhould always rade the ſubſcription before you open the letter.

Whit. I beg your pardon, Sir; I don't like this ceremony. (*Aſide*) To Mrs. *Brady*, in Pall-Mall.

Wid. Now proſade—fire and powder, but I would—

Whit. Sir! what's the matter?

Wid. Nothing at all, Sir; pray go on.

Whittle *(reads.) Madam—As I prefer your happineſs to the indulgence of my own paſſions*——

Wid. I will not prefer *your* happineſs to the indulgence of *my* paſſions——Mr. Wittol, rade on.

Whit. I muſt confeſs that I am unworthy of your charms and virtues——

Wid. Very unworthy indeed; rade on, Sir.

Whit. I have for ſome days, had a ſevere ſtruggle, between my juſtice and my paſſion——

Wid. I have had no ſtruggle at all: My juſtice and paſſion are agreed.

Whit. The former has prevail'd, and I beg leave to reſign you, with all your accompliſhments, to ſome more deſerving, tho' not more admiring ſervant than your moſt miſerable and devoted, THOMAS WHITTLE.

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Wid. And miſerable and devoted you ſhall be, to the Poſtſcript, rade on.

Whit. Poſtſcript: Let me have your pity, but not your anger.

Wid. In anſwer to this love epiſtle, you pitiful fellow, my ſiſter preſents you with her tindereſt wiſhes, and aſſures you that you have as you deſire, her pity, and ſhe generouſly throws her contempt too into the bargain.

Whit. I'm infinitely obliged to her.

Wid. I muſt beg leave in the name of all our family to preſent the ſame to you.

Whit. I am in ditto to all the family.

Wid. But as a brache of promiſe to any of our family was never ſuffer'd without a brache into ſome body's body, I have fix'd upon myſelf to be your operator; and I believe that you will find that I have as fine a hand at this work, and will give you as little pain as any in the three kingdoms. [*Sits down and looſens her Knee-bands.*]

Whit. For heav'ns ſake, Captain, what are you about?

Wid. I always looſen my garters for the advantage of lunging; it is for your ſake as well as my own, for I will be twice through your body before you ſhall feel me once. [*She ſeems to practice.*

Whit. What a bloody fellow it is? I wiſh Thomas would come in. (*Aſide.*

Wid. Come, Sir, prepare yourſelf, you are not the firſt, by half a ſcore, that I have run thro' and thro' the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But, Captain, ſuppoſe I will marry your ſiſter.

Wid. I have not the leaſt objection if you recover of your wounds; Callagon O'Connor lives very happy with my great aunt Mrs. Deborah O'Nale, in the county of Galloway; except a ſmall Aſthma he got by my running him thro' the lungs, at the Currough; he would have forſaken her, if I had not ſtopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family kiptic I have here; Oho! my little old boy, but you ſhall get it. (*Draws.*

Whit. What ſhall I do!—well, Sir, if I muſt—I muſt; I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the conſequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I muſt beg to be indulged with a little puſhing now, I have ſet my

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my heart upon it, and two birds in hand, is worth one in the bushes, Mr. Whittol———come, Sir,

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O we'll settle 'em in a trice I warrant you.

[*puts himself in a position.*]

Whit. But I don't understand the sword; I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you; there, Sir, take your choice; I will please you if I can. [*offers pistols.*

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off; if I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenick in his pocket; lookee, young gentleman, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me, but I have a Nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business; prepare, Sir.

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve your turn; I can't fight; and I won't fight; I'll do any thing rather than fight; I'll marry your sister; my Nephew shall marry her, I'll give him all my fortune; what would the fellow have? here Nephew! Thomas! murder! murder! (*He flies and she pursues.*

Enter Bates *and* Nephew.

Neph. What's the matter, Uncle?

Whit. Murder, that's all; that Ruffian there, would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Neph. I'll find a way to cool him; come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourself; I'll match you, I warrant you.

(*Going out with him.*

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over. (*Going after him.*)

Whit. Stay, stay, Nephew; you shan't fight, we shall be expos'd all over the town, and you may lose your life, and I shall be curst from morning to night; do, Nephew, make yourself and me happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family; return to the Widow, I will give you my consent, and your fortune, and a fortune for the Widow, five thousand pounds! do, persuade him, Mr. Bates.

Bat.

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Bat. Do, Sir, this is a very critical point of your life; I know you love her; 'tis the only method to reſtore us all to our ſenſes.

Neph. I muſt talk in private firſt, with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you pleaſe, Sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr. Bates, and do you follow me to my ſtudy to witneſs my propoſal; it is all ready, and only wants ſigning; come along, come along. (*Exit.*

Bat. Victoria! victoria! give me your ſwords and piſtols; and now do your worſt; you ſpirited loving young couple; I could leap out of my ſkin! (*Exit* Bates.

Tho. (*peeping in.*) Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may ſkip and play; I leave you to your tranſports. (*Exit.*

Neph. O my charming Widow! what a day have we gone thro' *t*

Wid. I would go thro' ten times as much to deceive an old amorous rogue like your Uncle, to purchaſe a young one, like his Nephew.

Neph. I liſten'd at the door all this laſt ſcene; my heart was agitated with ten thouſand fears; ſuppoſe my Uncle had been ſtout, and drawn his ſword.

Wid. I ſhould have run away as he did; when two cowards meet, the ſtruggle is who ſhall run firſt; and ſure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Nep. Permit me thus to ſeal my happineſs, (*kiſſes her hand*) and be aſſur'd that I am as ſenſible, as I think myſelf undeſerving of it.

Wid. I'll tell you what, Mr. WHITTLE, were I not ſure you deſerv'd ſome pains, I would not have taken any pains for you; and don't imagine now, becauſe I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I ſhall go a little too far when I'm your wife; indeed I ſhan't: I have done more than I ſhould before I am your wife, becauſe I was in deſpair; but I won't do as much as I may, when I am your wife, tho' every Iriſh woman is fond of imitating her Engliſh betters.

Neph. Thou divine adorable woman!

(kneels and kiſſes her hand.

Enter

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Enter Whittle, *and* Bates. (Whittle *ſtares.*

Bat. Confuſion! (*aſide.*)

Whittle (*turning to* Bates.)

Whit. Hey day! I am afraid his head is not right yet! he was kneeling and kiſſing the Captain's hand.

(*Aſide to* Bates.

Bat. Take no notice, all will come about.

(*Aſide to* Whittle.

Wid. I find Mr. WHITTOL, your family loves kiſſing better than fighting; he ſwears I am as like my ſiſter, as two pigeons: I could excuſe his raptures, for I had rather fight the beſt friend I have than ſlobber and ſalute him a la francoiſe.

Enter Sir Patrick O'Neale.

Sir *Pat.* I hope, Mr. Whizzel, you'll excuſe my coming back to give you an anſwer, without having any to give. I hear a great dale of news about myſelf, and came to know if it be true; they ſay my ſon is in London, when he tells me himſelf by letter here, that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but ſhe would not ſtay at home to receave it, ſo I am come—*O gra ma chree my little din ouſil craw*, what have we got here? a piece of mummery! here is my ſon and daughter too, fait; what are you waring the breeches, PAT, to ſee how they become you when you are Mrs. Weezel.

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, becauſe I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your ſon?

Sir *Pat.* No, but it is my daughter, and that is the ſame thing.

Wid. And your niece, Sir, which is ſtill better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and I ſuppoſe *you* have not loſt your wits, young man!

Neph. I ſympathize with you, Sir; we loſt 'em together, and found 'em at the ſame time.

Whit. Here's villainy! Mr. Bates, give me the paper; not a farthing ſhall they have 'till the law gives it 'em.

Bat. We'll cheat the law and give it them now.

(*Gives* NEPHEW *the paper.*

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Whit.

Whit. He may take his own, but he ſhan't have a fix-pence of the five thouſand pounds I promis'd him.

Bat. Witneſs, good folks, he owns to the promiſe.

Sir *Pat.* Fait I'll witneſs dat, or any thing elſe in a good cauſe.

Whit. What am I chous'd again!

Bat. Why ſhould not my friend be chous'd out of a little juſtice for the firſt time? Your hard uſage has ſharpen'd your Nephew's wits, therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir *Pat.* And your trote too, which is all one, therefore, to make all aſy, marry my daughter firſt, and then quarrel wi.h her afterwards; that will be in the natural courſe of things.

Whit. Here! Thomas! where are you?

Enter Thomas.

Whit. Here are fine doings! I am deceiv'd, trick'd, and cheated!

Tho. I wiſh you joy, Sir, the beſt thing could have happen'd to you; and as a faithful ſervant I have done my beſt to check you.

Whit. To check me!

Tho. You were galloping full ſpeed and down hill too, and if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by the horns in the ſtirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have *you* help'd to trick me?

Tho. Into happineſs: You have been fooliſh a long while, turn about and be wiſe; he has got the woman and his eſtate, give them your bleſſing, which is not worth much, and live like a chriſtian for the future.

Whit. I will if I can; but I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the ſound of my voice, nor the ſight of my face; Look ye, I am diſtreſs'd, and diſtracted! and can't come too yet; I will be reconcil'd if poſſible; but don't let me ſee or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I ſhall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the Nephew to the uncle will meet with your approbation; tho' we have not ſo much money, we ſhall have more love; one mind and half a purſe, in marriage, are much better than two minds and two purſes. I did not come

to

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to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir *Pat.* You are out of my hands, Pat, ſo if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I ſhall ſincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Neph. It would be a great abatement of my preſent joy, could I believe that this lady ſhould be aſſiſted in her happineſs, or be ſupported in her afflictions by any one but her lover and her huſband.

Sir *Pat.* Fine notions are fine tings, but a fine eſtate gives every ting but idaas, and them too, if you'll appale to thoſe who help you to ſpend it—what ſay you, Widow?

Wid. By your and their permiſſion, I will tell them to this good Company; and for fear my words ſhould want ideas too, I will add an Iriſh tune to 'em, that may carry off a bad voice, and bad matter.

A Widow bewitch'd with her paſſion,
Tho' Iriſh, is not quite aſhamed,
To think that ſhe's ſo out of faſhion,
To marry and then to be tamed;
'Tis love, the dear joy,
That old faſhion'd boy,
Has got in my breaſt with his quiver:
The blind urchin, he,
Struck the *Cuſh la maw cree*,
And a huſband ſecures me for ever!
Ye fair ones I hope will excuſe me,
Though vulgar pray do not abuſe me;
I cannot become a fine lady,
O love has bewitch'd WIDOW BRADY.

2. Ye critics to murder ſo willing,
Pray ſee all our errors with blindneſs;
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond Widow with kindneſs:
If you look ſo ſevere,
In a fit of deſpair,
Again I will draw forth my ſteel, Sirs,
You know I've the art,
To be twice through your heart,
Before I can make you to feel, Sirs: Brother.

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Brother ſoldiers I hope you'll protect me,
Nor let cruel critics diſſect me;
To favour my cauſe be but ready,
And grateful you'll find WIDOW BRADY.

3. Ye leaders of dreſs and the faſhions,
Who gallop poſt haſte to your ruin,
Whoſe taſte has deſtroy'd all your paſſions,
Pray, what do you think of my wooing?
You call it damn'd low,
Your heads and arms ſo, [*mimicks them.*]
So liſtleſs, ſo looſe, and ſo lazy:
But pray what can you,
That I cannot do?
O fie, *my dear craters, be azy:*
Ye patriots and courtiers ſo hearty,
To ſpeech it and vote for your party,
For once be both conſtant and ſteady,
And vote to ſupport WIDOW BRADY.

4. To all that I ſee here before me,
The bottom, the top and the middle,
For muſic we now muſt implore you,
No wedding without pipe and fiddle:
If all are in tune,
Pray let it be ſoon,
My heart in my boſom is prancing!
If your hands ſhould unite,
To give us delight,
O that's the beſt piping and dancing!
Your plaudits to me are a treaſure,
Your ſmiles are a dow'r for a lady;
O joy to you all in full meaſure,
So wiſhes and prays WIDOW BRADY.

FINIS.

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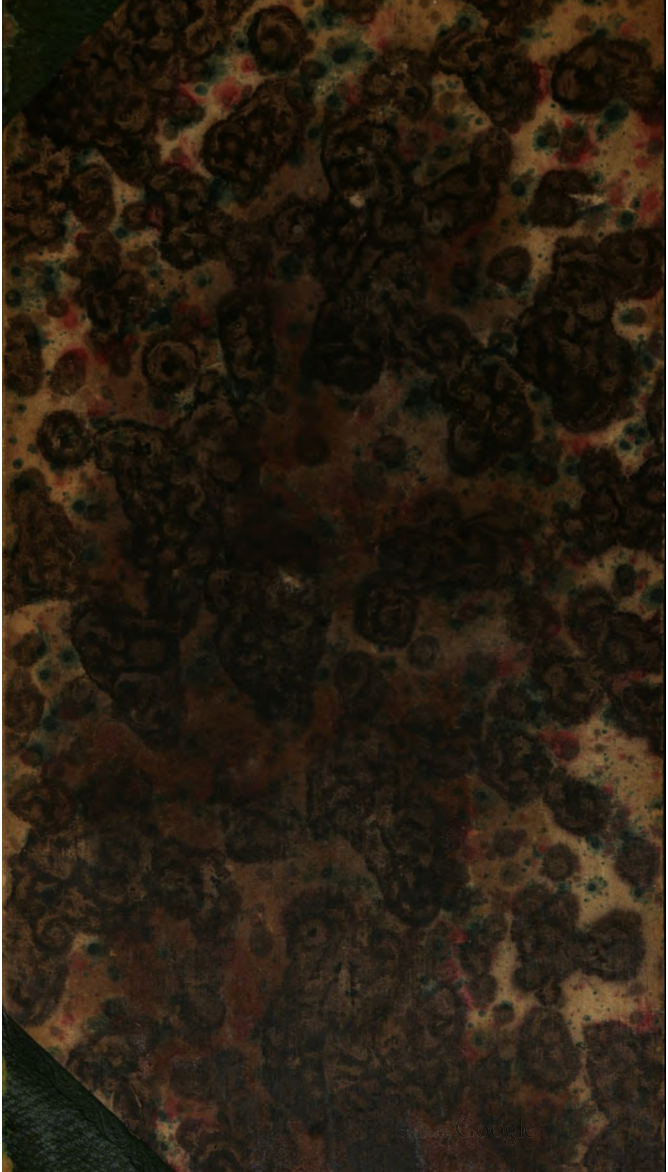
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